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Saturday Review

April 11, 1970 50¢

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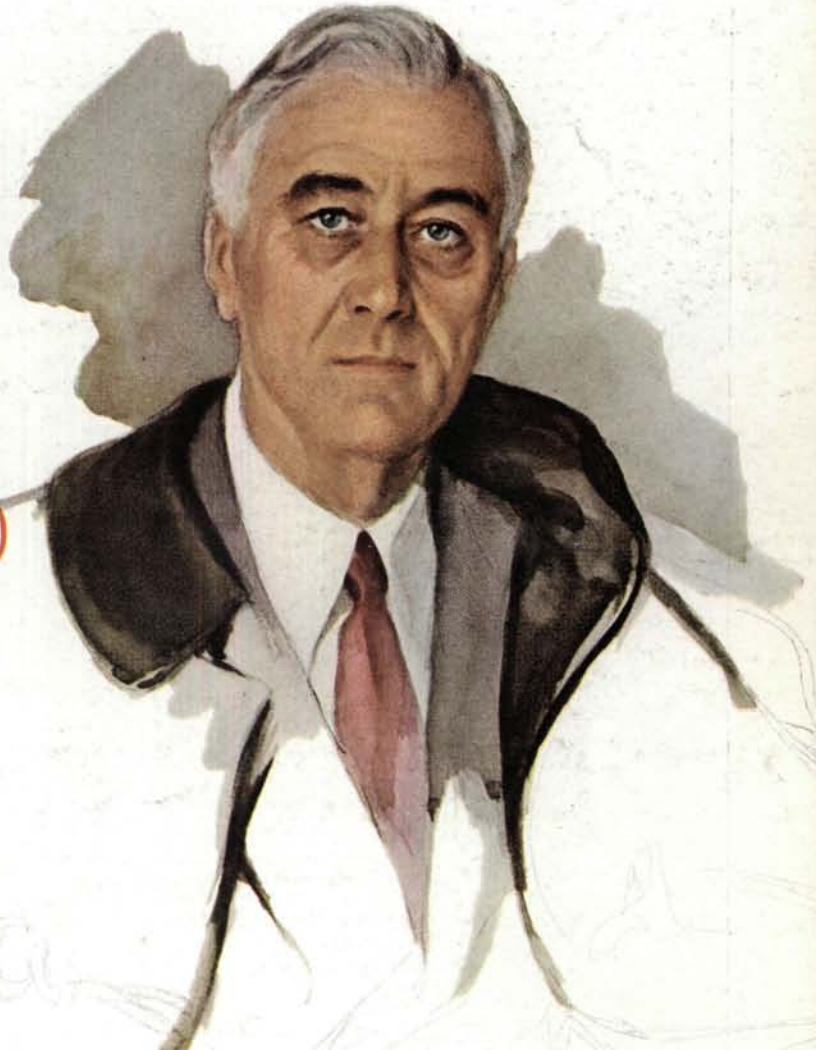

FDR

THE UNTOLD STORY OF HIS LAST YEAR

by James MacGregor Burns

"The young cardiologist had an emergency summons to conduct a heart examination; his patient would be the President of the United States."

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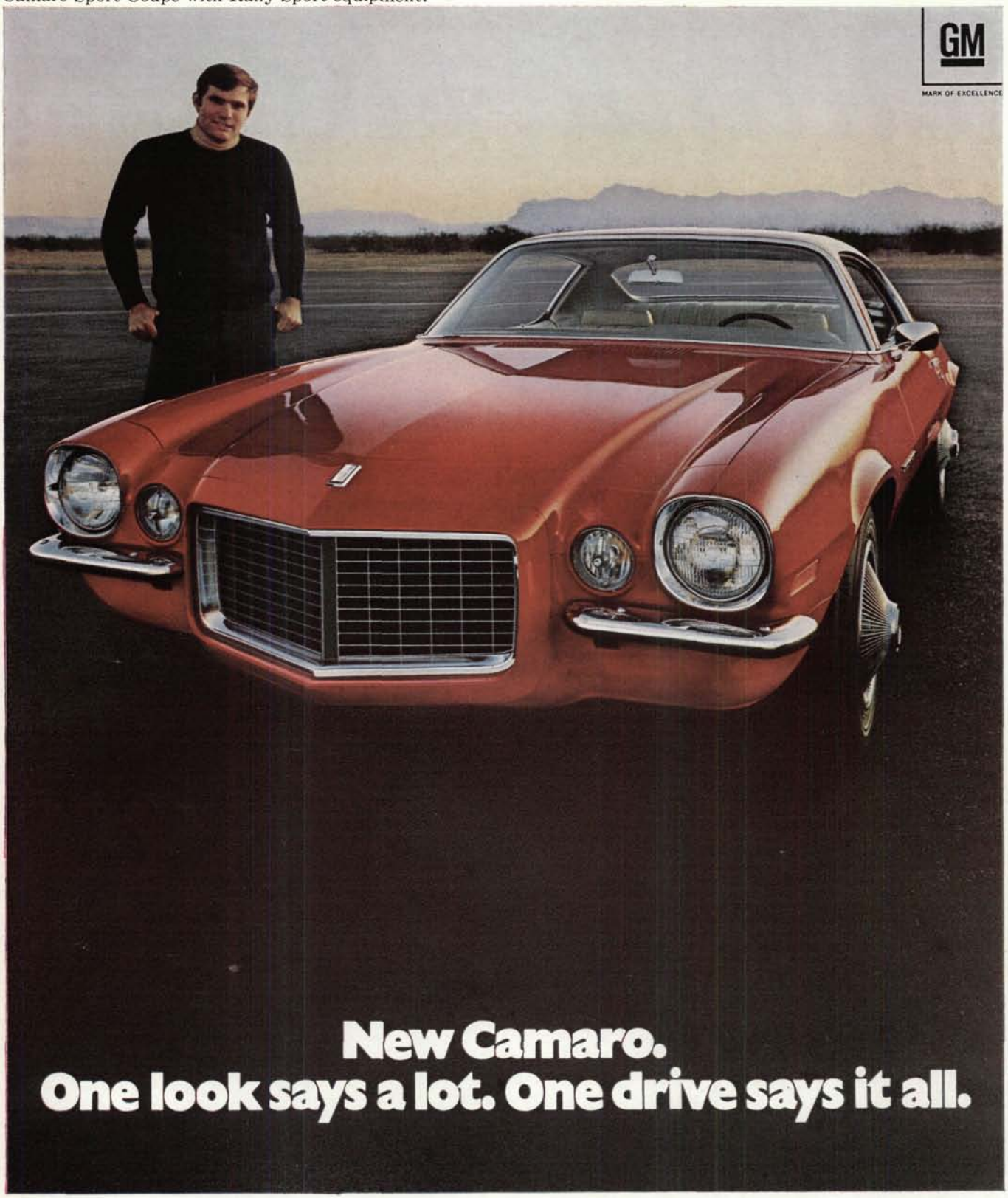

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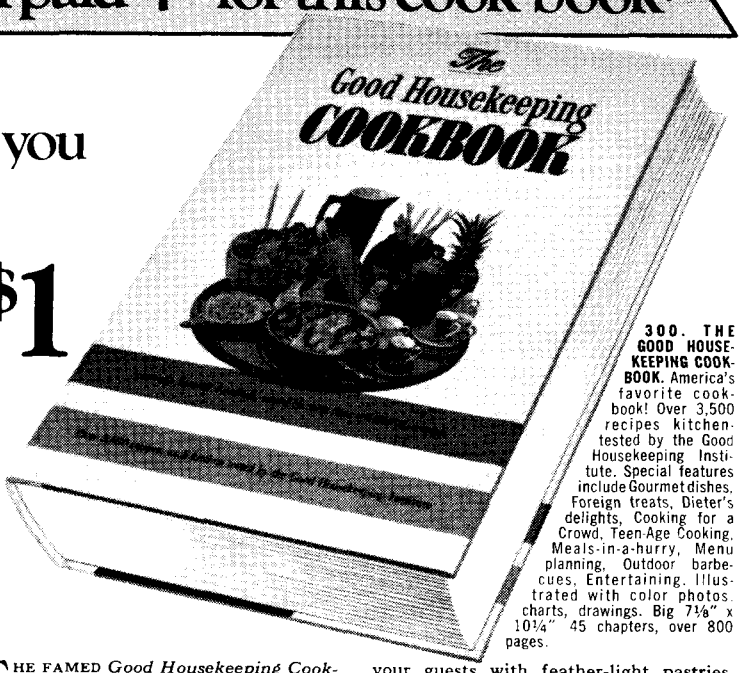

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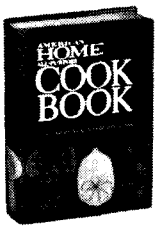

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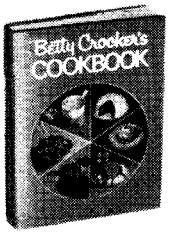

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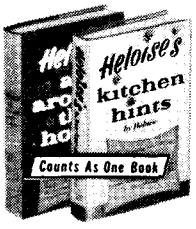

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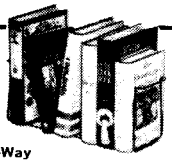

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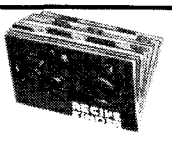

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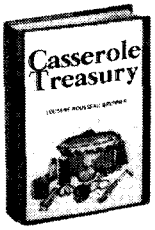

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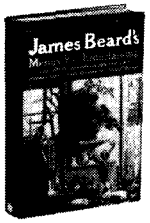

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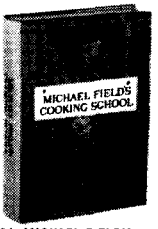

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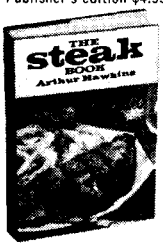

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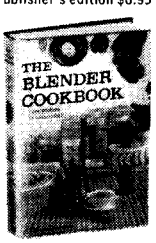

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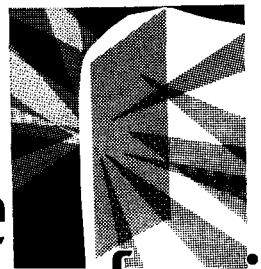

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April 11, 1970

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by James MacGregor Burns
Cover: Madame Elizabeth Shoumatoff, courtesy Franklin D. Roosevelt Warm Springs Memorial Commission

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1) First, it carves anywhere from 5 to 10 to 15 pounds off your body *in the very first week!* And up to 10 pounds a week from then on, as only *the first step* of this wonder-working new medical diet!

2) And then—*after* you have lost as much as 20 or 30 or even 40 pounds in the first 6 weeks alone—*you then concentrate on those ugly bulges no other diet has ever been able to touch before!* Still through nothing but diet alone, you then see up to . . .

6 inches MORE gone from your waist . . .
6 inches MORE gone from your hips . . .
6 inches MORE gone from your buttocks . . .
4 inches MORE gone from your thighs . . .
2 inches MORE gone from your calves . . .

Until you can hardly believe that the figure you are looking at in the mirror is your own! *And all through the application of a new medical principle by America's most famous diet doctor!*

Like this . . .

Most Diets Remove Skin-Fat Only! But This Diet Pulls Deep Fat And Excess Protein Right Out From The Muscle Areas Themselves! THAT'S WHY IT SMOOTHS OUT UGLY MUSCLE BULGES THAT YOU CAN'T EVEN EXERCISE AWAY!

Now you are beginning to understand the powerful logic of this new reducing plan! It is so important to your future health and appearance, however, that we must go into a few more details about it with you right now:

Fat stores itself in several places in your body. Much of it, of course, is deposited right underneath your skin. You can *feel* it if you squeeze the skin. This is *skin-fat,* and it is the fat you usually get rid of in ordinary diets.

Any good diet will burn this skin-fat away. This diet does too—*but far more quickly than you have ever dreamed before!* As much as 5 to 15 pounds in the very first week, as starters! (That's why the doctor says that this diet has its own "Built-In Will Power"—*because you lose weight so incredibly fast, this way, that you wouldn't break this diet for the world!*)

But then, *after* this massive quick-weight loss —*after* this skin-fat has been burned right out of your body—*this new medical diet goes one step further that opens up a whole new world of beauty to you!*

Now it goes after the DEEP-FAT in your body —the fat, and excess protein, that is inter-laced with the muscles of your waist, your hips, your buttocks, your thighs, and all the other ugly "problem-bulges of your body"!

These are the areas ordinary diets really can't touch—because their food-mixtures *reinforce* these muscle-fat bulges rather than carve them down! These are the areas that laugh at even back-breaking exercises—*because they only make the muscles there GROW, and don't have the slightest effect on the fat!*

But This New Diet Causes These Muscle-Fat Bulges TO FEED ON THEMSELVES! To Gently, But Rapidly, Pull Out Excess Fat And Protein Right Out Of Those Bulges! So Those Bulges Look Almost As Though You Had SMOOTHED THEM AWAY WITH AN ERASER!

Now for the final point—and perhaps the most convincing fact of all:

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But now Dr. Stillman has gone far beyond mere quick-weight loss alone! He has taken his previous Quick Weight Loss principles, *and literally MULTIPLIED their power to give you a more beautiful new figure!* Where you not only skyrocket down to your ideal weight—even easier than before—*but also where you carve away up to 6 to 10 inches from the very problem spots that have always resisted trimming before!*

Thus, Dr. Stillman has done what might have previously been considered impossible. *He has actually improved his previous techniques! He has combined what is probably the world's fastest and healthiest system of losing POUNDS, with a brand-new system of carving off PROBLEM-INCHES—till you get the slimmest, healthiest, youngest-looking figure you have ever known in your life!*

Prove Every Ounce Of It— At Our Risk!

The rest is up to you, of course. Right now, look bluntly at your figure in the mirror. *Ask yourself these questions—all of which are now within your reach:*

How would you look one week from today about 10 pounds lighter?

How would you look two weeks from today about 20 pounds lighter?

How would you look three weeks from today about 30 or more pounds lighter? *And with your face as radiant, and livelier and younger-looking than your figure!*

And then, *go on even further—*

After you've lost that weight, how would you look with another 6 inches CARVED OFF YOUR WAIST? Another 6 inches CARVED OFF YOUR HIPS? Another 6 inches CARVED OFF YOUR BUTTOCKS? Another 4 inches CARVED RIGHT OFF YOUR THIGHS?

No one has ever told you this kind of weight loss, and inch loss was ever possible before. IT IS NOW! Its source is the Coupon below. *All you risk to try it is a 6-cent stamp. It works for YOU, or you don't lose a penny!*

Why not send in the Coupon—*today?*

About The Author— Dr. Irwin M. Stillman

During his fifty years of experience in the practice of medicine, IRWIN MAXWELL STILLMAN, M.D., D-IM, has helped millions of over-weight men and women to reduce. A Diplomate in Internal Medicine, Dr. Stillman is presently a consultant in Internal Medicine at Coney Island Hospital, Brooklyn, New York. Formerly, he was an attending physician in Medicine at Coney Island Hospital and at Harbour Hospital, a Fellow of the American College of Angiology, and a Fellow of the American Geriatric Society. Dr. Stillman received a gold diploma from the New York Medical College in 1968.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Peace and War

YOU DON'T need a crystal ball to foresee it is crystal-clear that the peace talks in Paris will continue to move at an *escargot*'s pace. If indeed they will ever get going at all.

My private State Department, which I am Secretary of, has two simple solutions. If they are acted on in combination, they will bring about a quick, just, honorable, face-saving peace before the next happy announcement that *only* eighty-eight American boys were killed in the past week. The plan:

1) North Vietnam should take immediate steps to Vietnamize the peace talks by sending back their chief negotiator, who left the peace table and went back to Hanoi.

Of course, Vietnamization is not an overnight, instant-coffee thing. It would entail our State Department's sending advisers and technicians to train the Hanoi negotiator in the art of diplomacy, patience, etiquette.

2) Move the peace talks out of Paris at once. It is obvious the North Vietnamese still in the City of Light are having a love affair with La Belle France. That's something you don't hurry to get back to your wife in Hanoi.

The North Vietnamese love Paris in the springtime; they love it in the summer. They love Paris when it drizzles; they love it when it sizzles. No monsoons in Paris. As far as they're concerned, the peace talks can go on for many, many seasons to come. They can go on till Defense Secretary Melvin Laird freezes over.

Paris is something you don't forget too easily. Paris uncovers a multitude of sins that a peace delegate can readily turn into a *joie de vivre*. I'll bet if the peace talks were moved to Provo, Utah, peace would be declared in an hour.

It's not that the North Vietnamese in Paris are not mixing a little business in with their Parisian pleasures. Just enough to justify their expense accounts.

I have here a page out of a day's diary carefully kept by one Phan Brand Nu. Judging by some of the items he hopes to get away with, you can tell how brand new he is at the expense account game. I quote:

"Spent morning sending post cards of the Louvre, Eiffel Tower, Arc de Triomphe, and the Champs Elysées. Many friends have written me to keep those French post cards coming." (I told you he was new at the game.)

"Made my daily trip to Napoleon's Tomb." (Even a visit to Napoleon lying in state is heaven to what's waiting for him in Hanoi.)

"At 5 o'clock in the evening with Phan Wats Nu, and with Phan Hey Nonny Nu, for cocktails at Harry's Bar. Wats and I had two martinis. Hey Nonny was induced by the bartender to try a new drink called a Mickey.

"Later, Wats and I went to dinner." (Obviously Hey Nonny threw up his hands, and everything, and called it a night.)

"We had dinner again at Maxim's. Used my credit card." (The North Vietnam Master Charge.)

"After dinner Wats and I strolled over to the Tuileries for our nightly mission to convert Parisians to our cause. In the dark we spied two likely prospects standing at one of the fountains. We spoke to them at some length, and they appeared quite willing to collaborate. The blonde one particularly was warmly receptive. They promised they would meet us at this spot tomorrow night. Then, as is the custom with all loyal revolutionaries, they disappeared abruptly into the darkness." (Oh boy! There's something peculiar going on here.)

"After that we went directly to the Folies-Bergère, which we have infiltrated since coming to Paris. But as I went to pay for our tickets, I was astounded to discover I had no money. It must have dropped out en route from the gardens." (See? What did I tell you?)

"I asked Wats for money, and he too had dropped his en route." (Rolled! And these are the guys it's taking us so long to lick?)

"We hurried back to our hotel to get money from Hey Nonny. He was in bed, and, though we shook him to make him understand our plight, he stared at us uncomprehendingly." (Vive la Mickey!)

"We finally gave up and borrowed the money from his pants pocket." (Good thinking.)

"Then we hurried back to wind up our work at the Folies-Bergère."

Some work! That's what I've been trying to tell you—move the peace talks to Provo, Utah. As long as they're in Paris they'll be winding up at the Folies-Bergère, instead of winding up the Folies de Guerre.

Nothing improves the flavour of Tuesday like Teacher's.

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State of Affairs

Henry Brandon

Sharing the Wealth

WASHINGTON.

How does one of the highest ranking blacks in the Nixon administration feel about the President's civil rights policies? Arthur Fletcher is an Assistant Secretary of Labor for Wage and Labor Standards, a tall, handsome, self-assured, and articulate man of forty-five, and a Republican. My question did not seem to embarrass him.

The President has supported him, and so has the Secretary of Labor, George P. Shultz. Fletcher is proudest of the so-called Philadelphia Plan, which was designed to help increase the utilization of black labor and to improve its earning power. It requires contractors to hire a certain percentage of blacks in federally aided projects costing $500,000 or more. "Earning power," Fletcher says, "is the name of the game." By "game" he means the black man's future, his rights to equality, his freedom of choice. "We have achieved the social tools for social integration, but not the financial means. If you have money you can send your children to the best public or private schools, you can buy houses almost anywhere you like, you can exercise your voting rights intelligently. What matters now for us blacks is economic liberation."

For the time being, it is quite obvious that the blacks do not have the financial tools, as Mr. Fletcher points out. The current unemployment rate, for instance, is twice as high among blacks, who, Fletcher says, have only 40 per cent of the earning power of whites. In the Seventies, the most important question, therefore, is how to relieve the black labor force from economic inequality and deprivation.

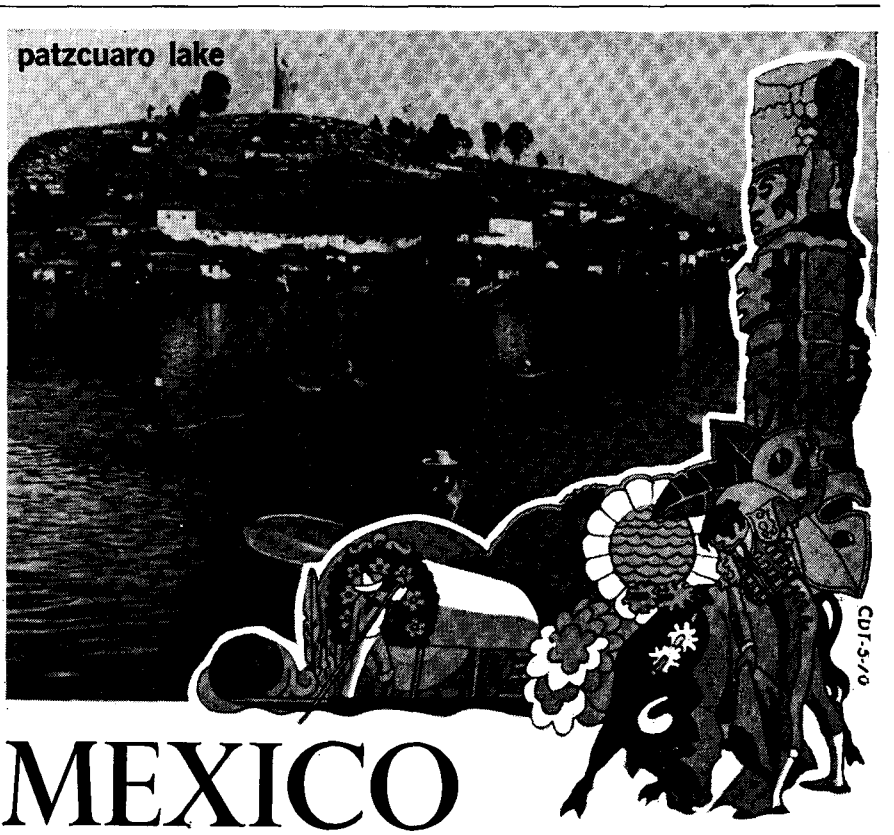
The Philadelphia Plan, which also is being introduced in other cities, is certainly one important approach to this problem, for many trade unions have been preventing black labor from gaining its share of the labor market and from improving its earning capacity. "President Nixon is determined," Fletcher says, "to break these barriers, and he has the support of the Republican Party in the Congress.

"Mind you, economic liberation is not an easy approach. In my view we are now entering the most difficult period in our civil rights struggle, the struggle for economic freedom. It means that gradually more blacks will buy more homes among white people; it means that more white people will end up working under black supervisors. Sharing in the wealth also means that more black parents will be able to afford to give their children a better break in education."

Fletcher was married at the age of eighteen. By the time he had been in the Army and entered college at twenty-three, he had four children. It was a hard slog to get himself through college and maintain a family at the same time. He worked as a night watchman, he washed windows, he did many other menial jobs. "My children saw me coming out of school and working in three different jobs in the evenings, and they complained that they never saw me. It made them angry. They felt they were robbed of their father. And looking back they are well aware that during those postwar years, when the American economy expanded constantly—mostly booming along—the black people were not able to take advantage of it, not even getting a reasonable share, and they are very angry today. They don't belong to the Black Panthers, no, but they are angry and they want things to change."

Fletcher is something of an anomaly inside the administration, within the Republican Party, and among blacks generally. "One of the problems," he complained, "is that there are so few blacks involved in the Republican Party. It is, therefore, not easy for a Republican President to get direct advice from the black community. He finds himself in a dilemma. Most black leaders, if they belong to a party, are Democrats, and, in the absence of a strong black constituency within the Republican Party and because President Nixon has little close contact with many black leaders, he finds himself in a position where he relies on white experts for black problems. This has many obvious disadvantages. I'm right inside this administration. I can argue and defend the problems I have to deal with from within. There is a great need for more blacks to get into the Republican Party!"

How does the future look to him, say ten years hence? Fletcher does not believe that there will be conformity of opinion. The choice is among integration, uneasy coexistence—words now used by black and white extremists—or civil war. He believes that desegre



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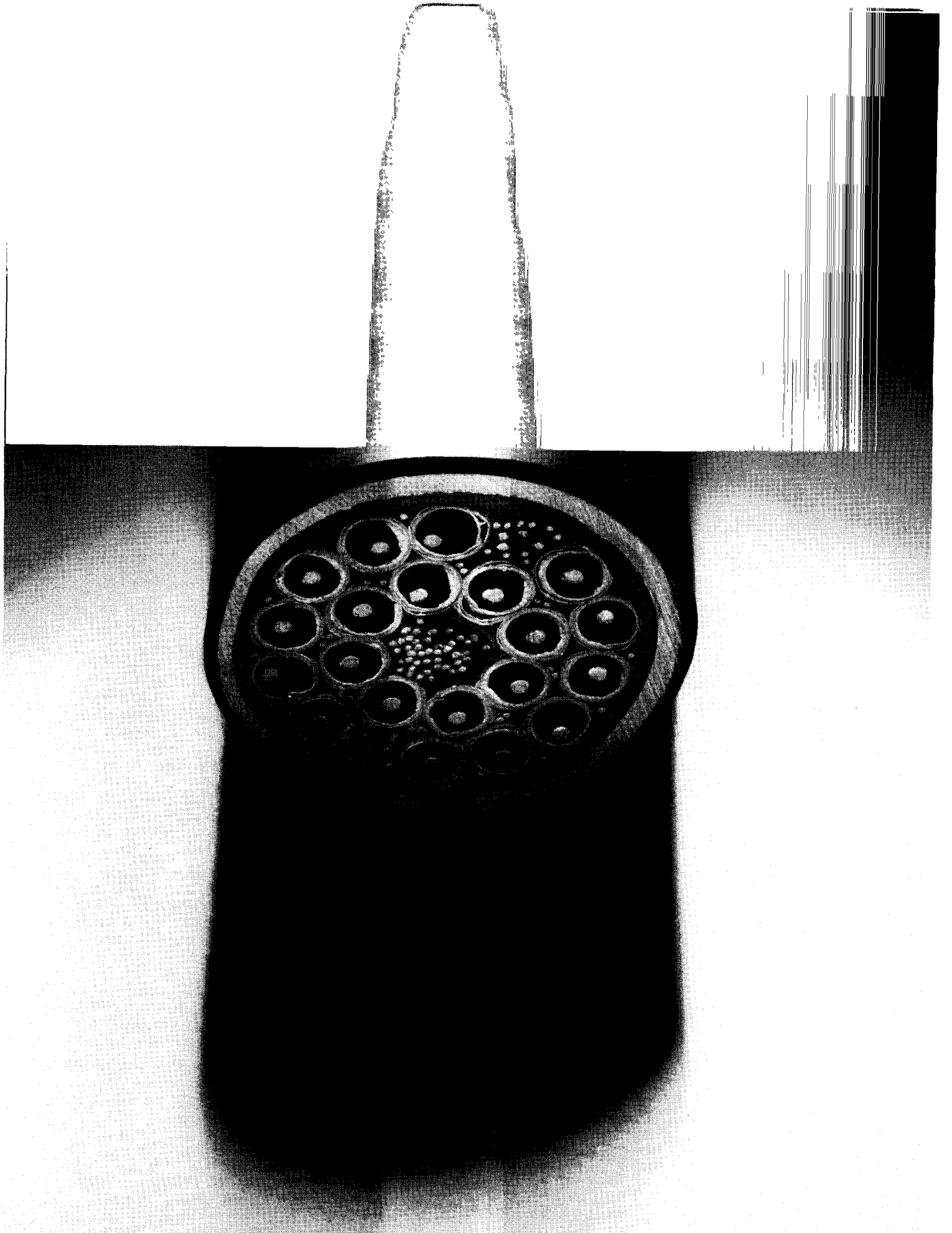

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gation is creating an environment in which growing earning power will lead to the kind of freedom of choice for black people that will enable them to choose whether they want to move out of the slum neighborhoods in which they are trapped, or whether they will want to walk away from the black environment and work to improve the living conditions in the inner cities. Thus, he says, "There will always be those who will want to follow the path of integration and those who will choose to live within their ethnic surroundings. No doubt, in ten years' time there will be more integration as economic conditions improve. But, as with other ethnic groups, whether they are Irish or Italian or German, there will be blacks who will feel more comfortable in an integrated society and those who prefer to live within their own ethnic surroundings. Admittedly, the difference in the color of our complexion makes it all more difficult, but I do believe that freedom of choice, which money offers, is now the key to our future."

Dream of the Moon Tree Girl

by Peter H. Sears

He falls asleep
into his own movie,
gathers wet strips of film
and takes them to a tree
where he drapes the strands,
raises one to one eye,
holds it close to his eye, turns
until the moon fills the film.
A girl moves in the frame
as the frame moves in his hand,
and her hair goes into the tree
where the tree meets the moon.

He leans to see, the tree turns
for more of the moon,
and strands quiver in the hair,
the light. He loses her face
in the moon. She calls him
to get the dark out of her hair.
His hands slide in,
wet in the ferns of film,
and her hair, tangling above him,
drips over him. She tugs, trips,
the moon pours from the limbs
and she's up again and gone.

After her, stumbling clumsy
like a tree dragging roots.
He sways in the pull
of her winding hair,
fights to stay up
so he can soothe her,
look at her and smooth
her torn hair. She tears,
choking, at her hair
and pulls him pounding
in tighter and tighter.

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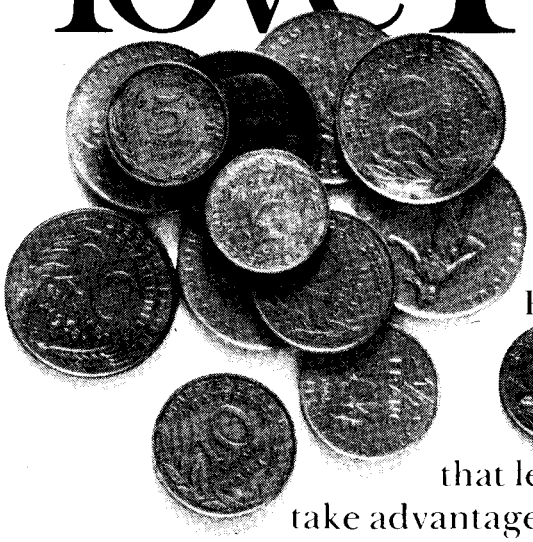

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Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr.

A recent traveler to Yugoslavia described to me a sort of underground café in Belgrade where he heard a comedian telling rather bold jokes critical of the government. There must have been a spy in the audience, because, when my friend went back the next night to hear more, the place was closed, and the rumor was that the comic was in jail.

The story that probably got him in trouble was the one about the Minister of Postal Services being summoned to the palace by Tito, who asked why the people weren't buying more of the stamps bearing his image. The Minister replied that the stamps didn't stick very well.

"But how is that possible?" the President asked. "Aren't you putting enough glue on them?"

"Certainly," replied the Minister, "but the people are spitting on the other side."

Speaking of underground activities, I have obtained more information about the subterranean holiday to which I referred in the January 3 TRADE WINDS. This underground celebration, you may recall, has been established in an attempt to avoid the commercialism that has corrupted other highly publicized holidays such as Christmas and Mother's Day. The idea is to keep it from the public, especially stores.

At the risk of ruining it, let me reveal here that it is Giant Tree Frog Day, observed surreptitiously on April 21, in honor of nature's seemingly insignificant creatures whom man has doomed, and who have never had a holiday of their own. This year will be the fourth annual celebration. The founder of this unspoiled happening is Dave De Ran, an artist in Pylesville, Maryland, who chose the giant tree frog (*Hyla septentrionalis*) for several reasons. One is that it originates in Cuba but is also common in Florida, giving it an international flavor that transcends political barriers. Also, the frog has a pleasant disposition and is quite photogenic. Artist De Ran has made linoleum block prints of *Hyla*, which he sends as cards on Giant Tree Frog Day.

Each person celebrates in his own way, although there are a few formal events, particularly the selection of a queen. Donna Mae Foreman was the first giant tree frog queen. She was succeeded by Vicki, who did not give her last name, in keeping with the secrecy surrounding the festival. Kathy Dietzel is currently reigning as Miss Giant Tree Frog of 1969. Another regular feature is the writing of a poem

each year by the Giant Tree Frog Poet Laureate, Daniel Sweeney of Norwood, Massachusetts. I would like to tell you more about the underground holiday, Giant Tree Frog Day, but I have said too much already.

Reminiscing in the April issue of *Esquire*, Maureen O'Sullivan recalls how the "Me Tarzan, you Jane" line originated on the screen. She and Johnny Weissmuller were sitting in a tree, waiting for a retake of a scene in *Tarzan, the Ape Man*. She was nervous, being afraid of heights; so to relax her Johnny poked her and said the line. The director heard him and said, "That's terrific, leave it in."

Just for the sake of complete accuracy, I should point out to Maureen O'Sullivan that the actual dialogue was merely "Tarzan—Jane." There was no "me" or "you." I found that out when I read a biography of Edgar Rice Burroughs entitled *The Big Swingers* by Robert W. Fenton. There were plenty of other differences between the movies and the books, of course. In the book *Tarzan of the Apes*, Tarzan, who thinks an ape is his mother, is in reality John Clayton, Lord Greystoke. He teaches himself to speak French, which was his first spoken language, not English. When he meets Jane, he rescues her from a gorilla (she had been put ashore in Africa by a mutinous crew), and then "He did what no red-blooded man needs lessons in doing . . . smothered her upturned panting lips with kisses." Well, that's another way of dealing with a girl who's afraid of heights.

Usually when the name of Charles Webb comes up someone likes to remember that he was paid a flat $20,000 for the motion picture rights to his book *The Graduate* and that the movie has now made something like $50-million for its producers and is still going strong. Of course, there are reasons for the discrepancy, such as when you are broke, $20,000 is rather impressive. No

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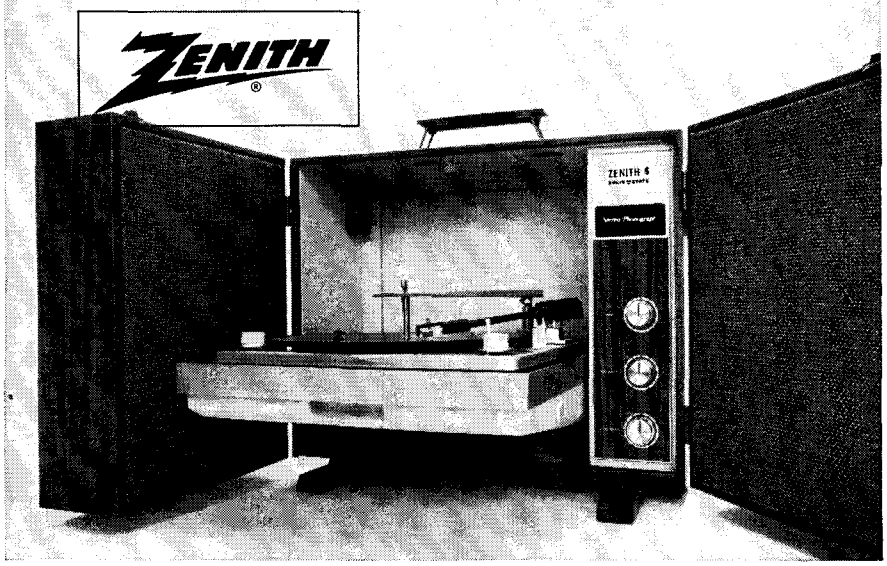

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need to feel sorry for Charles Webb. He has a fine sense of humor and doesn't feel bitter about things. Besides, his next two novels have sold to the movies, and the deal is not so one-sided.

His latest, *The Marriage of a Young Stockbroker* (Lippincott), is a funny book, the pathetic story of a young married couple told with delightful satire and with a happy ending. There are a couple of scenes in it that, if the movie can bring them off, will be hilarious.

Chuck Webb, his wife, and two young children live in California in the path of an oncoming freeway. They are packed and ready to leave when the bulldozers come through the gate. Then he will come east and teach and write. "There are two reasons we are moving from California," he told me. "One is smog, the other is Hollywood. I do not wish further to comment on the movies."

The reason that *Jennie* has been published in England under the title *Lady Randolph Churchill* is peculiar. After Ralph Martin's best-selling biography of Winston's mother came out here, a book on the same subject appeared

over there. Written by Anita Leslie, it was entitled *Jennie*. That meant that when Cassell brought out Martin's book in England, the title had to be changed. Now, to add to the confusion, the Leslie *Jennie* is to be published here, and Scribner's has decided to call it *Lady Randolph Churchill*!

A tearful scene took place recently at Boston's Logan International Airport. A returning GI was met by his wife and small child. He had been in Vietnam for a year. Strangers were moved by the joyful reunion of the happy family. One could not help notice, though, that the wife had her hair all done up in pink plastic rollers. When I wondered why, my companion ventured, "Maybe that's the way she left him."

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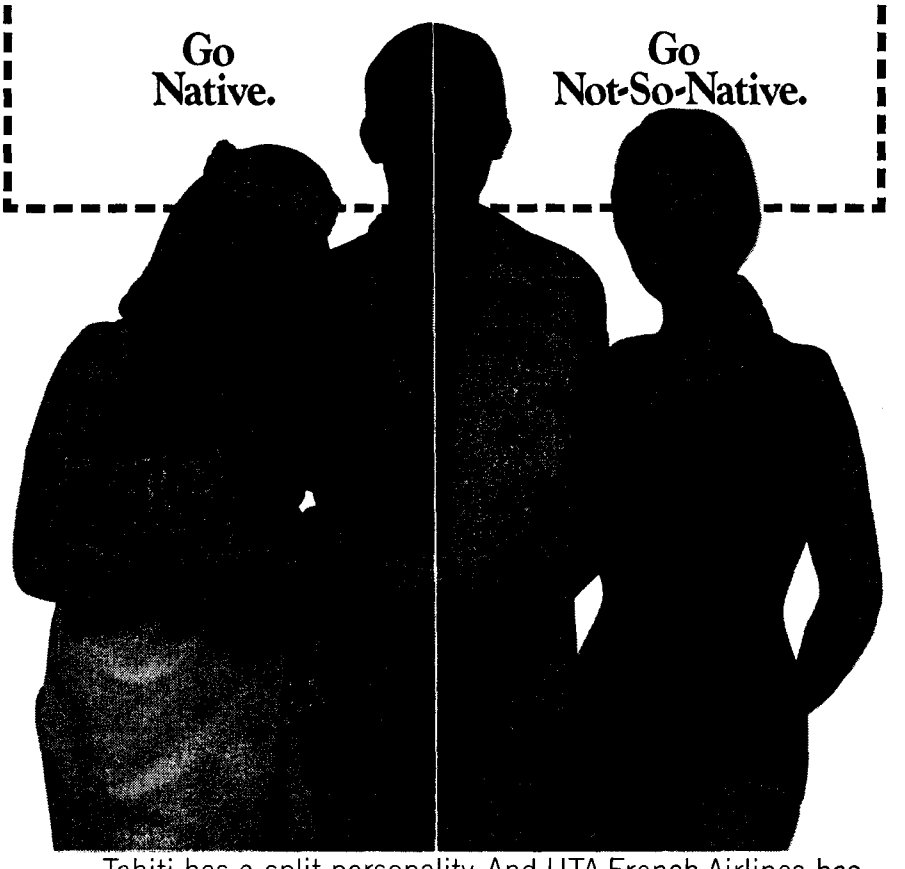

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FDR: The Untold Story of His Last Year

Was Franklin D. Roosevelt really as sick and incompetent during his last months in office as his critics allege? This week, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of FDR's death, a distinguished historian re-examines the old charge in the light of new evidence.

—*UPI.*

FDR with Churchill and Stalin at Yalta—"Roosevelt the idealist as well as Roosevelt the Machiavellian must be brought back before the bar of history."

by JAMES MacGREGOR BURNS

Late in March 1944, a young cardiologist at the United States Naval Hospital in Bethesda, Lt. Comdr. Howard G. Bruenn, had an emergency summons from his superiors. He was requested to conduct a heart examination the next day; his patient would be the President of the United States. The young Navy doctor was called in so hurriedly that he had no time to look over Franklin D. Roosevelt's medical records before greeting his eminent patient. He soon felt at ease, however, when the President came rolling down the corridor in his wheelchair, wisecracking with an old friend and waving genially to the nurses and patients who clustered in the hallways and peeked around corners. As the President was lifted to the examining table, he seemed to Dr. Bruenn neither disturbed by having to undergo examination nor annoyed by it—indeed, not especially interested.

Little could the young doctor know that he was about to examine a medical case that would become a political issue in later years. As the cold war deepened after World War II, it was charged that Roosevelt was too ill during his final year to carry the burden of the wartime Presidency; that he could not make tough strategic decisions; that he was, in Ambassador Patrick Hurley's words, "already a sick man at Yalta." Until now, the truth has been elusive. At Eleanor Roosevelt's request, there was no autopsy of the President; the official medical records disappeared; and the President's physicians, including Bruenn, chose not to publish their own recollections and records. This month, however, Bruenn is furnishing a full medical report on President Roosevelt's last year in the *Annals of Internal Medicine* (April 1970). How does the old allegation about the sick, incompetent President stand up in the light of what Bruenn discloses?

It was with mounting surprise and shock, Bruenn recently told me, that he had taken the President's blood pressure that day in March 1944; he also studied his lungs and heart, read the electrocardiogram, fluoroscopy, and X-rays, and checked the earlier records. The Commander-in-Chief was clearly an ill man. Not only was he tired and gray, slightly feverish, somewhat breathless, and coughing frequently—evidently suffering from bronchitis—but his basic condition was serious. His heart, Bruenn found, while regular in rhythm, was enlarged. At the apex, he found a blowing systolic murmur. The second aortic sound was loud and booming. Blood pressure was 186/108, compared with 136/78 in mid-1935, 162/98 two years later, and 188/105 in early 1941. Since 1941, there had been significant increase in the size of the cardiac shadow. The enlargement of the heart was evidently caused by a dilated and tortuous aorta; furthermore, the pulmonary vessels were engorged.

Bruenn's diagnosis was alarming:

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hypertension, hypertensive heart disease, cardiac failure.

It is not clear, though, as to just who was alarmed. Bruenn reported his findings to the Surgeon General, Adm. Ross T. McIntire, an ear, nose, and throat specialist, who was also the President's old friend and physician. Roosevelt's condition had been wholly unsuspected up to that time. Emergency conferences were now held among Admiral McIntire, Bruenn, and a half-dozen other specialists and consultants. It was evident that the President had to be put on a regimen, but how much could a President—especially *this* President—be expected to follow the ordinary heart patient's routine? One or two weeks of nursing care were suggested but rejected because of the demands on the office; the invasion of Normandy, for one thing, was only two months off. Bruenn urged that the President at least be digitalized; there was some resistance, but the young Navy officer insisted that, if that were not done, he could take no further responsibility for the case. The doctors finally agreed on a program: digitalis, less daily activity, fewer cigarettes, a one-hour rest after meals, a quiet dinner in the White House quarters, at least ten hours' sleep, no swimming in the pool, a diet of 2,600 calories moderately low in fat, and mild laxatives to avoid straining.

The crucial question during these worrisome days was who should tell the President about his condition, and how candidly. It was soon clear that Roosevelt would not raise the question himself; he did not seem curious as to why he had been examined or prescribed a new regimen. He simply followed the doctors' recommendations to the extent he could and let the matter rest there. Bruenn, a junior officer, did not feel it his right or duty to inform the President. Evidently, everyone assumed that McIntire had the responsibility and would exercise it, but there is no evidence that he did. Perhaps he lacked confidence in his own effectiveness in passing on such portentous findings to his chief, especially if he should be asked difficult questions. Perhaps he sensed that the President would neither accept the significance of the findings nor act on them—that in a fundamental sense the President did not want to know. Perhaps he realized how fatalistic the President was, or perhaps he realized that no matter how well grounded the findings, there was a heavy psychological and political element in the situation, and that a President—especially one with Roosevelt's fortitude and self-confidence—could not be advised as authoritatively as the ordinary patient. Or perhaps, after all his optimistic reports on the President in the past, he was simply too timid.

Conceivably, he *did* tell the President, but that probably would not have made much difference. For a quarter of a century Roosevelt's health had been a personal and political issue; meantime he had become one of the most active and effective political leaders of his era. He had an enormous self-confidence in his ability to carry on, to win out. With the doctors' help, he might have reasoned, he would overcome this health problem just as he had the effects of polio. In any event, as a soldier, he would not quit while the war was still being waged.

On the face of it, Bruenn's findings would seem to support the charge that Roosevelt was an ill man at Yalta, and, indeed, during the last year or two of his life. Paradoxically, Bruenn's disclosures—which are as full and authoritative as anything we are likely to have on the matter—will force us to revise most interpretations of the significance of Roosevelt's medical condition during his final year.

For Bruenn's records indicate that during the last year the digitalis and the other ministrations seemed to work. To be sure, the President did have one heart attack—in the middle of a speech he was making at Bremerton upon return from his Pacific trip in August 1944—but he was able to finish the speech. He looked gaunt and haggard in that last year, but this was in large part because he wanted to carry out the doctors' recommendation that he lose weight. He conducted a brilliant re-election campaign against Governor Thomas E. Dewey; his "my dog Fala" speech was a virtuoso performance. If he erred later in the year in withdrawing Gen. Joseph Stilwell from China, it was not because Roosevelt lost contact with the Chinese tragedy; he was in close touch with the principals. He carefully laid the ground for American—and Soviet—acceptance of the new United Nations organization. His death on April 12, 1945, was not directly from a heart attack, but from a cerebral hemorrhage.

The crucial test of Roosevelt's last year, and of his health, was Yalta, where the great strategic questions of World War II converged. Bruenn's long-delayed report should effectively remove Roosevelt's health as a major historical factor. To be sure, the President's health was probably not good enough that last year to have enabled him to conduct a sweeping alteration of his foreign policy—for example, to shift to a hard-line strategy toward Moscow. But such a shift was virtually out of the question anyway; Roosevelt had made his commitment to a coalition strategy with Russia, and he was going to see it through, at least as long as the war lasted. In most respects, his final year was a culmination of the decisions reached earlier in the war, especially at Teheran.

But to remove Roosevelt's health as an issue in history is not to remove the historical issue. On the contrary, it is to sharpen the charge made by Roosevelt's critics after Yalta and ever since, the charge that in his last year in office Roosevelt knowingly sold his country out in a series of Munich-type appeasements of the Soviet Union. Most of the American official records are now open on this period. What today, a quarter of a century later, with all the advantages—and the humility—of hindsight, can we say about Roosevelt's decisions during that last year, especially at Yalta?

The two great assumptions made by Roosevelt's critics are that he was blind to the real history and nature of Soviet communism and hence was willing to trust it, and that as the commander of the greatest aggregation of balanced military power in history he was in a position to exact major concessions from Moscow about postwar arrangements but failed to do so.

The first assumption is not well founded. One cannot study Roosevelt's whole political and personal develop-

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ment without crediting him with the most realistic apperception of the ambitions and realpolitik of rival leaders and their constituencies. This was the man, after all, who had vanquished his domestic opponents, had early recognized the nature of Nazism, and had conducted a kind of cold war against the Soviet Union itself (largely because of its war on Finland) during the months before the German attack on Russia in June 1941. Roosevelt had few illusions about Soviet communism as it was. He was not totally defeatist, however, about Soviet foreign policy—as it might be. Since we still harbor some hope in the matter twenty-five years later (and about our own foreign policy, too), it would hardly seem unpatriotic for Roosevelt to have tried to make postwar arrangements that might serve to undergird a continued Anglo-American-Soviet coalition.

The second assumption compels us to look at Roosevelt's main decisions about postwar arrangements—decisions shaped throughout the war, but formalized at Yalta. The question is: Did Roosevelt have the bargaining power to compel Russia to make greater concessions to the Anglo-American position than it did?

The cardinal issue during Roosevelt's last year was Poland. In fact, by 1945, Stalin had both moral and military control of the situation. By the time of Yalta, the Red Army had overrun Poland, after having suffered frightful losses. Stalin had possession of the real estate. It was understood, of course, that questions such as the shape and future government of Poland would be decided by the Big Three, but morally that expectation rested on the assumption that the Allies jointly had regained Poland—that they had fully shared in the sacrifices of the anti-Hitler effort. And of course they had not. From Stalin's point of view, the British and Americans were in no position to claim a share of the diplomatic spoils of Poland.

The issue cuts much deeper. For three solid years, Stalin had pleaded with Roosevelt and Churchill for a major cross-Channel invasion of France, in order to take the Nazis' pressure off his troops. For three long years, Roosevelt and Churchill had responded with promises. The cross-Channel invasion of June 1944 had come too late, from Moscow's standpoint, to make much difference in eastern Europe. The Red Army had had to go it alone. Far from getting major military aid from the Allies, Stalin contended, he had had to bail them out in the Battle of the Bulge.

At Yalta, Roosevelt was under no illusion about prospects for Poland. It had long been agreed by the Big Three that the war-racked nation would be picked up like a carpetbag and set down a few hundred miles to the west, satisfying Russia's appetite, penalizing Germany's, and taming Poland's. The cardinal issue was: Who would govern Poland, the Lublin Poles, a communist-dominated group nurtured by Moscow, or a genuine coalition of Lublin Poles and "London Poles," the non-communist leadership long sponsored by Churchill? A few weeks before Yalta, the Soviets recognized the Lublin Poles in the face of Roosevelt's and Churchill's urgent pleas for delay. Roosevelt decided to be relatively flexible at Yalta about Poland's new borders—which in any event had been essentially determined by the Red Army's advance, by understandings at Teheran, and by the position of Britain's Lord Curzon a generation before—but to insist on a democratic, independent, and viable Polish government.

From the start, Stalin was absolutely obdurate on Poland. When Roosevelt led off the discussion by saying that he had "six or seven million Poles in the United States" and that "the Poles, like the Chinese, wanted to save face," the Marshal shot back, "Who will save face—the Poles in Poland or the émigré Poles?" When Churchill at his most eloquent reminded the Marshal that Britain had gone to war with Germany so that Poland would be free and independent and that "this had nearly cost us our life as a nation," the Marshal asked for an intermission—and then came back well primed. His remarks suggest the absolute stone wall Churchill and Roosevelt were up against at Yalta. Said Stalin:

"The Prime Minister has said that for Great Britain the question of Poland is a question of honor. For Russia, it is not only a question of honor but of security. . . . During the past thirty years, our German enemy has passed through this corridor twice. This is because Poland was weak. It is in the Russian interest as well as that of Poland that Poland be strong and powerful. . . .

"The Prime Minister thinks we should make a gesture of magnanimity. But I must remind you that the Curzon line was invented not by Russia but by foreigners. The Curzon line was made by Curzon, Clemenceau, and the Americans in 1918 and 1919. Russia was not invited and did not participate. . . ." Stalin was speaking with more and more heat. "Some want us to be less Russian than Curzon and Clemenceau. What will the Russians say at Moscow, and the Ukrainians? They will say that Stalin and Molotov are far less defenders of Russia than Curzon and Clemenceau.

"I cannot take such a position and return to Moscow."

By now Stalin was standing. He preferred that the war continue and let Poland get more land at the expense of Germany. As for the government, how could they set up a Polish government at Yalta without the participation of Poles, who were not there? "They all say that I am a dictator, but I have enough democratic feeling not to set up a Polish government without Poles." As a military man, he wanted peace and quiet in the wake of the Red Army. The Lublin government could maintain order, while the agents of the London government had already killed 212 Russian soldiers. The Red Army would support only the Lublin government, "and I cannot do otherwise. Such is the situation."

There was a pause, and Roosevelt suggested adjournment. During the next three days, he and Churchill and their aides waged a tough and concerted campaign to win concessions from Stalin on Polish independence. Roosevelt warned the Marshal that unless the Big Three could agree on Poland—which to the President meant not recognizing the Lublin regime—they would "lose the confidence of the world." Churchill warned that 150,000 Polish soldiers on the Italian and western fronts would feel betrayed.

The pressure on Roosevelt during this period was acute. He looked worse than ever; Churchill's physician wrote him off as a dying man. One evening, after an especially difficult discussion of Poland, the President's blood pressure for the first time showed *pulsus alternans*. Although his lungs and heart were good, Bruenn insisted on no visitors until noon and more rest. Within two days his appetite was excellent and the *pulsus alternans* had disappeared.

Step by step, Roosevelt and Churchill exacted paper concessions from the Russians: that the Lublin government be "reorganized on a broader democratic basis" with the inclusion of democratic leaders from within Poland and from without; that free and unfettered elections be held soon—perhaps within a month—on the basis of open suffrage and secret ballot; that émigré leaders could take part in them. What was really at stake, however, was not the general formula but how much opportunity London and Washington would have, in fact, to influence the reorganization of the government, and to monitor the conduct of the elections. Even on this score Stalin conceded that the American and British ambassadors to the Soviets could consult with Lublin and non-Lublin leaders in Moscow, but the specific arrangements for holding and policing the elections were left obscure.

"Mr. President," said Admiral Leahy

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when he saw the compromise formula, "this is so elastic that the Russians can stretch it all the way from Yalta to Washington without even technically breaking it."

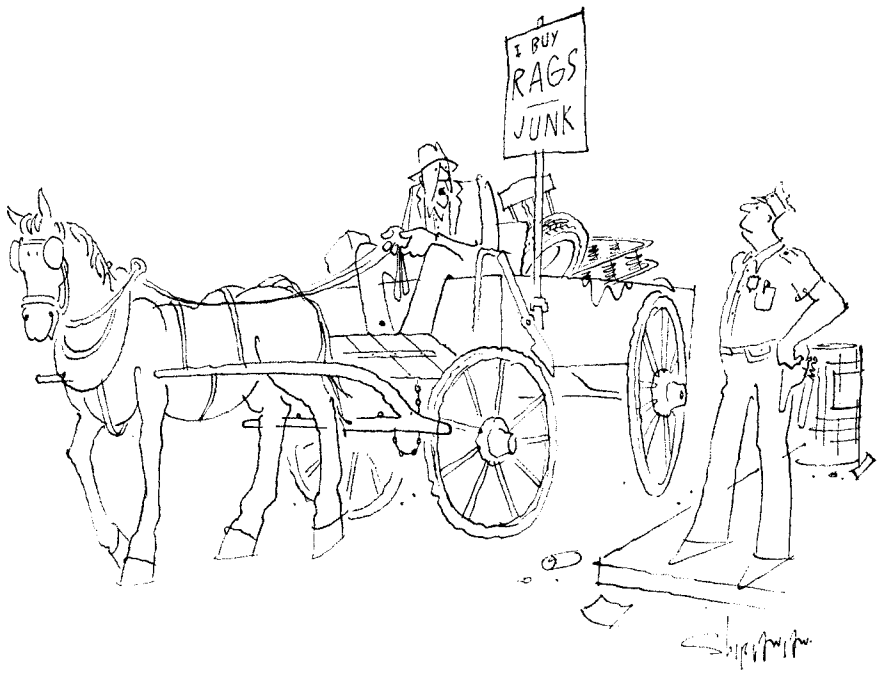
"I know, Bill—I know it. But it's the best I can do for Poland at this time."

The best he could do. Roosevelt was not ill at Yalta, or befuddled, or weak, or unpatriotic. As a realist, he saw that he had reached the limit of his bargaining power. He simply did not hold the cards. He wanted far more from Stalin than Stalin wanted from him. This fact dominated settlement of the other crucial question at Yalta: the Far East.

Roosevelt had no illusions about what Stalin wanted in the Far East, for the Russians had long made this clear—chiefly the return of the Kuriles and southern Sakhalin to Russia; and special railroad and port concessions in Port Arthur, Dairen, and Harbin. The Russians had also made clear that they would enter the war against Japan some time after Germany was beaten. Some Americans naïvely wondered whether Stalin would make good on this promise; actually, there had never been any question whether Stalin would be in on the Far Eastern kill. The American military was desperately anxious that the Soviets share the burden of the final conquest of Japan. It was expected to be very costly. One million Anglo-American casualties were forecast—and many more if the Russians did not come into the war on the continent.

But Stalin—and probably Roosevelt, too—knew that what was crucial was not the fact of Soviet participation but its timing and strength. And here Stalin was in the delicious situation of having Roosevelt and Churchill in just the position that they had had him for three long years. He could delay his Far East attack until London and Washington had suffered terrible losses in overcoming the home islands—and then he could march on the mainland against the collapsing Japanese forces there. In Europe, his allies had made the Red Army take the bloodbath; now he could let the Americans and British carry the burden of battle, and he could take his share of the spoils. It was Roosevelt's task at Yalta to induce Stalin to come into the Far Eastern war at a time that would be advantageous to the British and Americans, not just the Russians. This Stalin agreed to do—but for his price in territory and concessions.

Instead of "bribing" Russia to come into the Far Eastern war, why did Roosevelt not rely on the atom bomb to defeat Japan? Was this proof of his ebbing health? Actually, the President kept in close touch with the Manhattan Project; at the end of 1944, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson had told him that the first bomb (but without previous full-scale testing) would be ready about August 1, 1945. There was little indication, however, that the A-bomb, even if operative, would be effective against the military situation the Allies most feared—millions of Japanese soldiers (and civilians) fanatically resisting in caves and entrenchments along hundreds of miles of Japan's coasts and mountain ranges.



"I felt it was my civic duty to come out of retirement."

So in the Far East as well as in Poland there was an imbalance between what Stalin was asking of Roosevelt and what Roosevelt wanted from Stalin. All the Marshal really sought was legitimacy for dominating territory most of which he had the military power to control anyway. A third issue at Yalta, the nature of the new United Nations organization, was another case of imbalance; Roosevelt wanted a Soviet commitment to the United States, and Stalin was playing cool. In general, Roosevelt did the best he could with the strategic resources he had.

But we cannot leave the matter there. Why was Roosevelt's bargaining position so poor? The answers to this question are multifold: the Soviets' stupendous counterattack against Hitler, the weaknesses of a coalition divided by history and ideology, and simple geography and military power. But if we ask to what extent Roosevelt was responsible for his own strategic plight during his last year, the answer lies in part in his brilliance as Commander-in-Chief as compared with his failures as grand strategist. As Commander-in-Chief he conserved the lives of American soldiers in Europe and made a deal with Stalin to conserve them in the Pacific; he presided over a series of stunning military victories after 1942; but he bought these military victories at a political price. That price was exacted at Yalta.

Yet we cannot leave the matter even there. Roosevelt was not a mere military opportunist or improviser. He had exalted political goals; few leaders in history have defined them with such eloquence and persistence. But he was a deeply divided man. His major failing was that he acted out the parts of both improviser and man of principle without always seeing the interrelation of the two. He was a practical man who proceeded now boldly, now cautiously, step by step toward immediate ends. He was also a dreamer and a sermonizer who spelled out lofty goals. He was both a Soldier of the Faith, battling with his warrior comrades for an ideology of peace and freedom, and a Prince of the State, protecting the interests of his nation in a threatening world. The fact that his faith was more a set of attitudes than a firmly grounded moral code, that it embraced hope verging on utopianism and sentiment bordering on sentimentality—all this made his credo evocative but also soft and pasty, so that it crumbled easily under the press of harsh political alternatives and strategic decisions.

For a quarter-century now, Roosevelt has been under attack for his lack of

(*Continued on page 39*)

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The Uses of Boredom

Two years ago, when the Swedish motion picture *I Am Curious (Yellow)* opened in New York, word quickly got out that the film showed a totally unclothed couple making love. The result was that long lines of moviegoers waited—sometimes for hours in punishing weather—to see one or two brief erotic scenes dropped into a murky, muddled, morose, meandering story about a slow-thinking young woman who was engaged as a public opinion poll-taker. No matter that the advertised action was incidental to the general theme; people seemed willing to endure any amount of the extraneous and the incomprehensible in order to gaze, however fleetingly, at anatomical structures possessed by at least three billion human beings on this planet.

The response to the film has to be considered in context. *Curious* was only one of a fast-growing number of efforts—in movies, plays, books, magazines, and art—to meet what was thought to be an insatiable public craving for vicarious sexual adventure. Attempts were made to intellectualize and upgrade the exercise by terming it a manifestation of new freedom in human affairs, and a refreshing antidote to hypocrisy and prudery. It was obvious that hypocritical attitudes about sex abounded in our society. But some advocates of the new approaches were not without their own hypocrisies and deceits. Many of the same motion-picture producers who inveighed against taboos and restrictions on candid sex films competed with one another to have their pictures branded "X," so that they could exploit the fact that their films were so daring that not everyone would be permitted to see them. (The rating system itself is full of astounding irony and warped values. No attempt is made to rate films according to their violence. It is apparently considered far less harmful to a child to see human bodies lacerated, tortured, dismembered, or shot than to see them unclad.)

The real issue emerging from the extreme new candor is not whether society has been too rigid—it probably has—but whether many specimens of the new candor are anything more than a colossal invasion of privacy. As such, they are not a manifestation of freedom but an assault on it. For nothing is more essential to freedom than privacy.

It is inevitable that the tide should now be turning—less as a reassertion of an old "morality" than as a reflection of man's basic need for dignity and privacy. Human dignity is not solely a political concept. It has as much to do with personal privacy as with codified rights. People are not fit subjects for exploitation—whether in terms of their labor, their minds, or their bodies. They are not anomalies of medicine or scaffoldings for the display of private parts. The fact that people will rise to defend their personal integrity is a basic element in the present situation.

Neither should we underestimate the corrective power of boredom. One of the non-hits of the new Broadway season was *Grin and Bare It,* which closed after a short run. In terms of skin display, it made *Hair* or *Oh! Calcutta!* look like *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* The entire cast performed in the nude. What was most interesting and significant about the play, however, was not what happened on stage, but what happened in the audience. The house kept getting emptier night after night. The play was a thorough bore.

There is nothing like a slow box office to start a new trend. And the producers are getting the message. The message is not that sex has ceased to be interesting, but that there are dimensions to it far more meaningful and appealing than the producers have so far displayed. The ultimate problem in their approach to sex is not that the films and plays are too mature, but that they aren't mature enough. Adolescent exhibitionism and voyeurism must not be confused with mature entertainment. At least burlesque was honestly labelled; there was no pretense at opening up new frontiers of freedom.

Far worse than any invasion of privacy by producers would be an attempt by government to decree moral norms. The state should not attempt to arrogate to itself a role that depends on far wiser definitions than it is equipped to make. The cash register is a powerful checkpoint, and nothing registers more powerfully than when the public is bored stiff. In the end, this is the only workable alternative to censorship.

None of the foregoing is intended to suggest that a *massive* counter-reaction to extremes of so-called candor is in full force. What is happening, if we read the signs correctly, is that considerations of privacy and good taste are proving to be not as trivial as the exploiters tend to think. —N.C.

Dream Stuff

by Robert Necker

1.
In the dark
subway station
of a dream last
night Soul struck the third rail
of Imagination
and swelled as a cat's tail
will in the first Aghast
of shock.

2.
I was not up
to such dreaming and woke up fast.
Faster than you'd
think one could I was
so glad
to be alive and in Reality
I roused the man whose
head lay on a seat
an aisle away from his big feet
to tell him so. He only asked
if we had passed
his transfer stop.

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Letters to the Editor

Aftermaths of Civil Wars

THEODORE H. WHITE in his "A Proposal to End the Vietnam Fighting" [*SR*, Mar. 21] says that "Union Blue and Rebel Gray never were expected, after our own civil war, to live quietly side by side, in the same streets of the same town." It is to be hoped that he is not as poorly informed in respect to the situation in Vietnam as he is concerning the post-Civil War history of his own country. Much of Nashville's best leadership in that tragic era came from Union soldiers who married Nashville girls and settled in this city, as was true only to a lesser degree throughout the South.

WIRT ARMISTEAD CATE,
Nashville, Tenn.

MAYBE Theodore White's proposal to end the Vietnam fighting deserves a "Nice Try" award. What seems to be proposed is another one of those plans in which Americans with "know-how" get in there and manage things: "Show 'em the rules."

Like a nervous back-seat driver to nations in flux, our past leadership has tended to shout, panic, and grapple for the wheel. Worst of all, these performances take place in corners of the world where we don't understand the rules, don't know which side of the road to drive on, are unfamiliar with the road, and don't particularly respect the police.

For my part, I think maybe Asians comprehend Asians better than Americans do.

ROGER A. BURKE,
De Land, Fla.

Different Approach to U.S.S.R.

I APPRECIATED Susan Jacoby's sensitive article "The Lingering Passion" [*SR*, Mar. 14], but I find that she is contributing to widespread misunderstandings regarding individual travel in the Soviet Union.

Last summer, I drove my own car from western Europe into the Soviet Union, going as far east as Moscow. It was usually *not* difficult to solve problems that arose due to my knowing little Russian. Particularly outside the large cities, I found people very kind and willing to help a foreigner. For example, in a village west of Smolensk, I went into a "country store" and asked for several food items. The girl behind the counter made a small mistake in filling my order. The people behind me in line noticed this immediately and chorused their correction of her error.

The high costs of hotels were avoided by using campgrounds. The time consumed waiting in restaurants and the costs were usually bypassed by buying my own food in grocery stores. Contrary to what Miss Jacoby writes, I did not have to prepay hotel reservations and some meals. Intourist required only that I prepay $13 for use of the campgrounds in which I spent the nights. The total cost for my trip was very low.

Since group travel tends to insulate the traveler from people outside his group, I found traveling alone a better way to get acquainted with Russians.

JAMES A. BONNEMA,
South Windsor, Conn.

"Sesame Street" Rumble

IN THEIR ATTACKS on TV's *Sesame Street*, neither Mrs. Joan Schwartz [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Mar. 14] nor critic Robert Lewis Shayon [TV-RADIO, Feb. 14] even has the cast straight. Buddy and Jim aren't a dumb-smart duo; any three-year-old could tell you that Jim's no brighter than Buddy.

Mr. Shayon believes children are expressing hostility against adults when they laugh at these clowns. He must be kidding. Down the ages, the amiable dunce has been a treasured source of humor. Are adults hostile if they laugh at Art Carney or Red Skelton?

In dreadful jargon, Shayon talked about "cognitive skills," "Oedipal anxieties," "supportive relationships," "a mechanistic, technological system." That "numeration table" he mentioned—did he mean numbers, by any chance? Acknowledging that *Sesame Street* is probably teaching basic skills, Shayon complains that the show doesn't radiate love and understanding in the quantities ghetto children may need. The miraculous TV set should now be foster parent as well as teacher?

Mrs. Schwartz says that the show discriminates against middle-class kids who can't "relate" to the brownstone setting. Speak for yourself, Joan. My children, who live in a hillside house in Los Angeles, are enraptured by the world of *Sesame Street*. I wonder if Mrs. Schwartz's four-year-old relates to the Land of Oz or the Big Rock Candy Mountain. Oscar the Grouch, she said, is too negative. Let's also exorcise Rumpelstiltskin from kiddy literature.

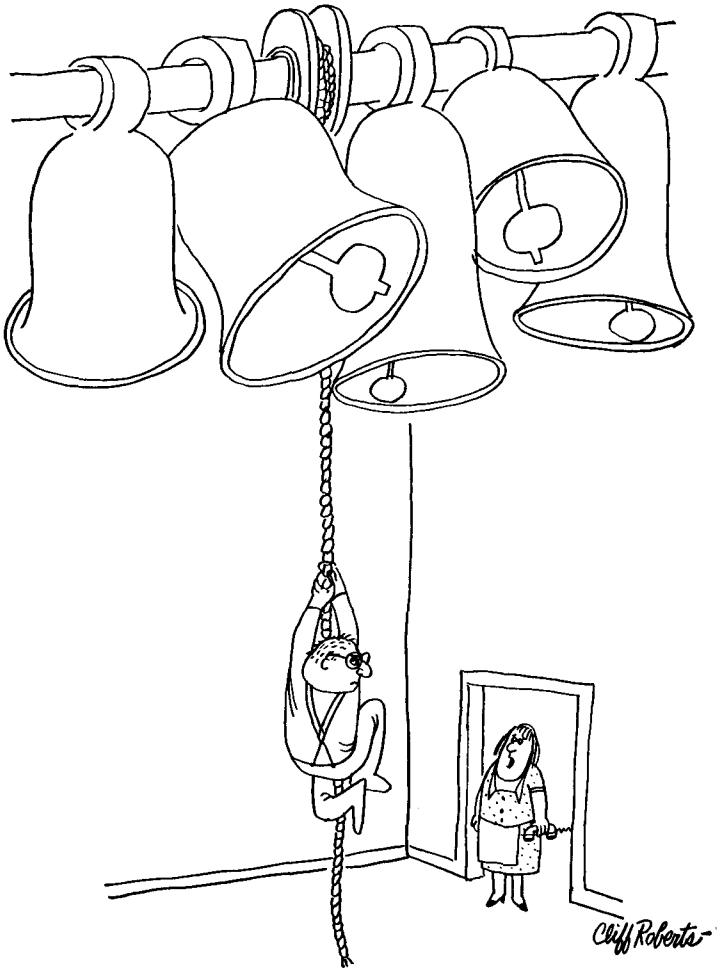
Shayon and Mrs. Schwartz packed in more pomposity per column-inch than I've seen in *SR* in a long time.

MARILYN FERGUSON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Longue Campaign

FOR YEARS I've conducted a one-man (and quite fruitless) campaign against the so-common usage, "chaise lounge." Now that Horace Sutton has sanctified its correctness by using it [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Mar. 7], I give up.

ALLAN GOWER,
South St. Paul, Minn.



"The neighbors don't like it."

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Who's Stirring the Campus

Edwin D. Etherington
President, Wesleyan University

Direct participation of students in setting university policies and developing curricular changes has been worked out on some campuses . . . is being considered on others. Assuming a greater purposefulness than mere exercise of student power, along what lines and to what extent should this participation occur so as to better assure accomplishment of the university's basic educational mission?

James M. Christian
(Government) Howard University '70

American college students are now redefining the American university as a "Community of Intelligence"; not as an abstract haven of knowledge and experience. In keeping with this new definition, students feel they have the right to participate in university policy-making from the Board of Trustees to the University Committee on Campus Parking. This feeling is predicated on the belief that there is no aspect of university policy-making which does not directly or indirectly affect the welfare of the student.

Since the American university for present-day students is a community of intelligence, students believe that they bring to it valuable assets which can help the university perform its educational mission. Consequently, students want to participate in administrative decision-making because they best know and feel the effects of administrative decisions. In the area of academic matters, students want representation and not control because they respect seasoned judgment but do not recognize anyone as having a monopoly on knowledge by virtue of age and experience. This position is advanced because the only sure thing about experience, in relation to age, is that the experience is old.

In all of the above areas of student concern, the emphasis is on representation and participation; not absolute control. The extent of participation demanded by students can be characterized as being a desire to have their ideas and inputs into the system of American higher education listened to and intelligently debated.

Dan Carpenter
(Journalism) Marquette University '70

Any student body's power to influence university policy is always sapped by two indigenous parasites: lack of professional expertise, and mass apathy.

Both will remain as long as student power remains indirect—as long as student representatives on curriculum committees function only as consultants, and student senators only as petitioners.

The solution for university executives is to stop merely listening to their students and begin empowering them.

The means may be a unicameral student-faculty legislature, whose decisions regarding curricular matters and student life would be final. Students would elect the first of its two utterly equal groups, and faculty members the second.

Only practice can determine the feasibility of such a program, but the equipment it provides concerned students are without precedent: knowledge, direct communication—and direct results.

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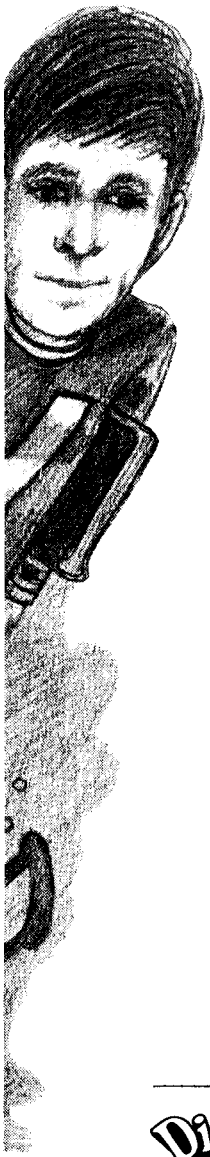
Caldron?



H. D. Doan
President
The Dow Chemical Company

The basic mission of any institution is at once obvious and full of subtleties not apparent to the outsider. Certainly the subtleties are seen differently by different people. I know the basic mission of universities is education. But without knowledge of the subtleties of this process can comment only generally, perhaps "to what extent" but not "along what lines", student participation should occur.

We all have the basic problem of causing our institutions to change fast enough to cope with present and future problems, but to do so in a manner that preserves the basic charter of the institution.

Jim Christian says "the only sure thing about experience . . . is that experience is old." That's true, and a good statement. Experience should be suspect. But does that mean it should be discarded?

Those on the political right or left with an excess of zeal cannot (and never will, by definition) understand the mundane, unexciting truth that balance—perpetual, evolutionary tension—is vitally necessary to changing institutions. Neither the status quo nor the instant ratification of every wish will do.

Where the students have been right (and I believe the educators agree) is in their idea that this evolution has not been responsive enough to a fast-changing world. The balance has been too static. To help this process, it seems valid to me to have the students, with their acute awareness, their ideas and their idealism, become more active in the affairs of the university.

How do you define the extent of this participation?

Responsibility must accompany any authority assumed by or delegated to the students. Responsibility really means a stake not only in the short term but also in the long term effects of decisions or of change.

It seems to me that the greatest stake in the long term success of the university, in carrying out its educational charter, is held by the administration and faculty. They have to live with the results of the decisions.

It is true that the whole process is carried on for the benefit of the student, which gives the student a privilege, a responsibility, and a stake in the decisions that are made. But the student doesn't have to live with the decisions he helps make. He can therefore afford bold, but also rash, experiments. Those who must live a long time with the decisions made are bound to be more conservative—many times, of course, overly so.

Students have a relatively brief "administrative" life in the university. Mass apathy, as Dan Carpenter suggests, may be caused by lack of power. But I suspect that lack of professional expertise is built into this short tenure of the student. The student can best contribute fresh ideas. I know of no way to avoid the frustration inherent in not seeing these ideas flower instantly. On the other hand, the student will experience the real world in fighting for his ideas. In fact, he would be misled badly if they were instantly accepted. This delay has always been a crime against really good ideas, but it's also the way the world protects itself against the thousand not-so-good ideas that always accompany the good ones.

To me this adds up to minority student participation with the faculty and administration. As expressed by Jim Christian, "representation . . not control."

Dialogue

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Oregon Expands

ASHLAND, ORE.

A MOST HAPPY EVENT in the history of the American resident company movement is the opening of the Angus Bowmer Theatre in this pleasant Rogue River Valley town. For the new building, the exterior of which blends nicely with the much larger 1,400-seat outdoor Oregon Shakespearean Festival Theatre it adjoins, considerably increases the distinguished thirty-five-year-old festival's potential both artistically and economically. And it rightly honors the festival's founder-director, Angus Bowmer, whom Governor Tom McCall saluted on opening day by describing him as the man who more than any other person has brought style to the State of Oregon.

Until now, the Oregon Shakespearean Festival has presented six-week seasons of a repertoire of four Shakespearean plays each summer. These have been so well attended that thousands of cultural pilgrims have had to be turned away. But beginning this summer the outdoor season will be lengthened to eleven weeks, and, because the new indoor playhouse will give daily matinees, Oregon visitors will be able to see six plays in four days instead of four plays.

This expansion seems logical and soundly planned, with the fund-raising going very smoothly thanks to a matching grant of $896,000 from the Economic Development Administration and one very large local gift from Alfred S. V. Carpenter. More risky, however, is Ashland's decision to add a six-week spring season to the schedule. Called "Stage II," it will offer seven performances a week of four modern plays in rotating repertory. Nevertheless, because the Bowmer seats only 600, and because the first season has been budgeted to break even at 36 per cent of capacity, the plays need attract only 216 people a night, which is a seemingly modest goal.

The opening play of "Stage II," *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, ideally combines modernity and Shakespeare, and most appropriately has been directed by Mr. Bowmer himself. Although the production somewhat overextends audience indulgence by attempting a version of the script that runs about a half-hour longer than the Broadway one, the performances are high in quality with particular praise due to Larry Carpenter and Roger Kozol, who play the title roles with engaging youthful zest. Furthermore Richard L. Hay, who established the overall direction and design for the theater, has devised a simple but effective way to present the play that also demonstrates the maximum thrust position of his adaptable playhouse. It is not, however, as strong a thrust as the stage at Stratford, Ontario, or even as the one at Lincoln Center's adaptable Beaumont. Presumably the festival wanted a stage that would not require the actors to shift from proscenium-style acting to open-stage performing. But it does put the performers in one room with the audience, and tunnels provide a means of quick exits from the front of the stage.

The second attraction (to be followed by *The Fantasticks* and Anouilh's *Antigone*) is *You Can't Take It with You*. This 1935 period piece offers a fine opportunity to show how the theater will be used for a conventional naturalistic play. The adjustable walls move in closer to enclose the box-set background. But much of the action is played on the forestage section, which can be lowered to become an orchestra pit, and steps connecting the forestage with a tunnel are employed to represent the entrance to the cellar. Nostalgia for the period is nicely evoked, and the warmly intimate comic atmosphere is maintained. Happily, the Angus Bowmer Theatre can be pronounced handsome and healthy in its first test.

Oregon boasts another resident theater, the American Theater Company in Portland. This venture, now in its third year, operates with much support and assistance from Portland State University's Theater Arts Department.

As the first of a four-play schedule, which will include *The Balcony*, *Little Murders*, and *The Cherry Orchard*, the company is presenting *Saint Joan* with the title role played by Portland-born Gretchen Corbett, who last year played Julie Harris's daughter in the Broadway production of *Forty Carats*.

Under the astute direction of Nagle Jackson, Miss Corbett wisely avoids assuming an old-fashioned, reverential holiness. Instead, she is very much the blithe teen-ager who bounces in where angels fear to tread. Her love of God is clearly a naïvely romantic notion, and her attitude toward the Establishment is sassy and impudent. If this interpretation inadequately fulfills some of the play's moments of deep faith, it nevertheless has the virtue of stimulating the audience to think freshly about the old play. For instance, in the trial scene when Joan convicts herself with her foolhardy contempt of a petty-minded court, and when she happily accepts her final sentence, we find ourselves thinking about the Chicago Seven.

A naïve and childlike Joan also strengthens by contrast the adult roles. Particularly effective is the meeting between Peter Cauchon portrayed pragmatically by Michael Keenan, De Stogumber played with amusing denseness by Bern Hoffman, and Warwick enacted with mad shrewdness by Jim Myers. And most entertaining is Robert Dagny's petulant and sulking Dauphin. If this production is typical of the American Theater Company's work, theater in Portland has a promising future.

Back in New York, the long-delayed opening of *Minnie's Boys* appeared to demonstrate that almost all that was extraordinary about the Marx Brothers is to be found in their films.

In its retelling by Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher, the story of the progress of the Marx Brothers from an inept singing and comedy act to the supreme zanies of our time is full of show biz clichés. These include an interfering pushy mother, the struggle with discouragement, a sudden success that we hear about rather than see happen, the sneaking out of impounded trunks from a theatrical boarding house while Groucho diverts the landlady, a contractual impasse with vaudeville mogul E. F. Albee, and finally the happy accident of their becoming the Marx Brothers we remember by their exchanging hats, wigs, costumes, and a mustache with one another.

The four boys — Julie (Groucho), Leonard (Chico), Adolph (Harpo), and Herbie (Zeppo)—are impersonated by Lewis J. Stadlen, Irwin Pearl, Daniel Fortus, and Alvin Kupperman, with Mr. Stadlen being quite remarkable in his ability to look, move, and talk like Groucho. He is clearly capable of doing some of the better routines that this show never chooses to show us, on the theory perhaps that they are better remembered than revisited. Shelley Winters is uncomfortable as Minnie, and lacks the singing ability to put over some songs that need every bit of help they can get. For although Hal Hackady's lyrics are often promising, Larry Grossman's music is routine.

Minnie's Boys is notable for Mr. Stadlen's impersonation, but even this is insufficient to sustain a show whose plot and music are so disappointingly ordinary.

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Eudora Welty: Metamorphosis of a Southern Lady Writer

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

"Losing Battles," by Eudora Welty *(Random House, 436 pp., $7.95; limited edition, $17.50)*

In the late Thirties, when Eudora Welty's first stories began to appear, the Southern literary renaissance had already exhausted its central energies and entered its final and least productive phase. Any young Southern writer emerging at that time was almost certain to be troubled by a powerful and often paralyzing sense that the major work of the movement had been accomplished, and the remaining areas in which original work might still be done had been drastically narrowed. The choices open to the Southern imagination had by then been fairly clearly defined. The prominent writers of the region—Faulkner, Thomas Wolfe, Robert Penn Warren, Erskine Caldwell, Katherine Anne Porter—were all in possession of their essential materials, and it was becoming extremely difficult to conceive of Southern experience except in the terms which they had laid down. The principal problem for the young writer was to avoid imitating them and at the same time to discover and seize his own originality while working with materials fundamentally no different from theirs. In the case of Miss Welty the problem was undoubtedly made more serious by the presence in her home state of Faulkner, who in little more than a decade, after producing a series of distinguished novels, had established his creative sovereignty over Mississippi and mythologized it to the point where only the most vigorous talent would have been capable of cutting through the layers of myth to whatever freshness might still be alive beneath.

It is axiomatic that every young Southern writer for the last thirty years has had sooner or later to come to terms with Faulkner, and one can only conjecture to what extent Miss Welty's early literary development reflected the kind of settlement she must, however unconsciously, have made with him. But as her stories continued to appear, and a distinctive Welty type of story began to be noticeable, it became apparent that she was approaching the Southern—and specifically the Mississippi—experience from an angle very different from his, and was either instinctively avoiding or incapable of engaging the large mythic and demonic issues which were his obsessive concern. It was almost as if she had made a bargain to concede him first rights to the major materials of their native territory and had agreed to limit her own creative interests to the minor and peripheral.

In any event, she developed into a charming, skillful, but, it sometimes seemed, a deliberately narrow writer, who was also a specifically feminine writer most notable for qualities commonly associated with Southern women of her class and background—modesty, delicacy, sensitivity, meticulousness, a certain breathy wonderment about the small, exquisite sadnesses of life—qualities which, while attractively feminine in her, were peculiarly open to parody later on as her influence spread and she herself acquired imitators. During the Fifties, for example, it became commonplace to see her best feminine effects perverted in the work of others into mere effeminacy, and used in support of that coy, androgynous stance then so obligatory in the kind of stories favored by the ladies' fashion magazines, those little gasps and thrills of delight in grotesquerie, those wisteria-scented effusions of Madison Avenue Gothicism which became

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for a time as emblematic of chic as the potbellied slump of mannequins.

But it was not simply her feminine qualities or her ready adaptability to fashion that seemed to point to some limitation of stature in Miss Welty. It was also her very competence in her chosen form. From the beginning she had displayed an extraordinary talent for the short story, and one began to feel that while the short story was clearly her natural medium it was also a medium in which she had achieved a too early and too effortless mastery, so that in that degree it had become her prison. Her very ease and security within the short story were such that she seemed to have little inclination to go beyond it, to extend her imaginative range, or to engage materials whose ultimate value to her might lie precisely in their being ill-suited to the particular requirements of the form.

Even the novels she came to write—*The Robber Bridegroom* (1942), *Delta Wedding* (1946), and *The Ponder Heart* (1954)—were really no more than extended and obviously attenuated short stories, and in them all the attenuated quality seemed to have been created by the injection of great quantities of environmental gas, the elements of setting, scene, atmosphere, working in a kind of perfumed, rhetorical fog to obscure the thinness of characterization and the paucity of drama. In short, it was apparently more comfortable for Miss Welty to produce delicate puffballs of sensibility within the fertile limits of the short story than to venture out to larger and less well cultivated territories of imagination. And while there may have been nothing particularly wrong with this, considering the excellence of her narrow art, it was disturbing to encounter a writer of her evident ability and promise—for all one knew, *permanent* promise—and be unable to tell for certain whether in fact Miss Welty was a writer of small size, who was happily making the best of her limitations, or whether she was a writer of potentially large size, who was cautiously working her way through modest challenges toward the moment when she felt ready to make a major creative commitment.

The question tantalized because there were signs visible now and again in her work of some quality more robust than exquisiteness, and there was also the fact of all those materials, the abundant *givens* of her Southern experience, which clearly she knew intimately, and the dramatic potential of which only Faulkner had fully exploited. But, as time passed, the possibility grew larger that the question would soon cease to matter very much. It is true that Miss Welty continued to grow creatively over the years, yet she seemed to be growing always in the same direction and always within the same limits. And one saw her arriving finally at the position for which her whole past achievement seemed perfectly to prepare her, the position of most important minor female writer of fiction to come out of the South in the last thirty years.

It now appears, however, that Miss Welty may have forfeited her right to that dubious title and be on the move towards something considerably more impressive. Fifteen years after publication of her last book, and sufficiently long after the end of the Southern literary renaissance for all competing claims on her materials to have grown obsolete, she has suddenly and mysteriously become surprising. She has radically altered the direction of her work, she has radically enlarged the range of her interests, and she has begun to address herself vigorously to the use of the very kinds of experience which in the past she appears to have avoided. Maybe it has taken her this long to free herself from the stereotypical formulations of her older contemporaries, to lay the ghost of Faulkner, and to be able to confront her true subject and her true originality. But however it came about, the change in her is remarkable. She has ceased to be merely exquisite and become indeed robust. She has ceased to be narrow and meticulous and become wide-ranging and exuberantly inventive. She has broken away from those patterns of response which made her too easily identifiable as a Southern lady writer, and she has become simply—and in the best sense—a writer. Her real gifts are now, in this new novel, on full display for the first time in her career, and they can be seen to be as impressive as those of any writer, male or female, at work in this country at the present time.

The hazards that Miss Welty has confronted and overcome in the writing of *Losing Battles* are perhaps the best indication we have of the new authority she now commands. The novel has to do with a family of nearly illiterate, nearly impoverished hill people, who are struggling to farm in the back country of northeastern Mississippi at sometime during the Depression.

Hence, they are the very kind of people it would seem almost impossible to write about today without sentimentalizing into stereotypes of the Oppressed and Disadvantaged, or caricaturing into cartoon figures out of Tobacco Road or Dogpatch. But Miss Welty's sense of artistic decorum is such that she has been able to create and sustain a powerfully exact impression of their reality as people who are neither social types nor social problems but simply human beings trying to survive.

Yet at the same time that she does this, she also does something even more remarkable. She creates, through the most skillful use of stylistic shading and comic innuendo, an equally exact impression of just how these people *might* be sentimentalized and caricatured. And how, furthermore, her own treatment of them is being developed against the grain of this fact. This is to say that somewhere above or behind them we become aware of the existence of an ironic perspective, an implicitly subversive point of view, which represents a way of seeing these people as clichés. And one realizes that this perspective is there because it is part of Miss Welty's intention to remind us that the cliché image of Southern life is not her image, and, through the comparison thus established, hers is revealed to be infinitely closer to the truth.

This is, of course, the burden imposed on any work written in a post-renaissance time. If it is to be recognized as a fresh approach to familiar materials it should ideally incorporate within itself some acknowledgment of the conventional approaches to those materials. It should contain an extra dimension of self-parody and self-awareness—above all, an awareness of the tradition which it is intended either to resist or to revitalize. And Miss Welty's novel brilliantly illustrates this. The specter of the traditional Southern novel hovers over it, is felt everywhere within it, but is deprived of its power to distort her vision because she uses its presence so admirably to shape and clarify her vision.

One result of this clarification is that her characters possess none of the qualities normally associated with Southern country people in the work of other writers. They are not Faulknerian grotesques, degenerates, morons, perverts, or madmen. They are not obsessed with sex, tormented by guilt, or driven to commit acts of violence and outrage. If they were any of these, they would undoubtedly be far more compelling as characters but far less convincing as people, and Miss Welty has had the courage to preserve them in their authenticity, even if she has had

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to forfeit some measure of dramatic interest.

But, clearly, the sacrifice was well worth making, for anyone familiar with the rural people of the South will recognize that she has depicted them with the greatest possible fidelity to fact. She has captured their simplicity, their frequent dullness, their occasional downright stupidity, their incredible innocence, their dignity, their power of endurance, their complacency, their shiftlessness, their cruelty, and their clannishness. And, above all, she has caught the meaning and cadence of their endless talk. Not simply the way they speak, but their habit of using speech as incantation and propitiatory rite, as a kind of verbal magic which can neutralize the force of evil by explaining it away and burying its worst effects beneath consoling layers of story, recollection, gossip, and legend.

They are people who compulsively tell stories in order to justify suffering to themselves, and they tend to tell reminiscence stories because the continuity which narrative gives to the past helps to insure the coherence of the present and future. It is fitting, therefore, that incessant talk, mostly devoted to storytelling, should become the very substance and mode of Miss Welty's narrative, and that the many characters should finally lose their individual identities and disappear into a chorus of anonymous speaking voices. As they speak, these voices gradually create the dramatic situation of the novel. They produce a densely complicated oral history—or, more correctly, a labyrinth of interlocking histories—out of which a central story emerges. It is not a story that especially relates to or illuminates the meaning of the events themselves. Rather, it presents a curiously static image of these people, imbedded or entrapped in their collective histories and current predicaments. And that image, just because of its static quality, raises the question which is so crucial to an understanding of Miss Welty's whole intention: What exactly are we supposed to think of these people? By what standards should we judge them? And, in particular, which of the possible standards implicit in the novel is intended to be the dependable and *just* one?

Miss Welty makes use of the subtlest technical means to present this question in its full complexity. Initially she describes her people without ironic coloration and so invites us to accept them on their own self-satisfied terms. The action of the novel is built around a family reunion in which a large number of relatives gather together to eat and talk and pay homage to the ancient

(*Continued on page 35*)

SR's 1970 Anisfield-Wolf Awards

by NAID SOFIAN

Boundaries in our century have been in a constant state of flux; not only the visible borders of states and nations displaced by war, but the invisible ones of mind and space altered by exploration. The most determined move of all has been against the bonds of social prejudice. Smothered for centuries by the swaddling clothes of fear and ignorance, repressed races and minority peoples are now stretching their limbs, demanding more space in which to grow, and at their own pace.

The *SR* Anisfield-Wolf Awards, established thirty-six years ago, help in this struggle by distinguishing works that contribute most to intergroup understanding. Headed by anthropologist Ashley Montagu, the awards committee has this year selected four such books: *Custer Died for Your Sins: An Indian Manifesto*, by Vine Deloria, Jr. (Macmillan); *The Great Betrayal: The Evacuation of the Japanese-Americans During World War II*, by Audrie Girdner and Anne Loftis (Macmillan); *Scottsboro: A Tragedy of the American South*, by Dan T. Carter (Louisiana State University Press); and *The Negro in American Society*, by Florestan Fernandes, translated from the Portuguese by Jacqueline D. Skiles, A. Brunel, and Arthur Rothwell (Columbia University Press). The authors will share a cash prize of $3,000.

With a history of manipulation, massacre, and containment in "reserves," the American Indian may have given out, but has doggedly not given in, evidencing inner resources that could greatly benefit American society. In *Custer Died for Your Sins*, Vine Deloria, Jr., a Standing Rock Sioux, writes of his people as one completely involved in their past, present, and future. A former executive director of the National Congress of American Indians, he comes from a distinguished family of scholars, churchmen, and warrior-chiefs. Mr. Deloria's book aims not only to educate and arouse an uninformed, indifferent public; it also offers guidelines to his own people, particularly the young.

Two of the titles focusing on shameful moments in American history reveal that hysteria can be as blind as death. During World War II, 110,000 Japanese-Americans were forced from their homes and banished to relocation centers in the West. *The Great Betray-*

"You will meet a rich, handsome young man, but you will marry his father."

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al, by Audrie Girdner and Anne Loftis, relates these citizens' saddening story, mostly through their own words.

Both authors live in Portola Valley, near San Francisco, and are free-lance writers. Mrs. Loftis, who is the daughter of historian Allan Nevins, was previously associate editor of the Hanover *Gazette* and is currently active in civil rights and community action groups. Mrs. Girdner's short stories and articles have appeared in numerous magazines and quarterlies. A native Californian, she has for many years been researching the history of the Japanese evacuation.

Though to a lesser degree than during the evacuation, hysteria surrounded the Alabama trial in the Thirties of nine Negro hoboes falsely accused of rape. The case of these "vile despoilers of our white womanhood" rapidly became a *cause célèbre*, drawing many to battle, including the NAACP, the communist front, liberals and radicals, and the Alabama National Guard. Barely escaping with their lives, the Scottsboro youths—ranging in age from twelve to nineteen—spent many brutal years in prison. The last one was finally freed in 1950.

Born in Florence, South Carolina, Dan T. Carter, the author of *Scottsboro*, teaches history at the University of Maryland. He is the editor of *The South Since the War*, a travel account first published in 1886, and is currently working on an interpretive history of violence in modern American society.

Though Florestan Fernandes is one of the most influential and seminal sociologists in South America, *The Negro in Brazilian Society*, sponsored by Columbia University's Institute of Latin American Studies, is the first of his works to be translated into English. It is a meticulous study of race relations in São Paulo, which the author selected because "it is the only Brazilian city with an economic, social, and cultural background capable of providing the energy to develop an open-class society." Dr. Fernandes concludes that, despite unfavorable factors in its racial situation, Brazil will quickly become a true democracy, and more easily than the United States. Formerly a professor at the University of São Paulo, he is now mostly concerned with the problems of students and student movements.

Four books, then, with a common theme: liberation; and a common method: winnowing truth from appearance. But most important, they spring from the conviction that man can grow, given the opportunity.

Naid Sofian is a member of Saturday Review's editorial staff.

Liquid Assets

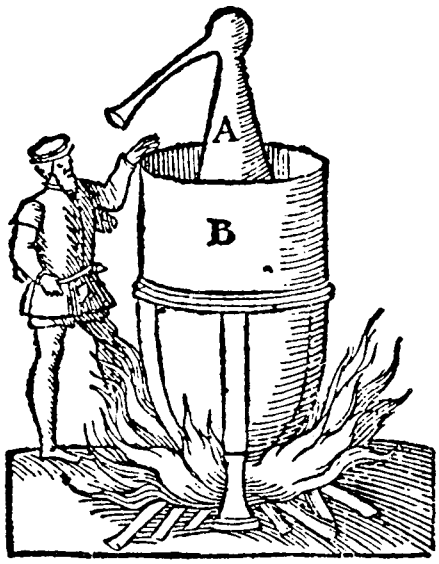
SCOTCH WHISKY: Its Past and Present

by David Daiches

Macmillan, 168 pp., $9.95

THE FLAVOR OF DAVID DAICHES'S magnificent book is worthy of his subject, and so is its substance. It is not surprising that the Scottish biographer of Robert Burns should have enriched the already provocative literature on Scotch whisky. But it is a tour de force when a literary critic and cultural historian contrives to turn a monograph dedicated to the second most popular hedonistic exercise into a model of how economics could be written if only economists were as inventive as businessmen and as pragmatic as artists. Agreeing as I do with the late Joseph Schumpeter that what we call economics is more profitably conceived of as "historical sociology" than as applied algebra or secularized theology, I have no hesitation in saying that Professor Daiches, in sketching the profile of his country's culture in the background of its principal industry, has produced a classic case history of the evolution of modern economic society.

The folklore of capitalism has promulgated the double myth of the confrontation between government regulators and business regulatees and of the domination of the regulators by the regulatees. Professor Daiches shows in this formative and not at all atypical case how regulation gave a safe-conduct pass to bigness and set the pattern for it, instead of intervening to protect the little people against the encroachments of bigness once it had evolved. The force of his exposition is all the more undeniable because he has dramatized the actual phenomenon instead of merely positing a theory. The result provides an arresting reminder of the old truth that the poets have more to tell us about the practicalities than the self-admitted masters of practicality.



—From the book.

How lightly Professor Daiches carries his erudition is illustrated by his account of the mystery in which the origin of his subject is shrouded, beginning with the fantasy of "the accidental distillation of steam rising from ground and fermented barley as it boiled in a pot under the eye of some primitive clansman who proceeded at once to experiment with its consumption." Legend anticipated reality, for no sooner did the tribal elders surprise the first secret drinkers than they themselves were taken with the habit. Daiches makes short shrift of the canard that "whisky was invented by the Irish as an embrocation for sick mules and . . . once it was brought to Scotland its use was perverted from external animal application to internal human consumption." But he does credit the claim that "the art of distilling whisky was developed very early in Ireland," and allows that if, as another legend holds (but as more or less likely German scholarship denies), "Saint Patrick first taught the art [he] intended it for human drinking."

A modern vignette brings the world of legend into focus with the world of letters, and brings both into focus with the world as it was and as it is. The entire passage is unforgettable:

> Among the marginal notes written by the actress Ellen Terry in a special interleaved copy of *Macbeth* prepared by Henry Irving for the Irving-Terry production of the play in 1888 there is this comment on Lady Macbeth's line: "But in them Nature's copy's not eterne" (III.ii.38). Lady Macbeth is replying to Macbeth's complaint that Banquo and his son Fleance, potential rivals for the throne, are still alive, and is suggesting that they might both be murdered. Or at least that is how most people would construe her observation. But Ellen Terry interpreted the line to mean this: "Don't trouble so, for they cannot live for ever—that fellow Banquo may die any day—*why not!* and the boy may have whooping cough in such a climate as this—we keep all the whisky to ourselves—I lock up the cupboard every night." In 1888 Ellen Terry assumed that of course the Macbeths would have had whisky in the palace and that it would have been a good cure for whooping cough. Her reference to whisky reflects the growing awareness of it in the 1880s but also suggests that it was still regarded by many people as primarily medicinal in function (like the "whis-

(*Continued on page 71*)

Critic Eliot Janeway, a dedicated amateur in the ancient art of Scotch savoring, is the author of "Struggle for Survival" and "The Economics of Crisis."

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Governance

THE CITY

by John V. Lindsay

Norton, 240 pp., $5.95

JOHN V. LINDSAY'S RE-ELECTION as mayor of the City of New York was generally regarded as "an upset." In *The City* Lindsay quotes an unnamed *New York Times* reporter as saying: "If John Lindsay wins against Mario Procaccino, it will be like Montclair State Teachers College beating Notre Dame." Political reporting on the *Times* has deteriorated since the days of old Jim Hagerty.

Lindsay did enter the campaign with problems. His administration had been a succession of disasters. On his first day in City Hall he found himself faced with a transit strike, which he managed to mishandle with superb self-righteousness. Still, his victory should have surprised no one. It was the result of the disintegration of both the Democratic and Republican organizations in New York. That is what enabled Lindsay to win, even though a clear majority of the voters—58 per cent—rejected him.

Unfortunately, that is also what has made New York so difficult to govern. Lincoln Steffens understood the reason. A political machine may govern a city badly, but without a machine a city will eventually become ungovernable. Lindsay himself would disagree with that statement. A steadfast optimist, he reiterates in *The City* that he thinks New York *is* governable. He has yet to prove it.

Lindsay opens his book with a brief account of the 1969 campaign. It's a remarkably straightforward account—for a politician, Lindsay is a remarkably straightforward man—and it reveals that, from the very first, Lindsay and his advisers had a far greater understanding of the realities of the political situation in New York than most of the reporters who covered the campaign. They realized, for example, that his defeat in the Republican primary at the hands of John Marchi was actually a victory. The fact that he didn't wear the Republican label enabled Lindsay to win the support of many leading Democrats, including Arthur Goldberg. At the end, poor bumbling Mario Procaccino had few supporters in his own party except hacks.

At the same time, since the Republican organization is also in disarray, Lindsay was able to get the backing of such leading Republicans as Senator Jacob Javits, Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, and, most important of all, Gustav Levy. A partner in Goldman, Sachs, he made John Lindsay's campaign the best-financed in the city's history.

There is a glaring omission in Lindsay's account: how he managed to win over the sanitation workers' union. One of the disasters of his first administration was a sanitation workers' strike. John DeLury, president of the union, went to jail for it; and, when that didn't end the strike, Lindsay made the egregious mistake of asking Governor Nelson Rockefeller to call out the National Guard to collect garbage. Fortunately for everyone—including Lindsay—the Governor refused, for such an action almost certainly would have precipitated a general strike.

The sanitation workers hated Lindsay. What made them decide to support him? This support was of enormous help to him, for the sanitation workers are among the most powerful political groups in New York. Obviously, there was a backroom deal. What it was, Lindsay doesn't reveal; he does not mention the sanitation workers' role in the campaign. Even the most straightforward of politicians cannot be expected to tell all.

On the question of his administration of the city, Lindsay is again typically Lindsay. He has the engaging quality of being able to beat his breast with such good humor that his listeners are beguiled rather than revolted. He can admit his mistakes in such a way that his critics are disarmed rather than reinforced with arguments.

Having done so in *The City*, as during the campaign, Lindsay then lists his accomplishments. They are, in fact, many. He put New York on a sound financial basis; he kept the ghettoes quiet; he persuaded the legislature to permit the city to levy an income tax, including a tax on commuters; he increased the size of the police force and established a fourth platoon.

Yet, as every New Yorker can attest, the city is becoming more and more unlivable—even for the upper middle class. Crime in the streets is steadily increasing; the streets themselves are becoming dirtier and noisier, and traffic, more and more tangled; the schools are continuing to deteriorate, and heroin addiction among the young has grown alarmingly in middle-class neighborhoods. More important still, the feeling of helplessness and of alienation is spreading.

One must ask why. There are many reasons, of course. We live in a world in disorder. When even the Catholic Church is rocked by dissension, can any institution hope to escape it?

Still, there is one special, definable problem of the cities. The reformers, who fought so long and so hard to destroy the machines and succeeded in every major city except Chicago, failed to recognize the role the machines played: They were the link between the voters and City Hall. Every neighborhood had a clubhouse. If a voter had a problem or a grievance, he went to his clubhouse and talked with the boss. The clubhouse was full of ambitious young lawyers, who knew the ins and outs of the city administration and could get things done simply by dropping the boss's name. The voter was not helpless and, therefore, did not feel a sense of alienation.

Today what can the voter do? He doesn't know which city department to call because he doesn't know which department is responsible for what. When he eventually finds out (assuming he doesn't first give up) he must

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

MUSICAL SYLLABLES

Take pencil and paper, and jot down the numbers 1 to 14 in a vertical line. From the syllables printed below, using none more than once, construct words corresponding to the clues. Now, reading down your answers, write out the first letter of each word, and then write out the third letter of each word; together—according to Karin S. Armitage of San Francisco—the 14 letters form an apt quotation from *Twelfth Night*. For the solution, turn to page 69.

a - bee - ca - cham - del - e - e - es - fi - fin - flo -
gor - gy - gy - gypt - hoa - i - i - i - ished - le - lo -
me - mi - ni - ña - o - o - o - or - pa - phone - ri - sa -
solde - tel - thol - tow - un - val

Clues: 1. Tristan's beloved. 2. Beethoven opera. 3. "O solo _____." 4. Schubert symphony. 5. Strauss opera. 6. First name of *Firebird* composer. 7. First half of Mascagni title. 8. British conductor. 9. Chabrier rhapsody. 10. Menotti opera. 11. "Stardust" composer's first name. 12. Setting of a Verdi opera. 13. *Martha*'s composer. 14. Possible field for Papageno.

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YESTERDAY'S PEOPLE

LIFE IN CONTEMPORARY APPALACHIA

Jack E. Weller

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talk with a clerk, who asks him silly questions and fills out silly forms that are then passed on to a higher-up, where they become enmeshed in red tape.

Lindsay recognizes this, and it must be said to his credit that, from his first day in office, he attempted to create some way for the ordinary voter to get action from the city. His first proposal was to establish neighborhood city halls, to which voters could go with their problems and complaints. The City Council rejected this because the councilmen realized the neighborhood city halls would, in effect, be a modern version of the old political clubhouse and would enable Lindsay to build a personal machine.

Since then Lindsay has attempted to make it possible for people to reach City Hall through community-action groups. Despite his characteristic optimism, these have not yet been a notable success. When everybody has a voice, nobody has a voice; when everybody can be a leader, nobody can be a leader. Chaos reigns.

Obviously, the old political machines cannot be revived. They died for good reason. Nevertheless, if the cities are to become governable again, a substitute must be found. Perhaps, eventually, the community-action groups will evolve into such a substitute.

Lindsay can be faulted on a good many grounds, but not, as *The City* demonstrates, for having failed to attempt to bring City Hall and the people together again.

Harold Lavine

Harold Lavine will shortly publish "Smoke-Filled Rooms," a sampling from the papers of Robert Humphreys, master strategist and speech-writer for Eisenhower and Nixon.

POWER

by Adolf A. Berle

Harcourt, Brace & World, 603 pp., $10

ADOLF BERLE, a man of high academic qualifications and vast practical political experience, has lived through the triumphs and agonies of our century, and this book is his summation.

He is, of course, not alone in making power the focal point of his analysis. Both Bertrand Russell, whom Berle cites, and, more significantly, Charles Merriam in his *Political Power* explored it fully over thirty years ago. More recently, H. D. Lasswell and A. Kaplan's scholarly *Power and Society* and Bertrand de Jouvenel's *Power*, among other studies, added new dimensions. As a scholar one regrets that Berle does not appear to have profited from these works, but as a reader one can only be glad that the freshness of firsthand experience is not "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—the thought of others, that is—for this book is full of original concepts and insights.

In some ways the best feature of Berle's treatment of his topic is the succinct case illustrations he gives to reinforce abstract ideas. Often taken directly out of the author's personal observation, the examples are fresh and vivid. They help the informed reader to know Mr. Berle better as a human being. This also holds for the passages from literature which he cites to make a particular point. His literary enthusiasms, however, sometimes lead him to doubtful assertions; for instance, that Shakespeare's "tracing of the penalty of aborting the institution of power . . . is better than any political scientist's." It is good, yes, but such comparisons presume a breadth of knowledge the author does not possess. And while the point he makes by adducing lengthy quotations from the Book of Job is valid, it forces Berle to insist that one of God's main speeches really belongs to Satan, which, unfortunately, is not in line with the latest Old Testament scholarship. Nevertheless, Berle's conviction that the voice proclaiming Job's nothingness must be satanic, and that only the acceptance of dialogue is worthy of the Almighty, is highly significant and indicative of Berle's view of power in general.

The author's views are presented in six "books," of which the first, "The Laws of Power," and the last, "The Decline of Power," are general in scope, while the intervening four are primarily concerned with American politics. The wealth of knowledge and critical analysis in them is so great that only a few key points can be highlighted here.

Mr. Berle states at the outset, "Power is a universal experience; practically every adult has had a measure of it, great or small, for a brief moment or for an extended time." After that elusive characterization we are asked to recognize five "laws of power," which the general chapter undertakes to elaborate. It is clear that Berle does not wish to restrict himself to political power, though in some broad sense all power is political, and the science of politics considers power its central concept, the basic phenomenon with which it is concerned. As a matter of fact, power defies rigorous definition. It is that relationship among men which manifests itself in the behavior of those who do what their leader wants them to do. I should surmise

The critic, Carl J. Friedrich, wrote "Man and His Government."

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from Berle's treatment that that is what he has in mind. But, unfortunately, he does not develop the basic distinction between power as a possession and power as a relation. A good part of the time he writes as if he thought (as so many do) that power is essentially something to have and to hold, and he therefore speaks throughout his book of "power-holders," never of "power-wielders." Nonetheless, he seems to be aware of the difference, and his analysis would have gained in clarity had he made the distinction.

For example, he states that "in our time, and in America, the command factor is low in all fields." Leaving aside the question whether such a sweeping statement can be supported, it presupposes that there is such a thing as a "command factor," that is, power can be possessed and exercised through the issuing of commands. While this has been the classical view of law and the state ever since Hobbes, it is at variance with a great deal of democratic reality. Where the reaction and response of those with whom the power-wielder has to deal can effectively challenge the preference of the leader, power is not simply a possession but something difficult to exercise effectively. This obscurity may account for some curious contradictions in Berle's general views. At one point we are told that "inevitably, the closing decades of the twentieth century will witness great increases of power and the proliferation of its uses"; at another point that "implacably, it seems, the balance of twentieth-century currents undermines the possibilities of concentrated power." To be sure, not all power is concentrated, and its dispersion may yet "increase" it, whatever that may mean. The underlying truth of the matter is that "possessive," "coercive" power is gradually giving way to "relational" or "consensual" power. Power may, in short, be exercised through coercion or consent, but these two sources of power are not mutually exclusive. They often, indeed usually, operate in combination with each other. There are many illustrations for this assertion scattered throughout Berle's analysis. Consent and constraint are both real forces generating power.

But what of the "laws" of power put forward by Berle, which are in fact general hypotheses? The first of these is that "power invariably fills any vacuum in human organization" and that "as between chaos and power, the latter always prevails." This proposition would be more nearly right if the adverb were "usually" rather than "always." For Berle himself realizes that organizations, including states, die and are replaced by others, and that chaos does at times become king. The striking cases, such as Tito's rise to power, only serve to demonstrate that a vacuum is often filled. I found fascinating Mr. Berle's example drawn from a succession struggle in a big insurance combine, but his assertion that such illustrations make his point is inaccurate. To conclude, as he does, that "it is the genius of power to find and fill the vacuum whenever it occurs in human organization" is an overstatement. It usually happens, but not always, and one of the more intriguing problems of power is: under what conditions does it fail to occur?

A partial answer is found in what to Berle is the second law—"power is invariably personal"—for it is at times the lack of a suitable leader that prevents the filling of the vacuum. But this law also overstates a good point: power is not "invariably personal." One key reason—and a good one—why Berle insists on this personal quality of power is his intense and justified dislike of the notion that vaguely defined groups, such as classes or élites, can have power. Berle realizes that "denial of the existence of class or élite power cuts into an immense body of political dogma which has dominated affairs at least since the *Communist Manifesto* of 1848."

His critique of élite and class notions, which is sound, culminates in the mocking proposition that "classes have about as much power as, let us say, the quite identifiable sector of the American population that has red hair." "Anyone who speaks of the 'power' of the individual shareholders of the United States," says Mr. Berle, "is talking nonsense." Yet the fact that such vague entities are not effective power-holders does not prove that all power is personal. The author himself realizes it for he speaks, quite rightly, of the power of the Supreme Court. And there have been numerous similar small collectives that have wielded power, be it coercive or consensual; for example, the Soviet Politburo, the Roman Senate, or the faculty of Harvard University. Such power, though impersonal, is quite real inasmuch as the group is clearly defined and its procedures for arriving at collective decisions are known to the participants. In the course of this discussion, Berle gives a vivid and impressive sense of how it feels to "lose" power. It is indicative of his preoccupation with coercive power that he describes the reactions of a former officeholder who is out. This "post-power syndrome" is rather different when the man has himself decided to quit, because the consensual basis of such power to some extent persists and provides the "ex" with opportunities for resuming the power game which the defeated official usually lacks.

Berle's third law is that power is invariably based on a system of ideas or philosophy. Not to quibble over marginal phenomena, this reviewer is inclined to concur, especially since Berle links it to an institutional power structure (fourth law). The point is perhaps not elaborated sufficiently, considering the extent to which it is controversial, and in view of the widespread notion that there has been a "death of ideology." Berle may be a bit too apodictic, but I agree when he concludes that "the philosophy underlying power institutions is ultimately determinative."

The fourth law, then, is that "power is invariably organized and transmitted through institutions." This is an incorrect statement of the correct generalization that institutionalized power is rule and needs to be distinguished from uninstitutionalized power. Of

this there is a good deal, especially in the form of influence (which Berle does not discuss adequately because of the bias expressed in his fourth law). I suspect that this is due to Berle's own wide experience with institutionalized power, as treasurer of the City of New York, as Assistant Secretary of State, as Ambassador, and as chairman of the board of the Twentieth Century Fund, to name only his more eminent positions. Uninstitutionalized power is by no means limited to that of the "fist or the gun," as Berle puts it. Incidentally, power is not a "form of capital," as he asserts; capital is a form of power. I should like, however, to stress the great value of Berle's discussion of economic power. His understanding of this dimension of power relations is appreciated by all who learned from his classic study (with Gardiner Means) of the corporation. Berle fully realizes that in the course of development "enhanced social control over economics is unavoidable." At the same time, he rightly insists that "the problem will be the same whether the next phase is state socialist or merely capital-power socialist." The very terms manifest an admirable degree of scientific realism and genuine detachment. They are the quintessence of a thorough understanding of economic power.

"Power is invariably confronted with, and acts in the presence of, a field of responsibility." This dictum embodies Berle's fifth law. Once again, one wonders about the "invariably." That power should be so confronted would seem a sound norm; that it al-

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ways is, a dubious existential judgment. Berle believes that "it is a fact of life; it cannot be avoided." From this "a formal or informal dialogue emerges." Here the truly interesting problem is to whom and to how many the dialogue is limited. Stalin may have felt some responsibility to the Politburo, or certain of its members, as the Roman emperors did to their legions, or at least to the Praetorian Guard. The answer to this question determines when it is true that "once the power-holder's field of responsibility really turns against him, he is lost. . . ." Quite a few skilled power manipulators have shown that one "field of responsibility" may be substituted for another, such as the Praetorian Guard for the Senate in Rome; this is basically the problem of legitimizing rule. "The greatest, and perhaps the oldest, attribute of power is its acceptance of this dialogue with those subject to it," Berle argues. In fact, it is only a shrewd selection among these subjects with whom the dialogue is held. Even an advanced "responsible government" such as ours succeeded in excluding large sections of the people from the dialogue for a very long time.

It is true that "the power dialogue, based on mass information, or perhaps mass misinformation, . . . increasingly limits palace power." Our communications network has led some visionaries to foresee a time when no coercive power will remain—when, in Berle's language, the "field of responsibility" will become all-inclusive. Berle seems to agree with those who think the evolution of the USSR and other totalitarian régimes is tending in the same direction, though the "cultural revolution" and Czechoslovakia have made some of these optimists reconsider. In other words, is the kind of power Berle discusses actually "declining," as his concluding section appears to suggest, or is it merely regrouping its forces? Berle is probably right in laying the ghost of the "military-industrial complex" which haunts so many well-intentioned people today. But is it true that "the twentieth century apparently will not vest in any group of doctrinaire interpreters . . . authority to prescribe dogma for unquestioning acceptance"? The men of this century seem to be of two minds about that.

Old Herodotus knew that "power is precarious." Berle's work is permeated by a deep awareness of this fact, and of the indispensability of power in human society. Those engaged in the perilous game, as well as those who seek to analyze and interpret their activities, are urged to read this testament.

A rich, highly selective bibliographical note and a good index round out this fine volume. **Carl J. Friedrich**

Personal History

NO BARS TO MANHOOD

by Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

Doubleday, 215 pp., $5.95

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE

by Daniel Berrigan, S.J.

Beacon, 123 pp., $5.95, paperback $1.95

PROPHETIC VOICES ARE APT to be shrill; otherwise, they might never be heard at all. And it is unlikely that a protest so radical as Daniel Berrigan's—radical because, in the truest sense, it reaches to the roots—should have the polite accents of an outsider's concern.

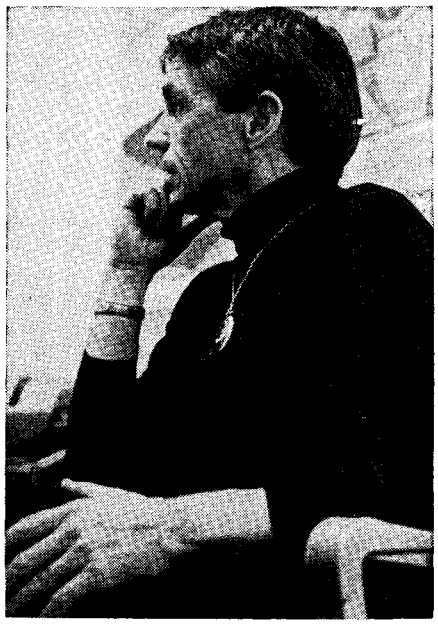
Not that all protests need be prophetic. The urgent evil must be ended, and apocalypse can wait awhile. The Vietnam War is not an abstraction, and the draft is here and now. For Father Berrigan, what is in question is not some academic option: his pain and anger spring from issues that have a name, from consequences we know. Yet his protest is more than a particular response to an identifiable wrong. The events in a federal court or on the campus of Cornell are to him pointers to a tragedy that encompasses the earth.

And a poet is a better interpreter of tragedy than a theologian is ever likely to be. Daniel Berrigan, priest and Jesuit, is a poet, with perceptions that search far below the apparent surface of things. With his fellow Jesuit and poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, he can truly say:

> O the mind, mind has mountains:
> cliffs of fall
> Frightful, sheer, no-man-fathomed.

His rage probes beyond the calculated routines of the military, inheriting war as a habit, to the deeper responsibility of the "men of good sense," the virtuous who never spill blood.

It is not what you might expect of an American Jesuit, custodian of the robust assumptions of big-city high schools and the college ROTC. His conversion was in fact sudden and came late. It was only after a visit to Eastern Europe and to Africa in 1964 that he came to realize "that my life was being truly launched—for the first time—upon mortal and moral seas that might indeed overwhelm me." Father Berrigan began to take part in protests against an already escalating war—protests that so far were of the orderly sort: marches, fasts, sit-ins, all part of the agenda of "Clergy and Laymen Concerned About Vietnam," which he helped to found. In the autumn of 1967 he went to Cornell to teach, and it was there, in a meeting with his brother, Philip (also a priest), that he committed himself to the burning of the draft files at Catonsville. He became one of the "Catonsville Nine." Daniel Berrigan was influenced by his brother's conviction that the time had come "to take a peaceable war into the enemy camp"—a decision to which he had in any case been drawn by his experience in Hanoi, where he had recently gone to help repatriate the first American airmen freed by the North Vietnamese. The war had indeed come home to him, and it came closer still when he visited a dying boy who had set fire to himself on the steps of Syracuse Cathedral in the spring of 1968.



—John Dejournett.

Daniel Berrigan—"perceptions that reach far below the apparent surface of things."

Daniel Berrigan, then, is a man who has found out for himself not merely the hateful cruelty of war, but the larger malady of which it is the symptom. His two books are the documents in his case—one general, the other particular. In neither does he feel the need to rehearse yet again the list of familiar follies; even the hawks admit many of them and want the war ended. But weariness at a war that can't be won, revulsion against a meaningless waste of life, a sense of hopes betrayed—none of these need mean an effective will for peace. "There are no makers of peace," says Father Berrigan, "because the making of peace is at least as costly as the making of war—at least as

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The reviewer, Father Illtud Evans, of the faculty of St. Albert's College, Oakland, California, is American correspondent of the London Tablet. He collaborated on the English edition of the Jerusalem Bible.

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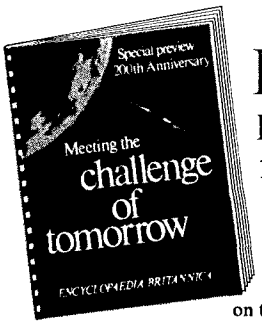

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exigent, at least as disruptive, at least as liable to bring disgrace and prison and death in its wake."

It is the revolutionary cost of any true peace that is Father Berrigan's essential theme in *No Bars to Manhood*. And this means a challenge to most of the established virtues and values of church and state alike. It is spelled out in detail in his report of the Catonsville trial, brilliantly arranged in dramatic form, with the nine defendants patiently recalling their experiences among the disinherited and the poor in the ghettos of American cities as well as in the slums of Guatemala and the villages of Uganda—experiences that add impressive evidence of the depth of their concern. What is at stake is a radically new understanding of human life itself, not merely the politicians' maneuvers to limit ostensible areas of conflict. A revolution, in fact, as the Catonsville judge accurately observed. *No Bars to Manhood* is an examination of what is implied in the attack on "every major presumption underlying American life today." It is an arena so huge that the objectives can seem too many, their definition too vague. Poverty, racism, violence, political corruption, the church as the inescapable ally of privilege and power, academic immobility—the catalogue is hardly new, and perhaps it invites a natural reaction against a madness too vast to be contained.

But Daniel Berrigan has a poet's sensibility, which frees him from the rhetoric of general indignation. He turns to what the imagination can teach, to what other men have done. The disasters we know may seem overwhelming, but their roots are deeper far than this moment of time, this point on a map. At once there arises the fundamental truthfulness of speech. It must be recovered, rescued from the "studied prevarications" of "speech that pretends to human dignity and truth while in fact it brings down the world." The universal must be localized, hope must find a home. Ionesco's *Exit the King* suggests the dilemma America faces, and perhaps the answer. "Will America be capable of the resolution indicated by the play—an outcome of health, sanity, good sense and courage?" Berrigan asks. In his analysis of that work, as in a subsequent chapter on *King Lear*, he is far too good a critic to twist the text to serve any polemic of his own. But, since tragedy is his theme—something that transcends particular events, however terrible—, he greatly enriches what he has to say by paying attention to other men's more universal insights. Thus, do "apocalyptic happenings" bring Lear to his true greatness, to a crisis "in which his soul may stand purified and vindicated?"

The point is valid and its application plain.

The truest testimony of all, however, comes from the men and women who have in their own lives embodied the revolution: the prophets and the prisoners for whom "times of violent change, of almost universal infamy, the falling away of the faithful from the true way, awaken the counterpoint of the human spirit in its greatest grandeur." The chapters of *No Bars to Manhood* on Jeremiah ("We do well not to deny a man his vision, even though we may not share it"), Paul ("He was asserting . . . the vitality and newness of a message that placed man under public scrutiny"), Bonhoeffer ("Religious men are becoming something more than religious; they are becoming men"), Gandhi ("Let us discuss the difference between 'saving face' and 'changing hearts' "), Camus ("He saw, as all of us see, large numbers of traditional believers whose lives do not exceed the moral equivalent of a communal playpen, inhabited by the feckless and the harmless"), and Eldridge Cleaver ("The moral equivalent of being a man has not been realized by white men") are an impressive witness to the truth that in the end what the prophet is confronted with is not an idea or even an ideal. It is nothing less than the surrender of himself. He has become what he wills all men to be. And the Catonsville Nine, with their unquestionable integrity, are the latest to prove what the cost of the appeal to conscience must mean.

The third part of *No Bars to Manhood*, which deals with the turbulent events at Cornell in the spring of 1969, might at first appear to be a postscript to Father Berrigan's main purpose. It is in fact a sensitively observed piece of documentation, a study of the disintegration of the ivory tower. It was at Cornell that many of the threads of Father Berrigan's deepest concern were woven into a single life line, and the progression to Catonsville has the inevitability of the tragic themes he has discussed with such perception.

It is *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine* that is in effect the postscript. The decision has been taken, the admission of legal guilt has been made. In the form he chooses for presenting the trial Father Berrigan might be accused of idealizing what was, after all, a regular process of law. The defendants' evidence is printed as free verse, interspersed with quotations from Brecht, Pablo Neruda, Camus, Ho Chi Minh; and, although Father Berrigan has been faithful to the original words, he admits that his purpose was "to induce out of the density of matter an art form worthy of the passionate acts and words of the Nine." He has indeed succeeded. The record is here: a trial in a Baltimore Federal Court in October 1968, which found nine men and women guilty on three counts—destruction of United States property, destruction of Selective Service records, and interference with the Selective Service Act of 1967.

But there is much more. Here are the documents that future generations will need if they are to understand how it was that men and women of honor should sacrifice so much for their conviction that, in the words of David Darst, one of the Nine:

> We have cried out on behalf of life
> The government has chosen
> to see our cry
> as anarchy and arrogance
> Perhaps real anarchy lies
> in the acts of those
> who loose this plague of war
> upon a proud people
> in face of a great and burning doubt

Illtud Evans, O.P.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1392

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1392 will be found in the next issue.

CVE TSICEJIRY CG NTBKCEL

XJPYB VB ZTHYZ CVE CAI

KTXYB. WYCWZY NJQY JZAJLB

HYYI ZTPY KNTB.

—SVBKJQY GZJVHYEK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1391

A cathedral, a wave in a storm, a dancer's leap never turn out to be as high as we had hoped.

—MARCEL PROUST.

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THE JOURNEY NOT THE ARRIVAL MATTERS: An Autobiography of the Years 1939 to 1969

by Leonard Woolf

Harcourt, Brace & World, 217 pp., $5.95

BEFORE HE DIED LAST SUMMER, Leonard Woolf completed the five-part autobiography he had been writing during the final decade of his life. Old and failing, after a crowded career in the heart of the century's intellectual world, he called the volume—taking a line from Montaigne—*The Journey Not the Arrival Matters*. From the first, no man was less concerned with posterity, or with heaven or hell, than Leonard Woolf; the prime thing was the journey itself—the "moment," as his wife Virginia Woolf would have said. There is a sense of fitness in his having found the strength to finish these pages while in the act of ending his journey. He had lived his life of eighty-eight years to the full, had witnessed two world wars, the fumblings of the British Fabians, the vicissitudes of Bloomsbury. He had served as an agent of Empire in Ceylon, had written books, sat on committees, founded the Hogarth Press, survived the disaster of his wife's suicide. Finally he created his own work of art, this remarkably told story of his life.

And it is a work of art, in its orderly arrangement, in the human tragedy at its core, and in the general stoicism of its philosophy. The five volumes provide an admirable portrait of a rational man in an irrational world, one who never loses his faith in the simple act of living. Leonard Woolf's book of himself will remain one of the great positive works of an age of negation. Others tore down human values; he exalted them. He asserted the power of commitment to belief against despair and alienation. His was a philosophy of *doing*. To read Woolf's unsentimental final pages on the pleasures of old age —friendship, gardening, writing, animals, walking—is to see how this man remained always younger than the young.

The present volume opens with the beginning of World War II in 1939 and the suicide of Virginia Woolf. That tragic chapter is told with the same cultivated detachment, the same "coolness" to be found in the earlier volume describing his three decades of marriage to Virginia. Leonard Woolf had a rare quality of self-examination and vision: he was able to make us aware of his passions while himself looking at them dispassionately. He could get "outside" of himself without shutting off his fundamental humanity. In a remarkable way he returned always to his active nature: his mind, his body, his nervous energy were committed always to finding a course of action.

Perhaps his early training as a civil servant in Ceylon, within the remarkable machinery of Britain's colonial administration, had taught him—and for all time—to look with Wordsworthian serenity at life without falsifying any of its cruel realities. He ultimately resigned his Ceylon job because he hated what it stood for, and in this volume he describes how half a century later he returned to that early scene and read the diaries and reports he had written long ago. His record of daily judgments and decisions in the practical task of administering the primitive society was cherished even in free Ceylon.

The design of this "shaped" and meditative autobiography is simple. Its first two parts, *Sowing* and *Growing*, published in 1960 and 1962, told the story of Woolf's Jewish childhood in London; his years at Cambridge, where his fellow-students included Lytton Strachey, the art critic Clive Bell, the literary critic Desmond MacCarthy, the economist Keynes, the philosopher Moore—all of whom would later join the "Bloomsbury Group." *Growing* contains also the vivid memories of his Ceylon years.

The third book in the series, *Beginning Again* (1964) tells of Woolf's return to London, his marriage, and the great days of Bloomsbury, interrupted by the 1914-18 cataclysm. *Downhill All the Way* (1967) records the struggle of men of good will to stave off the next cataclysm. And in *The Journey Not the Arrival Matters*, with its foreshortened record of the second war, we learn how Woolf adapted himself to the role of widower, of the success of the Hogarth Press, and of Woolf's ultimate friendships, his ultimate philosophy. There are curious glimpses of people from a distant past—Elizabeth Robins, the Ibsen actress, and the indomitable Octavia Wilberforce, Virginia's last doctor.

Woolf was stoical and unsentimental to the end. He traveled in Ceylon and Israel. There was no flagging of his alertness or his grasp of significant detail. He shrewdly watched the way humans govern and misgovern themselves. He had a concrete imagination, and a boundless vitality. He understood

—From the book.

Leonard Woolf—"a rational man in an irrational world."

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the dynamics of power; he understood less well the mysteries of art, and yet he had an intuitive artistic sense of his own. His autobiography documents a singular career and a singular marriage. How hard Virginia and Leonard Woolf worked! One is drawn up short by their rigorous program of writing in the morning, relaxation at noon, endless tasks in the afternoon, and evenings of reading and further work. "I should say," Woolf wrote, "that in an ordinary normal day of twenty-four hours we each of us slept for eight and worked ten or twelve hours."

Out of such unremitting work and thought—for their creative minds couldn't stop thinking even in off hours—came the achievement of Leonard and Virginia Woolf. This book is more than a personal history; it is an inner document of British intellectual life during the greater part of this century. It opens up new glimpses into Bloomsbury, which in the public mind has become a symbol of snobbery and depravity. Ultimately this will be the best key to the history of that brilliant group.

Leon Edel

Leon Edel, biographer and critic, is now completing the final volume of his life of Henry James.

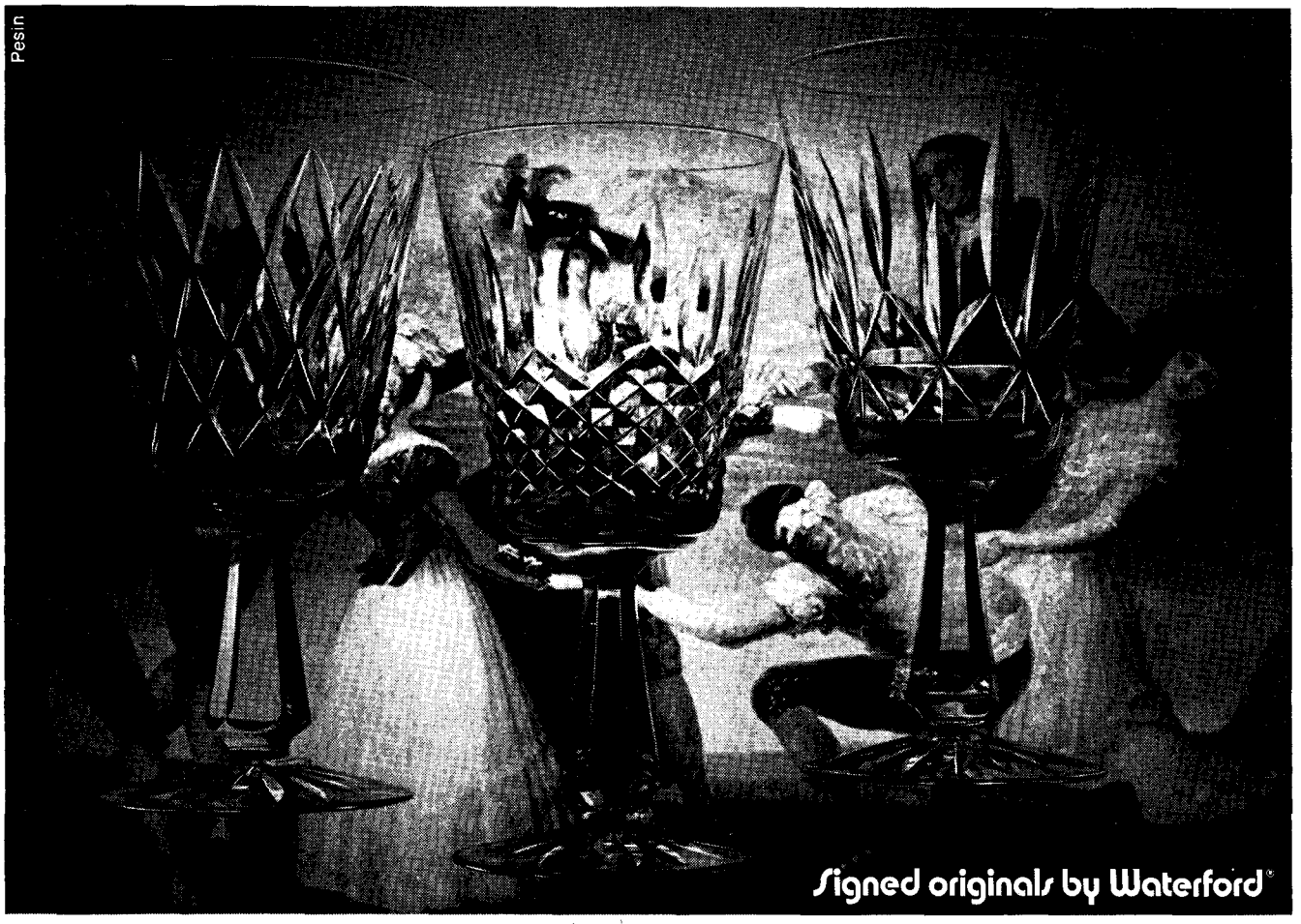
Eudora Welty

Continued from page 23

grandmother-matriarch of the clan. At first the charm, innocence, and simple peasant health of these people seem irresistible and at the same time a little sickening. They're all so good and pure and loving, and they say and do such sweet, attractive things—joshing with one another, prattling away about trivialities, obviously taking such quaint, visceral pleasure in stuffing themselves with all that good Southern fried chicken, corn bread, and watermelon.

A good deal of the high comic flavor of the novel is generated by these scenes of rustic festivity and good clean hillbilly fun. But behind the comedy a deadly serious story begins to develop, the story of the family's rapid descent into poverty, the failure of crops as a result of drought, the very real threat of eventual starvation or, in the family's view, the scarcely less dire threat of being forced to go on relief. At the same time, one becomes aware that the intense clannishness of the family is not merely an expression of their power of love but, like their compulsive storytelling, is a defense raised against the menace of these conditions. They are clannish because loyalty to one another is their only hope of survival, their only social support in a world which grants them neither security nor identity. One also sees that their lightheartedness has its harsh edge of anxiety, is maintained both as comic relief from the grimness of their situation and as a means of avoiding having to face and deal effectively with that situation. While Miss Welty's compassion here is obviously genuine, it is equally obvious that compassion may be an inadequate response. Not only is it much too easy, it may even be, in the circumstances, morally empty.

Another point of view, a more scrupulous reading of the facts is clearly necessary, and, through an extraordinary, altogether unexpected shift of perspective, Miss Welty introduces, in mid-course, just such a point of view. Its locus is an old schoolteacher, Miss Julia Mortimer, the news of whose sudden death is much on the minds of the characters throughout the second half of the novel. Miss Julia has taught many of the members of the family in grammar school, and she has dedicated her entire life as a teacher to try to instill in them and their kind a love of learning, as well as the ambition to rise above their origins and accomplish something that will bring honor to



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them and, not at all incidentally, to her. Her life is seen as having been heroic, but it has been a continuous losing battle against the inertia, hostility, and smugness of her pupils. Some of the most viciously indignant passages of the book concern the failure of the various characters to understand and appreciate what Miss Julia has tried to do for them. And, of course, in their indictment of her, they indict themselves.

This is one of the many exceptional effects in the novel: that with the introduction of the story of Julia Mortimer, our view of the characters and their situation is turned completely upside-down, and we are able, for the first time, to measure them by standards other than their own. What initially we could not help but see as simple innocence and goodness we now see as simple ignorance and a complacent refusal to face reality. We are at last able to understand just what the price of survival has been for these people. In order to bear the squalor and insecurity of their lives they've had to anesthetize themselves against all kinds of truth and refuse to acknowledge the most essential human qualities in themselves. Out of necessity and stupidity they have impoverished their responses to the point where they recognize no ties except the ties of blood, and believe the only qualitative question that can rightly be raised about a person is whether he belongs inside or outside the family relationship.

In short, by slow degrees, the novel accumulates the materials of moral evaluation and, with it, moral depth. What began as pastoral ends as elegy. The bright comedy of innocence is darkened by the knowledge that there are, after all, imperatives of good and evil. Julia Mortimer transforms the novel from a lyric celebration of life into a civilized and profound criticism of life, and the scene of her funeral, which is appropriately the closing scene, is an exact commentary on all that has happened. Yet one is fully satisfied that it is not a social or a political commentary which Miss Welty has sought to make. She is clearly not calling for reforms or asking us to contribute our checks to charity. She has written simply a novel about the human condition, working with absolutely sure instinct against the kind of coldly abstract formulations which politics imposes upon that condition, and recalling us steadily back to the concrete, particular, and probably insoluble problem, not of poverty or underprivilege or even the failures of the heart, but of people living and dying with a certain patience, some little dignity, and not very much justice.

"The virtues of his novels are the virtues of a poet writing a novel—verbal exactness, wit, color, memorability . . . we follow the story with painful delight."—ANTHONY BURGESS, *Saturday Review*

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THE SIMULTANEOUS MAN
by Ralph Blum
Atlantic-Little, Brown, 238 pp., $5.95

NOW THAT SCIENCE FICTION takes place in the present, is really *about* the present (present politics not least), and the scariest data no longer have to be made up, we can see that the task of the really intelligent writer in this field is not to dish up more wonders but to show the frightening power that scientists, technicians, administrators already possess over bodies, minds, lives. Ralph Blum's *The Simultaneous Man* is a stirring and properly disturbing example. It is a thriller so deeply plotted that one rereads it in grateful recognition that the clues to the explanation of the final scene are really moral symbols. Of course, all good thrillers are constructed like puzzles to be taken apart. Here the construction is as tight as a poem's and, as in a poem, relies on the connection between images—of human thought, of colors—to explain itself. The book does more than please us by its ingenuity; it moves us by the passionate, permanent outcry of the human heart under stresses unsuspected by every age before ours.

Dr. Andrew Horne is an Army psycho-pharmacologist, an expert in "reconditioning" minds through drugs. A widower and big enough to be called "Bear," Horne had a Russian mother from whom he learned beautiful Petersburg Russian. Short and balding 233/4 is a Negro soldier with a stutter. Although sentenced to life imprisonment for murdering an officer in Vietnam, he has been released into the custody of "West Wing," the research station, for an operation extending over several weeks. The surgery is calculated to "erase" everything in his mind and "remake" it with everything in the mind of Dr. Horne. He is now 233; he will become 234. He is the "subject," Dr. Horne the "source." Before he can pour all his knowledge into 233—whose brain has been drilled by a neurosurgeon and its old associations removed from the sensory tracks—Horne has to be cleared by the government security agents. The new memories are inserted by many weeks of feeding audio-visual material about Dr. Horne's life into the empty, waiting brain of 233, while the special drug FLX drips unceasingly into his veins.

What makes such fictional horrors convincing is of course the present world. Reading *The Simultaneous Man* one is caught up in the terror of a technology in which brain "erasing" and "remaking" does go on. The scientists have a passion for their job: they are trying to locate the ultimate "center" of consciousness without destroying

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the subject. Dr. Horne teaches the subject to translate the Russian symbolist poems he loves. His colleague, the charming, talkative neurosurgeon Dr. Shapiro, had been "source" to an earlier subject, but something went wrong: 230 became a "vegetable," and Dr. Shapiro now has to read "Jack and the Beanstalk" to him.

Mr. Blum's images of beauty and terror appeal to our anxiety about the hazards to the mind in an age of war, of drugs, of unremitting propaganda. For his symbols he relies less on computers than on the artificial, exaggerated blue of a neon sign. The total "remake" of 233 into 234 seems a natural extension of influences we feel all around us. And 233 hasn't much to say about it: among other things, he is a Negro and a convicted murderer.

But what happens when this submissive, defenseless prisoner "intakes" Dr. Andrew Horne's knowledge? Despite Horne's early sense of a "perilous affinity" with the subject, the thought that the experiment might be too successful was never entertained by the experimenters.

This is one of the best points in Mr. Blum's subtle and carefully woven syllogism of a novel. He shows the gap between the technical resources available for turning 233 into 234 and the astonishing lack of preparation for what 234 may do.

It would be unkind to reveal anything more, for the resolution of the story is stunning in its irony.

Alfred Kazin

Alfred Kazin is the author of "Contemporaries," a collection of essays and literary criticism, and other books.

THE BAY OF NOON

by Shirley Hazzard

Atlantic-Little, Brown, 245 pp., $5.95

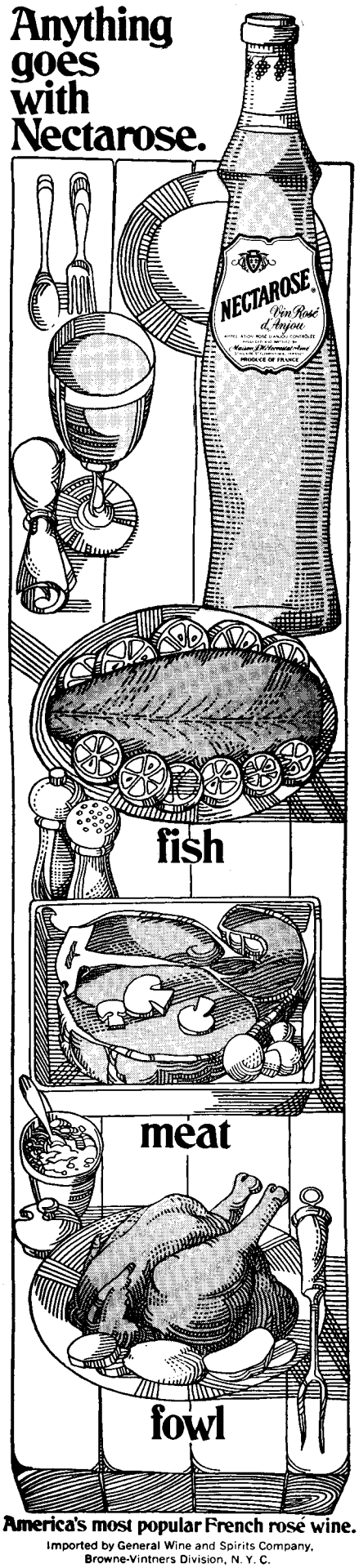
SHIRLEY HAZZARD'S REPUTATION has been established with three previous volumes of fiction—*Cliffs of Fall* (1963), a collection of stories, and two novels: *The Evening of the Holiday* (1966) and *People in Glass Houses* (1967). In *The Bay of Noon* her polished technique achieves a hard, brilliant finish that is nearly blinding. The tone of the narrative strikes one immediately; it is the distinctive voice of Miss Hazzard, delegated in this case to the young Englishwoman Jenny. Severe, cool, even glacial, it is at the same time dark with premonitions of disaster. In turn, the narrative's pace, which is extraordinarily swift, rushes to the final vision of disorder.

The Bay of Noon then is a novelist's novel—all technique and sensibility. The Naples setting is more than a place well observed and a background for the action. The city is somehow part of the characters, of their shared experience; it gathers everything into itself and lives in the reader's memory as a human experience. Certainly, it is a triumph of craft that Naples should come to express Miss Hazzard's sense of life, and that it should do so with complete naturalness and without ever becoming a clumsy symbol. Gianni, the film director, says to Jenny at one point that Naples "is a leap. It's through the looking-glass."

The story is concerned with attachments and dislocations, beginning with Jenny's estrangement from a brother, and continuing in her relations with three other characters in Naples—a Scot, Justin Tulloch, and two Italian lovers, Gioconda and Gianni. Gioconda has written a novel, *Del Tempo Felice*, based on her affair with a young artist, which has been made into a popular film, directed by Gianni. Jenny is introduced to Gioconda, becomes fascinated by her, is drawn into her life. These four characters are observed in their intimacy and later in their betrayals of each other. Lovers change places, friendships are broken, fates are dealt out unpredictably. What is striking about all this is the circling indirection and the portentous suggestions of an evil lurking just beneath the surface of life. The closing section of the novel in particular is a tour de force with its sudden revelations and startling transitions.

Reading *The Bay of Noon*, one senses something vaguely familiar, and then one remembers *The Wings of the Dove*—the use James makes of Venice (the Piazza San Marco as "the great soiled drawing room of Europe"), the tangle of motives, and the betrayals by the characters around Milly Theale. This comparison is perhaps unfair to Miss Hazzard, although it seems inevitable by the very nature of her novel. One has the curious impression of Henry James filtered through the style of *The New Yorker*. Miss Hazzard's book is carried, perhaps too exclusively, by her highly sophisticated manner. Her characters are undeveloped and finally uninteresting. Their tragedy seems forced. The chilly elegance of *The Bay of Noon* keeps them too much at a distance for us to feel any real interest in them. **Robert Emmet Long**

Robert Emmet Long is an assistant professor of English at Queens College, New York.



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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Drugs

When Linda Hess asserts that marijuana is "not dangerous to body organs" [*SR*, Mar. 14] she does not inspire confidence in the rest of her review of Dr. Joel Fort's book on drugs. Why couldn't Miss Hess be satisfied with saying that doctors know much less about the physiological effects of marijuana than they do about alcohol? Dr. Fort, the very author she passes judgment on, says elsewhere, "No drug, including marijuana, is totally harmless."

Robert H. Whealey,
Athens, O.

Exonerating Judge Bean

John Rechy's quote of the "clownish" Judge Roy Bean ["No Mañanas for Today's Chicanos," *SR*, Mar. 14] is untrue. Bean did not say it was not against the law to kill a Mexican; he said homicide was the crime of killing a human being—and human beings, he said, "means niggers, white people, and Mexicans. But there ain't no law that says you can't kill a Chinaman." This was his ruling on the killing of a Chinese in a railroad camp west of Langtry. Probably the only things non-Westerners would grant to Bean's credit were his acts of charity and general tolerance toward the poorer Mexican inhabitants of Langtry, even though he used any means, fair or foul, to get the upper hand of the local don. Having lived in California (known as the Alcalde Frijol) while it was still mostly Mexican, he was not of an Eastern disposition. And he is and always will be a hero to all of us Southwesterners (even in exile) for having cheated, lied to, sworn at and shot at nearly every Easterner who set foot in his saloon (which was also his court).

But by mentioning that the Treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo has been violated by the United States you are performing the useful service of explaining to those in the Eastern U.S. why it is that many Southwesterners do not regard themselves as Americans and want either independence or reunion with Mexico. Failure by the U.S. to live up to its commitments has in effect rendered the treaty null and void. Consequently, New Mexico and Arizona are legally Mexican territory. Agitation in this respect will become public within the next year or two.

William Scott Home,
Kansas City, Mo.

In John Rechy's article a statement appears concerning a locked, windowless truck transporting a number of Mexican nationals in an inhuman fashion. Your reviewer neglected to state that the driver of this vehicle was also a Mexican national who, as I recall, was later apprehended, tried, and convicted for his foul deed.

Mr. Rechy also states: "Pregnant women are so undernourished that in a San Antonio area hospital they are routinely given blood transfusions." I have practiced medicine in the San Antonio area for the past sixteen years and I have no knowledge of such a routine practice. Please furnish documentation for my edification.

Sam A. Nixon, M.D.,
Floresville, Tex.

Slurs

In his review of two biographies of Alfred E. Smith [*SR*, Mar. 7] Herbert Mitgang attributes Al Smith's failure to bounce back from the 1928 election to his being "a man who had a price." Assuming, as Mitgang does, that Smith was employed by Empire State Building as window-dressing, this was at most a minor episode in his post-election career. More important was his shift into ultra-conservatism, which Mitgang details without attempting to explain.

A clue to what happened is contained in another book about Smith, by Henry Pringle, which was published before the 1928 election. Pringle observes that Smith's principal adviser during his emergence as a national figure was Belle Moskovitz, wife of a settlement house worker and an advanced liberal.

It is not uncommon in public life for a purposeful person who is not cerebral to adopt and implement someone else's ideas, and this is what Smith may have done. It is significant that he did not become an ultra-conservative until after Mrs. Moskovitz's death. I suspect he accepted other people's advice then, as he had hers, without realizing he had shifted his position.

James E. Foster,
Peoria, Ill.

Herbert Mitgang injected a somewhat crass slur against Herbert Hoover. A captious critic of a reviewer might note that Hoover made a far more cogent estimate of the Russians than his esteemed opponent ever did. Hoover recognized the Russians for what they were and still are—gangsters on the international scale—and he refused to have any truck with them.

Thomas B. Grove,
Rye, N.Y.

Hanoi's Irrelevant Behavior

In his attack on Daniel Berrigan's moral condemnation of the Vietnam War [*SR*, Feb. 14], Joseph d'Invilliers [Book Forum, Mar 7] raises the totally irrelevant issue of Hanoi's behavior ("When has Hanoi . . . ever court-martialed anyone for the slaughter of civilians?") as if it were an irrefutable moral defense of the officially admitted U.S. slaughter of Vietnamese villagers. By this fatuous logic the World War II Allies would have been justified in exterminating German prisoners in gas chambers once it had been proven that the Germans had so exterminated Jews.

With practitioners of institutional Christianity preaching such an outrageous political morality as Father d'Invilliers', is it any wonder that for the intelligent young God is dead?

C. W. Griffin, Jr.,
Denville, N.J.

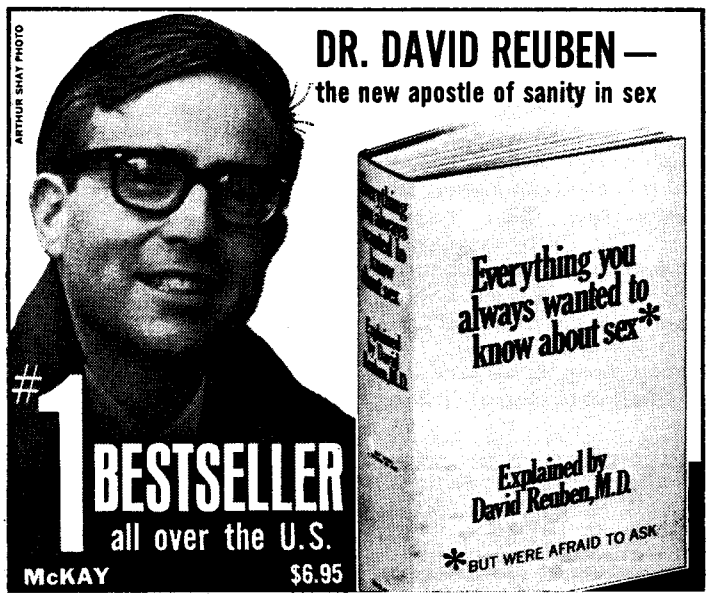
Blasphemous

In Book Forum Mar. 14, Mr. Glen Yale uses the word "blasphemous" in connection with me and cites *Young's Analytical Concordance* against me.

Robert Young, a Scottish missionary, published his Concordance in 1879. I think it is only fair that your readers understand that Young's interpretations are those of a conservative believer in a very conservative age, religiously speaking.

And as for "blasphemous," one can blaspheme only against the truth.

Isaac Asimov,
West Newton, Mass.



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FDR

Continued from page 15

"realism" during that last year. Perhaps a new generation of scholars and students is coming along that will pay more attention to Roosevelt the idealist. Without question he acted in large part on the basis of faith rather than realpolitik. At the final banquet at Yalta, he spoke of the time in 1933 when Eleanor Roosevelt had gone to a country town to open a school and had found on a classroom wall there a map of the world with a large, empty, unnamed blank space for the Soviet Union. Roosevelt felt that great progress had been made since his recognition of the Soviet Union in 1933; he had faith that more progress would be made. He was trying always to lift people out of their narrow and shortsighted ways and attitudes, at the risk of being called a utopian, an appeaser, or a dupe.

He picked up Woodrow Wilson's fallen banner, fashioned new symbols and programs to realize old ideals of peace and democracy, overcame his enemies with sword and pen, and died in a final exhausting effort to build a world citadel of freedom. In a day when we are trying to find out where we went wrong, how we can find our way again, how we can re-establish a principled and even idealistic foreign policy—in this day Roosevelt the idealist as well as Roosevelt the Machiavellian must be brought back before the bar of history.

WIT TWISTER #159

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The _ _ _ _ _ _ _ sky
gives promise of the day,

Gives _ _ _ _ _ _ _ of a
life that has no end,

And makes the distant goal for
which I pray

Seem close to me as is my
_ _ _ _ _ _ _ friend.

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 69)

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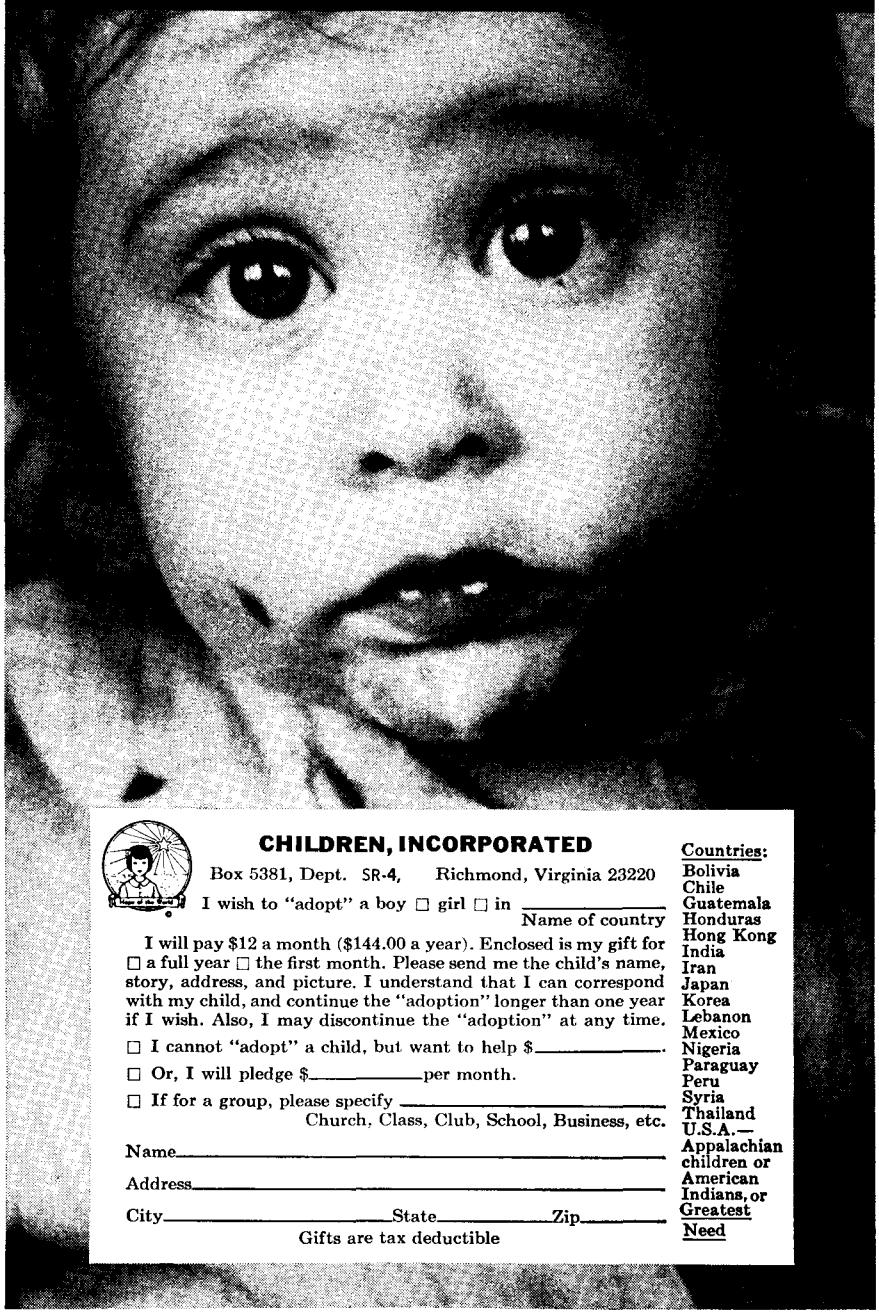

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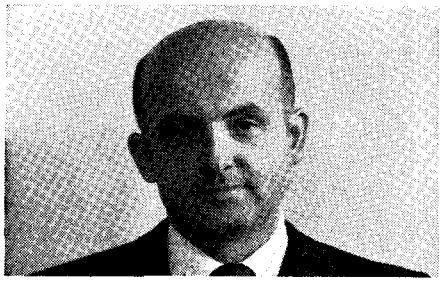

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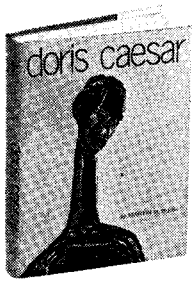

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Dangerous Environments

IN *A Clear and Present Danger*, a new TV-movie that premiered recently on NBC, Hays Stowe (Hal Holbrook), son of a United States Senator, announces his candidacy for his father's vacated office, withdraws, and then decides to run after all. His father, wife, and advisers persuade him that he can best work for a solution to environmental pollution by acquiring political power, and that the acquisition of such power, in order to serve the public good, justifies a candidate's disavowal of a public declaration.

Stowe's father asserts that any guilt his son may feel is merely "a little bit of the dirt" that all politicians—including himself—have eaten. Principles are not absolutes, runs the implicit argument made to the younger Stowe by his friends. He had given his word not to run during a crisis situation in which his motive was to prevent an air pollution catastrophe in an industrial city. The deadly smog is cleared up, thanks significantly to his warnings and actions; he is a much more "attractive" candidate now for the dramatic and costly stand that he had previously taken.

Stowe's second decision to run left, in my view, a residue of smog settling over human values, which moderated my enthusiasm for this, the first pure entertainment drama dealing constructively with environmental pollution I have seen on TV. The subject is sure to become fashionable on the tube (even Fabergé, the perfume firm, devoted one of its many commercials on the recent Harry Belafonte-Lena Horne musical revue to a plea against littering).

There were two clear and present dangers in the movie, one external, the other internal. Of the two, the latter proved more stimulating for reflection.

The external danger—air pollution—was satisfactorily handled. Following the death of a friend from emphysema, which a doctor attributed to the heavy smog produced by the area's refineries and factories, the Senator's son, a member of the Attorney General's staff in Washington, D.C., becomes emotionally aroused over air pollution. He makes an issue of it on a TV program announcing his political candidacy. A local university ecologist alarms him with predictions of catastrophe, but city authorities refuse to order a shutdown of belching smokestacks. These officials accuse Stowe of singling out their city for political exploitation. His advisers warn him against the folly of taking a stand on anything during a political campaign, particularly as complex an issue as pollution, with its tangled web of public versus private interests. A corporate executive at one of the offending factories almost persuades him that the pollution problem has no solution, especially from marginal producers who cannot afford the high costs of control measures, and who cannot go out of business without economic pain for the area's labor force.

The city authorities finally act when the predicted catastrophe overwhelms the population, flooding the hospitals with respiratory cases. The factories are temporarily shut down, a cold front restores normal conditions to the air, and our protagonist faces his internal choice.

Co-authors A. J. Russell and Henri Simoun regrettably had no time (possibly no desire) to examine the pros and cons of the internal pollution dilemma involving ethical considerations. Socially useful was their unambiguous evaluation of the collision of traditional individualistic values cherished by our culture with the negative effects of decisions in which private benefits outweigh public costs.

Their message was clear: In a rapid-change technological society we must begin to shift, along the cost-benefit spectrum, to stronger collective attitudes. But what of the cost-benefit ratios inherent in the confidence that we place in the public utterances of our elected officials? Public discourse can be eroded, if we cannot take these officials at their word.

Hays Stowe had other options. He could have honored his word and taken up the fight against pollution as a citizen joined with others in a common cause, seeking legal sanctions. Congress is hardly the immediate answer to pollution, beset as it is by elder conservatives who dominate the committee system. The states' courts are ambivalent, and the Supreme Court is overworked. The ultimate power lies with new collectives of citizens who are willing to make commitments.

In time, Stowe could have run for another office. He unmasked the collective negativism that masquerades as the right of the individual. But perhaps the rationalization of private interest as public good is a more serious clear and present danger.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"Petrouchka" Returns

MAYBE IT wasn't a tempest in a teapot, but there surely was some seething of the samovar. It occurred in the City Center Joffrey Ballet's new production of *Petrouchka* during the six-week spring season recently held at the New York City Center.

Petrouchka is, of course, the collaborative effort of Michel Fokine, Igor Stravinsky, and Alexandre Benois, under the aegis of Serge Diaghilev. It was first given in Paris by Diaghilev's Ballets Russes in 1911, and, although it is now clear that it represented a milestone in the development of ballet in the twentieth century, it was clear even then that it was destined to become a repertory classic.

Vaslav Nijinsky was the first to play the title role, and Leonide Massine was the first to perform it in America. Naturally, when Joffrey decided to mount *Petrouchka*, he invited Massine to restage it, with Yurek Lazowski, another fine Petrouchka, to assist him. (The American Ballet Theatre has announced its revival of *Petrouchka*, in a production that the late Fokine himself staged for the company. Once again, the invaluable Lazowski will participate in the restaging. ABT's *Petrouchka* is slated for the company's June 16-July 12 season, in celebration of the troupe's thirtieth anniversary, at the New York State Theater.)

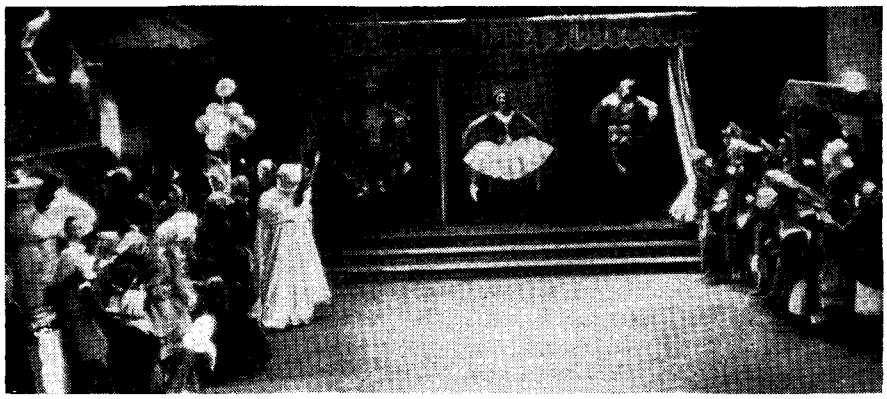
What the recent tempest, seethe, or flap was all about is best explained by the fact that after the premiere of the Joffrey production, Tatiana Massine, who had assisted on the restaging along with Lazowski, telegraphed the press, on behalf of her father, and asked that his name be withdrawn from the list of program credits. The confusion that resulted reminded me of slightly earlier ballet days when Russians were dominant in those companies—Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the Original Ballet Russe, even the very young Ballet Theatre—that toured America and when a company without an intrigue, *scandale*, or a possible duel would have been considered rank amateur. Some jumped to the conclusion that Massine had choreographed *Petrouchka* and that, somehow, the Joffrey production had violated his choreography. Others, knowing that the choreography was the work of Fokine, felt that, perhaps, Massine was tampering with it. And every balletomane with memories of *Petrouchka* argued with others in the lobby of the City Center, in a bar, or at post-theater parties with respect to what was left in, what was omitted, changes, and the like.

Such off-stage performances—accusations, arguments, and all—were more highly charged than what actually took place on stage. However, I hasten to say that the production itself, with scenery and costumes re-created from Benois's original sketches, and with absolutely superb lighting by Thomas Skelton, is entrancing. Visually, it is memorable, for the Shrovetide Fair scenes in imperial St. Petersburg capture the eye with multiplicity of color, and the individual scenes with the puppets — the vain Ballerina, the antic Blackamoor, and the tragic Petrouchka himself with a sawdust body and the heart of a man—were exquisitely reproduced.

My quarrel with the Joffrey *Petrouchka* is in the performing. The ballet itself has very few physical virtuosities in it, and they are all "cameos"—a *fouetté*, a split, a fragment of squatting Russian dances—so that the acting is all important. Edward Verso, a most versatile dancer, was the Petrouchka at the Joffrey opening, but he failed completely to extract from the role the profound compulsion of a manufactured object who would be real. Was the fault in Verso, in Massine's direction or lack of direction? I wish Verso could see the interpretation by Fredbjorn Bjornsson of the Royal Danish Ballet (WORLD OF DANCE, June 21, 1969), for that is a portrayal that is a classic in stature, but then, for my taste, the Danish *Petrouchka* (staged by Fokine himself) is the most completely rewarding I have ever seen.

Erika Goodman, a delightful dancer, was the Ballerina, but, again, an absence of direction was apparent. True, she did her marionette steps well, and she was cold, but a Danilova, a Markova, or a Toumanova would also have seen to it that she was desirable, for without that essence of allure there is no plot at all to *Petrouchka*.

The best performance by a principal, other than a polished one by Lazowski as the owner of the puppet show, the Charlatan, was by Christian Holder as the Blackamoor. Mr. Holder is black and the role he played was a traditional blackamoor part, a heritage from an older age of theater in which elegance and virility are combined with stock expressions of primitiveness, superstition, and childlike attitudes. I'm glad that Mr. Holder—most gifted nephew of the near-phenomenal Geoffrey Holder of dance, painting, choreographic nightclub, designing, commercial advertising, and literary fame—was willing to do the part, for he did it with more wit and charm than anyone I have ever seen in the part. Black as he is, he used exaggerated blackface for the part, but this would be in keeping with the ancient tradition of Western classical ballet. You will find the Blackamoor in works by the Royal Danish Ballet (one dating back to 1785) and in George Balanchine's contemporary *La Sonnambula*. It was also present, as a solo, in a brilliant court dance created by Janet Collins and presented on her New York debut program in 1949 at the 92nd Street YM-YWHA. Since Miss Collins is sort of an aunt-in-law, by way of Geoffrey Holder, who is married to Miss Collins's cousin, Carmen de Lavallade, young Christian, in *Petrouchka*, was following in the footsteps not only of a family member but of a highly honored artist of the dance. So when you see *Petrouchka*, you will find yourself relishing Fokine, Benois, Stravinsky, Skelton and—Holder.



—Ron Protas.

"Petrouchka," as re-created by the City Center Joffrey Ballet. The puppets are Christian Holder (Blackamoor), Erika Goodman (Ballerina), Edward Verso (title role)—"visually, it is memorable."

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

The Unkindest Cut

PERHAPS the greatest prize for a Hollywood director, more cherished than even the Academy's Oscar, is the right to edit his movie his own way, without interference from studio heads or executive producers. To be sure, the Directors Guild contract guarantees what is known as the "first cut," or the "director's cut," but this stipulation is often quite meaningless and subject to drastic alterations—particularly when the "sneak preview" reactions are less than wholeheartedly enthusiastic. (And, in at least one instance recently, the preview audience's response to the rough cut of comedy was so positive that the director was forbidden to add the refinements he felt would sharpen his film. One mustn't tinker with success.)

Oddly enough, the *auteur* theory notwithstanding, precious few American directors have the right to the "final cut"—the form in which their pictures will ultimately be released. Indeed, studio heads tend to regard the final cut less as a right than as a reward bestowed upon a successful director or as a lure to get a "hot" director under contract. Not coincidentally, the final cut privilege is the first thing a director loses should a subsequent picture prove a flop. Producers like to think that they are creative, too, and their favorite way of demonstrating creativity is to re-edit someone else's work.

A few years ago, Sam Peckinpah, one of Hollywood's more outspoken directors, protested vehemently against this treatment after Columbia had slashed about an hour out of his *Major Dundee*—with the result that he didn't work again for quite awhile. But when he did work again, first on *The Wild Bunch*, now on *The Ballad of Cable Hogue*, it was on his own terms —and these included the right to the final cut. In point of fact, on both films he exercised that right up to the very last moment, when the prints were wrested out of his hands and rushed to the press previews.

With a man like Peckinpah, this degree of control is an absolute necessity. There is a singleness of vision and purpose about his work that requires the ultimate in authority. Although the writing credits on *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* go to John Crawford and Edmund Penney, although the executive producer is listed as Phil Feldman (who also produced *The Wild Bunch*), the film emerges—as all too few American movies do—unmistakably as the work of Sam Peckinpah. At the opening of *Cable Hogue*, even before the credits, Jason Robards reaches for a giant lizard, the only food in a desert wasteland. Suddenly, a shot rings out, the lizard splatters bloodily—and we are back in Peckinpah country. Two of his cronies rob Cable of his water and send him into the desert to die. But Cable lives, thrives, and has his revenge, and Peckinpah's lusty *Ballad* celebrates every moment of that living.

What seems to attract Peckinpah most is a story of men who are out of their time and beyond their prime. He celebrates with sadness the passing of a breed, the extinction of rough, primitive virtues such as honesty, directness, and loyalty—and the willingness of some men to fight to the death anyone who breaks the code. Death—often violent—hangs over his pictures like a shroud, but it must be there to underscore the courage of his heroes, who embrace life in spite of it. In *Cable Hogue* Robards finds water in the desert and develops his water hole into a profitable stagecoach stop, only to discover that the stagecoach is soon to be replaced by the gasoline engine. Nevertheless, he stays on until he can achieve the revenge he promised himself, even though it brings about his own death. While Peckinpah's ballad unfolds with a gusto that makes his characters larger than life, there are indications that single-mindedness can also lead to self-indulgence. Stylistically, *Cable Hogue* is a mess. When Jason Robards meets curvaceous Stella Stevens, the town prostitute of Dead Dog, her impact upon him is registered with all the subtlety of a Russ Meyer epic. After the slow-motion deaths of *The Wild Bunch*, Peckinpah suddenly has become enamored of Keystone-esque speed-up effects for some of the supposedly comic moments. He frequently loses focus on his characters. And one can only wonder what esoteric quirk in Peckinpah's own character was being satisfied when Hogue tosses rattlesnakes into a pit containing his enemies, or when he permits an ending that is all too literally *deus ex machina*. For all of this, *Cable Hogue* hangs together, and haunts, as few American films ever do. And don't be too surprised if the film has changed a bit when you go to see it a second time. It is probably Sam Peckinpah, still exercising his right to the final cut.

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133.6 miles

From Alice in Wonderland to Zita.

Alice in Wonderland, All My Sons, All Quiet on the Western Front, An American Tragedy, And It Goes On and On (short), Andy, Angel, The Appaloosa, Applause, Arabella, Arabesque, Bad Sister, The Bank Dick, Beau Geste, Belle of the 'Nineties, Bend of the River, The Big Broadcast of 1938, The Big Clock, The Birds, Birds in Peru, The Black Cat, Blind Husbands (silent), Blonde Venus, The Bofors Gun, Boom, The Bride of Frankenstein, The Brides of Dracula, Broken Lullaby, Can Hieronymous Merkin Ever Forget Mercy Humppe and Find True Happiness?, Cape Fear, The Chalk Garden, The Champagne Murders, Charade, Charlie Bubbles, Christmas in July, Christopher's Movie Matinee, The Cinematographer (short), City Streets, Cleopatra (1934), The Cocoanuts, Cocoon (short), Coogan's Bluff, A Countess from Hong Kong, Crime Without Passion, The Curse of the Werewolf, Design for Living, Desire, Destry Rides Again (1939), The Devil and the Deep, The Devil Is a Woman, The Director (short), Discovering the Tramp (silent), Dishonored, Double Indemnity, Down These Mean Streets (short), Dracula, Duck Soup, East Is West, Easy Living, Every Day's a Holiday, Eye of the Cat, Fahrenheit 451, The Far Country, Father Goose, Five Graves to Cairo, The Flame of New Orleans, Follow the Boys, Foolish Wives (silent), For Whom the Bell Tolls, A Foreign Affair, Frankenstein, Freud, Gambit, Games, The Glenn Miller Story, The Great McGinty, The Great Moment, The Guns of August, Hail the Conquering Hero, The Heiress, High, Wide and Handsome, Horse Feathers, House of Cards, House of Frankenstein, If I Had a Million, I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname, I'm No Angel, The Incredible Shrinking Man, The Indians Are Coming (serial), International House, The Invisible Man, The Invisible Ray, The Ipcress File, Island of Lost Souls, Island of Terror, It's a Gift, The Jokers, The Killers (1946), The Killers (1964), The Killing Game, The Kinetic Art 1 and 2, Klondike Annie, The Lady Eve, Law and Order, The Lawless, The Legend of Rockmonotone (short), The List of Adrian Messenger, The Lives of a Bengal Lancer, Log 43 (short), Lonely Are the Brave, The Lost Man, The Lost Weekend, Love Me Tonight, The Love Parade, The Loves of Isadora, Madigan, The Major and the Minor, The Man on the Flying Trapeze, The Man Who Laughs (silent), Marnie, A Matter of Innocence, Million Dollar Legs (1932), Ministry of Fear, Mirage, Mississippi, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch (1934), Monkey Business, Monte Carlo, Morocco, The Mummy, Murder, He Says, My Little Chickadee, My Man Godfrey (1957), Never Give a Sucker an Even Break, Never Steal Anything Small, Night after Night, Night Key, The Night of the Following Day, Night Passage, Oedipus the King, The Old-Fashioned Way, One Hour with You, The Palm Beach Story, Paramount on Parade, The Perils of Pauline (1933) (serial), Phantom of the Opera (1943), P.J., Pollution (short), Poppy, The Prague/Paris Program, Presenting Charlie Chaplin (silent), Privilege, The Production Manager, Psycho, The Raven, The Rebel, The Rikisha Man, Romanoff and Juliet, Ruggles of Red Gap, Saboteur, The Scarlet Empress, Secret Ceremony, The Secret War of Harry Frigg, Sergeant Ryker, Shadow of a Doubt, Shanghai Express, She Done Him Wrong, Shenandoah, Shepherd of the Hills, Sign of the Cross, Silence Has No Wings, Six of a Kind, Son of Frankenstein, Song of Songs, Sonntag Morgen (short), S.O.S. Iceberg, Souls at Sea, Spartacus, Spawn of the North, The Strange Door, Sullivan's Travels, Take One: Student Films, Texas Across the River, They Were Ten, The Thieving Magpie (short), This Day and Age, This Gun for Hire, Thoroughly Modern Millie, Three into Two Won't Go, Thunder Bay, Thunderbolt, Tillie and Gus, To Kill a Mockingbird, Torn Curtain, Touch of Evil, The Tower of London, The Trap, Trouble in Paradise, The Uninvited, The Virginian (1929), The War Lord, The War Wagon, White Hell of Pitz Palu (silent), The Wild Seed, Winchester '73, Winning, The Wolfman, Work Is a Four-Letter Word, You Can't Cheat an Honest Man and Zita are the features, shorts, serials and special programs available from Universal Kinetic. If you want more information, stills, reviews, casts, synopses, rental terms, running times, original date of release and order forms send for the 112-page catalogue: **Universal Kinetic, A Part of Universal Education and Visual Arts, Division of Universal City Studios, 221 Park Avenue South, Dept. G, New York City 10003. We think of films in miles because we have so many for colleges and non-theatrical groups.**

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Travel, with Beethoven on the Side

In ordinary circumstances, music lovers who look for the summer festivals to indulge their interests in some specialized composer (such as Wagner or Beethoven) have to seek out a particular place, which may sometimes also be a forbidding place, to indulge their enthusiasm. Such is the price for a preferential taste in this highly generalized world.

But 1970 is the year of the great Beethoven abundance, induced, as anyone capable of reading must already know, by the arrival of the two hundredth anniversary of his birth on December 16, 1770. Thus, if there is not exactly Beethoven on every side, there are so many places which provide travel, with Beethoven on the side, that a wide variety of tastes in both respects can be satisfied.

Take degrees of temperature. If you like it cool, you can book for the Bergen Festival in late May-early June. The offerings, as usual, afford a wide range of musical attractions, from opera (*Marriage of Figaro*) to instrumental soloists (Ashkenazy, Rubinstein, and Robert Riefling, among others). But there is also a substantial Beethoven experience available in the recitals to be performed by the partnership of Daniel Barenboim, pianist, and Jacqueline du Pré, cellist. The focal point of their appearances (on May 22 and May 23) will be the five sonatas for cello and piano (or piano and cello, depending on who wears the piano bench in the family), embellished by a sampling of the various works in variation mode that Beethoven wrote for the same instruments utilizing themes of Mozart, Handel, et al.

If you like it warm, the Beethoven-with-guaranteed-sun tan may be found in an area he hardly knew to exist, as of the early nineteenth century, let alone imagined his music might be played. However, the circumstances that brought Pablo Casals to Puerto Rico have also brought with him a major musical festival now in its fourteenth season. As the adjoining tabulation documents, this festival will be, for probably the first time in the total sequence, devoted to one composer. It will also, for the first time, offer a concert performance of an opera. Zubin Mehta is the conductor and the opera is, of course, *Fidelio*. Cast in the principal roles are Ludmila Dvorakova and Jon Vickers, with many in the surrounding ensemble drawn from the increasing supply of able singers being nurtured from the native population.

As has become customary in the Festival Casals, many musicians of outstanding prominence will set aside other activities in order to join for yet another year in paying tribute to the native Catalan who is, without question, dean and senior citizen of the international musical community. Among them are pianists Rudolf Serkin and Claudio Arrau; the Eugene Istomin, Isaac Stern, and Leonard Rose trio; and the Guarneri Quartet. But the indisputable high point of the Festival will occur on the last night (June 15), when Don Pablo will take his place on the podium for the Ninth Symphony.

If you don't like it either very cool or very warm, but just right, anticipation would naturally gravitate toward Central Europe. Or, to be more specific, to the polar points of Beethoven's life: the Rhineland center of Bonn, where he was born, and the Danubian capital of Vienna, where he settled at twenty and remained for the rest of his life. Between them they can provide not only a greater range of musical activity than is presently promised elsewhere, but, in the nature of things, a vastly impressive concentration of memorabilia, documents, and keepsakes of every kind.

It is of more than passing interest that Richard Wagner's famous essay on Beethoven was printed rather than spoken in 1870 because, as he notes in its preface, "no other opportunity worthy of the occasion" was afforded him. No such lack can be alleged 100 years later, especially in Bonn, where suitable observances are being provided from the inner power circles of the West German government, and its Beethovenhaus. Rather than concentrating its effort in a single segment of the year, and thus excluding those who cannot travel at that time, it has arranged a series of festival periods, each with an agenda of its own. The circumstantial details, as displayed in the adjoining chart, may be summarized as follows: The first festival period, between May 2 and 8, will be mostly chamber music; in the second festival period, between September 12 and 26, emphasis will be on the Vienna and Berlin Philharmonic Orchestras, and conductors Karl Böhm and Herbert von Karajan, also the Concertgebouw of Amsterdam with Eugen Jochum in charge. In the third period, surrounding the birth date itself (December 11-17), *Fidelio* will be offered; also a lieder recital by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, and solo performances by Philippe Entremont and Bruno Leonardo Gelber.

Of course, if you are interested in Beethoven with Beethoven on the side, the only place to seek out is Vienna. This relates not merely to a diversity of musical activity not available elsewhere, but also to the concentration of it. During its customary *Festwochen* (the traditional "Festival Weeks" beginning in late May and extending through much of June), Vienna will be a center not only of cycles but also of bicycles—all the symphonies will be performed, most of the quartets, a lot of the songs, and other specific repertory.

There will also be a distinctive kind of international cycle when Leonard Bernstein returns to the Viennese public, which responded to him so warmly for his conducting of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier* in 1968, to direct a ceremonial reproduction of *Fidelio*. As suits the circumstances, this production will be performed in the famous old Theater an der Wien, in which the opera began its life in 1805. The cast is both international and distinguished, with May 24 scheduled as the date of the first performance.

Although complete information is not at hand from other festivals, it may be assumed that there will be Beethoven in Amsterdam and the Hague (where the Holland Festival forms up in June) and in Munich (whose playing time parallels that of Salzburg, where *Fidelio* is already on the agenda). In the further future within the festival perimeter is the traditional August festival in Lucerne. Its organizational entity is the symphony orchestra, including the leading ones of the continent, from year to year, plus any American ones that happen to be touring. The exact repertory is not at hand, but the prospectus points to a work of Beethoven on every program. Finally, and most remarkably, the festival of Bregenz (on Lake Constance), which is traditionally associated with lavish versions of operettas, will this year also offer Beethoven, in the period July 23-August 23, with violinist Nathan Milstein and pianist Alfred Brendel among the participants. —I. K.

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Guide to Beethoven Festivities—1970

DATE	LOCATION	TITLE	DETAILS NOW AVAILABLE	INFORMATION & TICKETS
May 2- May 8	Bonn, Germany	First Beethoven Cycle of the International Beethoven Festival	PIANO RECITALS: Kempff, Michelangeli, Gilels; CHAMBER MUSIC: Sonatas with Kempff/Fournier; Schneiderhan/Klien; CONCERTS: Bonn Beethovenhalle Orch., Volker Wangenheim cond., Arrau, Giebel, Lipp, Kwei-Sze, others	International Beethoven Festival, 53 Bonn, Mulheimer Platz 1 Tel. 77 664 56 800**
May 24, 27, 31	Vienna, Austria	Vienna Festival	OPERA: *Fidelio* in Theater an der Wien, Bernstein cond. (Jones, Popp, King, Adam); CONCERTS: Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (Karajan), Nine Symphonies; Beethoven Exhibition, City Hall, "Volkshalle"	Wiener Festwochen, Rathausstrasse 9 Vienna I Tel. 45 16 61
June 28- July 4	Salzburg, Austria	Beethoven Week	CHAMBER MUSIC	Austrian State Tourist Dept. 545 Fifth Ave. New York, N.Y. Tel. 697 06 51*
July 23- August 23	Bregenz, Austria	Bregenz Festival	BEETHOVEN CONCERTS: Milstein, Demus, Brendel, Krips	See above
July 26- August 30	Salzburg, Austria	Salzburg Festival	OPERA: *Fidelio*, Boehm cond. (Bjoner, King, Mathis, Adam)	See above*
September 12- September 26	Bonn, Germany	Second Beethoven Cycle	CONCERTS: Vienna Philharmonic (Boehm); Berlin Philharmonic (Karajan); Concertgebouw (Jochum); SOLOISTS: Anda, Gulda, Milstein; CHAMBER MUSIC: Francescatti/Casadesus	See above**
September 13- September 19	Salzburg, Austria	Beethoven Week	CHAMBER MUSIC	See above*
December 11- December 17	Bonn, Germany	Third Beethoven Cycle	OPERA: *Fidelio* (Bjoner, Spiess); CONCERTS: Beethovenhalle Orchestra; SOLOISTS: Entremont, Gelber, Demus, Janowitz; LIEDER: Fischer-Dieskau/Demus	See above** HEDY D. JELLINEK

1970 Festival Casals, Puerto Rico

Sunday, May 31	*Egmont* Overture Piano Concerto No. 3 Triple Concerto for Piano, Violin, Cello	PABLO CASALS, cond. EUGENE ISTOMIN, piano ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, cond. ISTOMIN-STERN-ROSE TRIO PABLO CASALS, cond.
Monday, June 1	Sonata for Piano and Cello in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2 Sonata for Piano and Violin in A major, Op. 47 Trio in E-flat major, Op. 70, No. 2	EUGENE ISTOMIN, piano LEONARD ROSE, cello EUGENE ISTOMIN, piano ISAAC STERN, violin ISTOMIN-STERN-ROSE TRIO
Wednesday, June 3	Symphony No. 1 Piano Concerto No. 4 Symphony No. 3 (*Eroica*)	VICTOR TEVAH, cond. MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI, piano
Friday, June 5	Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4 Quartet in F major, Op. 135 Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2	GUARNERI STRING QUARTET
Saturday, June 6	Piano Quartet in E-flat major, Op. 16 Lieder Quartet in F major, Op. 59, No. 1 (*Rasoumovsky*)	MIECZYSLAW HORSZOWSKI, piano, and members of the GUARNERI STRING QUARTET LUDMILA DVORAKOVA GUARNERI STRING QUARTET
Monday, June 8	*Coriolan* Overture Piano Concerto No. 5 (*Emperor*) Symphony No. 7	ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, cond. CLAUDIO ARRAU, piano ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, cond. PABLO CASALS, cond.
Tuesday, June 9	*Fidelio* (concert version)	ZUBIN MEHTA, cond. LUDMILA DVORAKOVA, soprano OLGA IGLESIAS, soprano JON VICKERS, tenor SERGIJE RAINIS, tenor DONALD MCINTYRE, baritone JUSTINO DIAZ, bass PABLO ELVIRA, bass
Wednesday, June 10	Sonata for Piano and Violin in D major, Op. 12, No. 1 Sonata for Piano in F minor, Op. 57 (*Appassionata*) Sonata for Piano and Violin in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2	CLAUDIO ARRAU, piano HENRYK SZERYNG, violin
Thursday, June 11	*Leonore* Overture No. 3 Violin Concerto Symphony No. 5	ZUBIN MEHTA, cond. HENRYK SZERYNG, violin
Friday, June 12	Sonata for Piano in C minor, Op. 13 (*Pathétique*) Sonata for Piano and Violin in A major, Op. 30, No. 1 Quartet in E-flat major, Op. 127	RUDOLF SERKIN, piano RUDOLF SERKIN, piano ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, violin GUARNERI STRING QUARTET
Saturday, June 13	Symphony No. 6 (*Pastoral*) Piano Concerto No. 2 Fantasy for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra	ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, cond. RUDOLF SERKIN, piano ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, cond. RUDOLF SERKIN, piano CHORUS OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC OF PUERTO RICO PABLO CASALS, cond.
Monday, June 15	Symphony No. 8 Symphony No. 9 (*Choral*)	ZUBIN MEHTA, cond. PABLO CASALS, cond. OLGA IGLESIAS, soprano FLAVIA ACOSTA, contralto JON VICKERS, tenor PABLO ELVIRA, bass CHORUS OF THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC OF PUERTO RICO

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Cannonball Adderley: *Country Preacher.* Adderley, alto and soprano saxophones; Nat Adderley, cornet; Joe Zawinul, electric piano; Walter Booker, bass; Roy McCurdy, drums. Capitol stereo, SKAO-404, $4.98.	The astute and genial brothers Adderley should enhance their deserved popularity with this intelligent program, which was performed and recorded before an Operation Breadbasket congregation in Chicago. Joe Zawinul, the Viennese pianist, sounds completely at home in the "soul" context, his compositions and sensitive work on an electric keyboard being an extremely important part of the whole. The older Adderley's broad knowledge of the jazz idiom is strikingly evidenced in the way he plays soprano saxophone. Where some of the instrument's latter-day exponents have relished its uglier, bagpipe-like qualities, he is more concerned with its lyrical potential, as was Johnny Hodges most notably before him.
Gene Ammons: *The Boss Is Back.* Ammons, tenor saxophone; Junior Mance, piano; Buster Williams, bass; Frankie Jones, drums; Candido, conga. On one track, Mance, Williams, and Jones are respectively replaced by Sonny Phillips, organ; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Bernard Purdie, drums. Prestige stereo, 7739, $4.98.	It is good to have Ammons back on the scene again. This album shows that his enforced absence had no deleterious effect on his musical ability. (Compare with his recently reissued *Happy Blues* from 1956 on Prestige 7654.) The big tone remains undiminished, and so does his gift for building from the simplest beginnings to rugged and rhythmically stirring climaxes. Mance does well at the piano, but the organ on "Feeling Good" gives a depth and weight that seem even more appropriate to Ammons now.
Kenny Clarke/Francy Boland: *Volcano.* Clarke, drums; Boland, piano and arranger; with fourteen-piece big band. Polydor stereo, 24-4501, $4.98.	The credited "assistance" of a drum manufacturer may well account for the prominence of the two busy drummers heard in this disappointing set. The live recording is thin, and the impact of a highly regarded band—Europe's answer to that of Thad Jones and Mel Lewis—is accordingly reduced. The original material and arrangements compose a program of constant flag-waving that even the manifest enthusiasm of these musicians cannot sustain.
Don Ewell: *Jazz on a Sunday Afternoon.* Ewell, piano. Fat Cat stereo, FCJ-109, $5. (Postpaid: Fat Cat Jazz Records, Box 458, Manassas, Virginia.)	Ewell's style primarily relates to that of James P. Johnson and Fats Waller. Full, two-handed, and well-recorded here, it has no need at all of those conventional crutches, bass and drums. The performance of "Oh, Baby!" is proof that Ewell is one of the best pianists practicing the noble art of stride piano today. However, a medley of Earl Hines's three most famous compositions draws attention to another influence—less prominent, perhaps, but often briefly and rewardingly emergent. This is the third record of unaccompanied piano recommended this year, and there are more coming. If this denotes a trend, it is very welcome.
Sonny Phillips: *Sure 'Nuff.* Phillips, organ; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Houston Person, tenor saxophone; Joe Jones, guitar; Bob Bushnell, Fender bass; Bernard Purdie, drums. Prestige stereo, 7737, $4.98.	The first album made under Phillips's own name, and full of happy, forthright playing, this is a complete success. Person and the organist have much in common, both being energetic performers with a buoyant rhythmic feeling. The sextet as a whole is a really admirable ensemble, and the excellent recording does it full justice. Organ groups are often the victims of intellectual vanity in jazz circles, but here is another example of where health and strength can be found today.
Buddy Rich: *Super Rich.* Rich, drums; with quartet, quintet, and septet. Verve stereo, V6-8778, $5.98.	This disc contains a selection of small-band performances made under Rich's name between 1953 and 1961. Best by far are "Me and My Jaguar" and "Just Blues," both of which swing compulsively and feature Harry Edison's trumpet. The second is also notable for lively choruses by Benny Carter on alto saxophone. Edison returns on the other side of the record, this time with Sonny Stitt, in "Sonny and Sweets." The rest is relatively self-conscious, although the authority of the leader's drums often redeems even the most contrived passages.
Leon Thomas: *Spirits Known and Unknown.* Thomas, vocal and percussion; James Spaulding, alto saxophone and flute; Little Rock, tenor saxophone; Lonnie L. Smith, Jr., piano; Richard Davis, Cecil McBee, bass; Roy Haynes, drums; Richard Landrum, bongos. Flying Dutchman stereo, FDS-115, $5.98.	Thomas did not make a big impression during the couple of years he sang with Count Basie, but a subsequent association with the jazz avant-garde has evidently made him more ambitious. "I call what I do 'egoless,'" he now says, "because it goes into the unconscious." Although his routine fulminations against the "dirty, mean" Vietnam War are in routine blues form, some of the "spirits unknown" are weirdly comic in the fashion that nowadays passes for profundity. He has, moreover, collaborated with Pharaoh Sanders in a heartening message entitled "The Creator Has a Master Plan (Peace)." Despite the naïveté and lugubrious sentimentality, the record is made fascinating by his development of a throaty, growling, and well-controlled yodel. Since he is scheduled to appear at the Montreux Festival, a certain amount of consternation in Switzerland this summer is easy to foresee.
Ethel Waters: *Oh, Daddy!* Ethel Waters, vocal; accompanists include Joe Smith, Tommy Ladnier, cornet; Fletcher Henderson, J. C. Johnson, piano. Biograph mono, BLP-12022, $5.95.	This valuable collection contains fourteen of Miss Waters's earliest recordings. Made between 1921 and 1924, they show a remarkably mature talent and explain her great influence on jazz and popular singing. Range, diction, accuracy, smooth delivery, assured phrasing, and pleasing use of vibrato all put her in a class apart, one distinct from and more theatrical than Bessie Smith's. The plodding accompaniments on the first side only emphasize how far ahead she was, but by 1924 some of the musicians were catching up. Her version of "There'll Be Some Changes Made" is unusual not only for its tempo, but her inclusion of the verse. —STANLEY DANCE.

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Good Marks for Goldmark; the Beethoven of Fuchs-Balsam

WHAT are the conceivable circumstances in which, of two operas being given in New York on the same evening, Rossini's *La Cenerentola* would be the more familiar? The circumstances in which Allen Oxenburg of the American Opera Society conceived the idea of giving Karl Goldmark's "The Queen of Sheba" in a concert version in Carnegie Hall on the same Thursday evening that the New York City Opera was presenting its Rossini revival.

Even more surprisingly, the audience which gathered to amend its ignorance of the work that once had fifteen performances in a single Metropolitan Opera season, came away, if not humming the overture, at least singing the praises of a cast lacking even a single familiar name. Gathered together from such unlikely places as Texas and Poland under a conductor with the non-Germanic name of Reynald Giovaninetti (making him possibly the smallest Little John in musical history), the singers generated an amazing effort. If it did not cause the woodwork to crackle, it at least sent the blood of life coursing fitfully through the score, thus adducing valid reasons for its once widespread favor.

Among those reasons were the substantial if not immeasurable talent of Goldmark, the amount of theatrical skill he had amassed by the time of *Die Königin von Saba* (to give it the full range of syllables under which it was introduced to Vienna in 1875) and his obvious devotion to the then "questionable" operatic innovations of Wagner. These did not extend to the veneration of *Tristan* (which was in being if not *en vogue*) but, as Paul Affelder astutely observed in his program book comment, rather to *Tannhäuser*. One could make a direct alignment of elements in *Saba* vis-à-vis *Tannhäuser*, with the Queen (Venus) exercising a mystic spell over the wayward Assad (Tannhäuser) and his "pure" love Sulamith (Elisabeth). There is even a bass-singing King (Landgrave Hermann).

The oddity is, however, that with all these identifiable likenesses, with a full complement of *"Gebetes," "Träume,"* and *"Visione"* (not to mention a triumphal march and a chorus of the high-born to parallel knights and ladies of *Tannhäuser*) Goldmark arrived at quite a different outcome. The reason for this is simple: Unlike some others, he emulated rather than imitated Wagner. In other words, Goldmark aspired to something of like character, but through means of his own—especially a discreet kind of exoticism that came to more lasting prominence two years later in Saint-Saëns's *Samson et Dalila*, before attaining really explosive force in Strauss's *Salome*. An opera director looking for a new theme for a season might do worse than reach backward for Handel's *Solomon* and *Samson*, add to "The Queen of Sheba," *Samson*, and *Salome* the Boulevardier-Biblical attractions of Massenet's *Thaïs* and *Hérodiade*, then move forward to a staged version of Honegger's *Le Roi David*. On the other hand, he could quite easily do a lot better.

In the present instance, the attractions of Goldmark's fantasy on themes from the Holy Land were enhanced by the talents, most youthful, of the Sulamith (Teresa Kubiak) and Assad (Arley Reece). The young Polish soprano, totally unknown to the audience when she walked on the stage, earned a stormy endorsement for the astonishing volume as well as the fervent quality of sound she produced for her first aria. There was some leveling-off in esteem as the evening progressed, for Miss Kubiak does not function as well at medium or low volume as she does at the full. But it is elementary that outsized power can be controlled more readily than it can be fabricated. Her female competitor for Assad, Alpha Floyd, sang much of the Queen's reflective music beautifully, but lost quality when the need was for quantity. In the small role of Astaroth, Kate Hurney did especially well with the unaccompanied solo of Act II.

However, the exceptional effort of the evening belonged to Reece, who, it was said, had no professional preparation at all for this sizable task. A pupil of Eugene Conley in Denton, Texas, he has a physique that recalls pictures of such an Assad as the mountainous Leo Slezak. No vocal likenesses need be pursued, but, for a performer so lacking in background, Reece showed remarkable aptitude and no little finesse in getting around the high-lying passages with skillful use of half-voice and falsetto. His basic sound, if somewhat bland, gave evidence of considerable penetrating possibilities.

In another category were Wolfgang Anheisser, a robust Solomon, Andrij Dobriansky as a resonant High Priest, and Ronald Corrado, who did well the little that was required of the character named Baal-Hanan. None of the above (nor the excellent chorus trained by Richard Vogt) could have attained the credits thus allotted without the effective participation of Giovaninetti. Both tall and vigorous, he tends to the overgesturesome, but the stern circumstances doubtless demanded drastic measures. Certainly his zeal and enthusiasm contributed much to the good marks for Goldmark.

The art of ensemble playing was exemplified at its highest in the recital of Beethoven sonatas by violinist Joseph Fuchs and pianist Artur Balsam in Tully Hall. It not only merited praise for the give and take indispensable to this kind of effort, but even more for the "give and go," in which responsibility for leadership was automatically assumed by whichever performer had dynamic priority. The outcome could thus be credited not to a team linked by "and" but, in the manner of Fischer-Dieskau, to the hyphenated entity Fuchs-Balsam.

What the audience was in for was apparent from the earliest measures of the opening A-minor (Opus 23). There was none of the Alphonse-Gaston relationship commonly encountered, in which one performer defers politely to the other while impatiently awaiting his own moment of prominence. Rather there was a hard-hitting, sophisticated interrelationship in which two masters of their means strove to achieve the common end of justice to Beethoven. A re-exposure to Balsam's art after a longish interval revealed that he has added to his lengthy experience without subtracting one degree of pianistic control.

One rarely hears mutuality so complete as the partners attained in the G-major sonata, the last of Beethoven's ten and the one unquestionably hardest to render full justice. I would have preferred a mood somewhat more reserved and intimate (not to say poetic) than they elected for the first movement, but in finesse, subtlety, and total commitment it carried conviction in every measure. The well-conceived program then reverted to the early E-flat (Opus 12, No. 3) as preface to the evening-ending A-major (*Kreutzer*). The audience was both large and responsive.

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Horace Sutton

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Devise new speed-up check-in system at airport. Organize porters to handle curbside check-in. Hire private cop to shout at cab drivers caught in monstrous traffic tangle created by curbside check-in. Hang no tipping sign over curbside baggage check-in. Instruct porters to maintain a strict no-smile countenance when checking in passengers. If tip is too small, have porters make a point of looking at tip twice before passenger leaves check-in area. They may also shake their heads incredulously. If no tip is proffered, suggest porters put incorrect destination tags on nontippers' baggage. Example: If going to Miami, send baggage to Fairbanks.

When devising new speedy check-in system, arrange for supplementary check-in desk inside the terminal for those who have missed curbside check-in. Require passengers who have already checked in at curb to wait in same line as those who have not in order to get their seat assignments. This makes line very long and increases element of chance. The slower the line moves, the more passenger wonders whether he will make plane. Passenger gets same exhilarating feeling as at horse race. When ticket hold-

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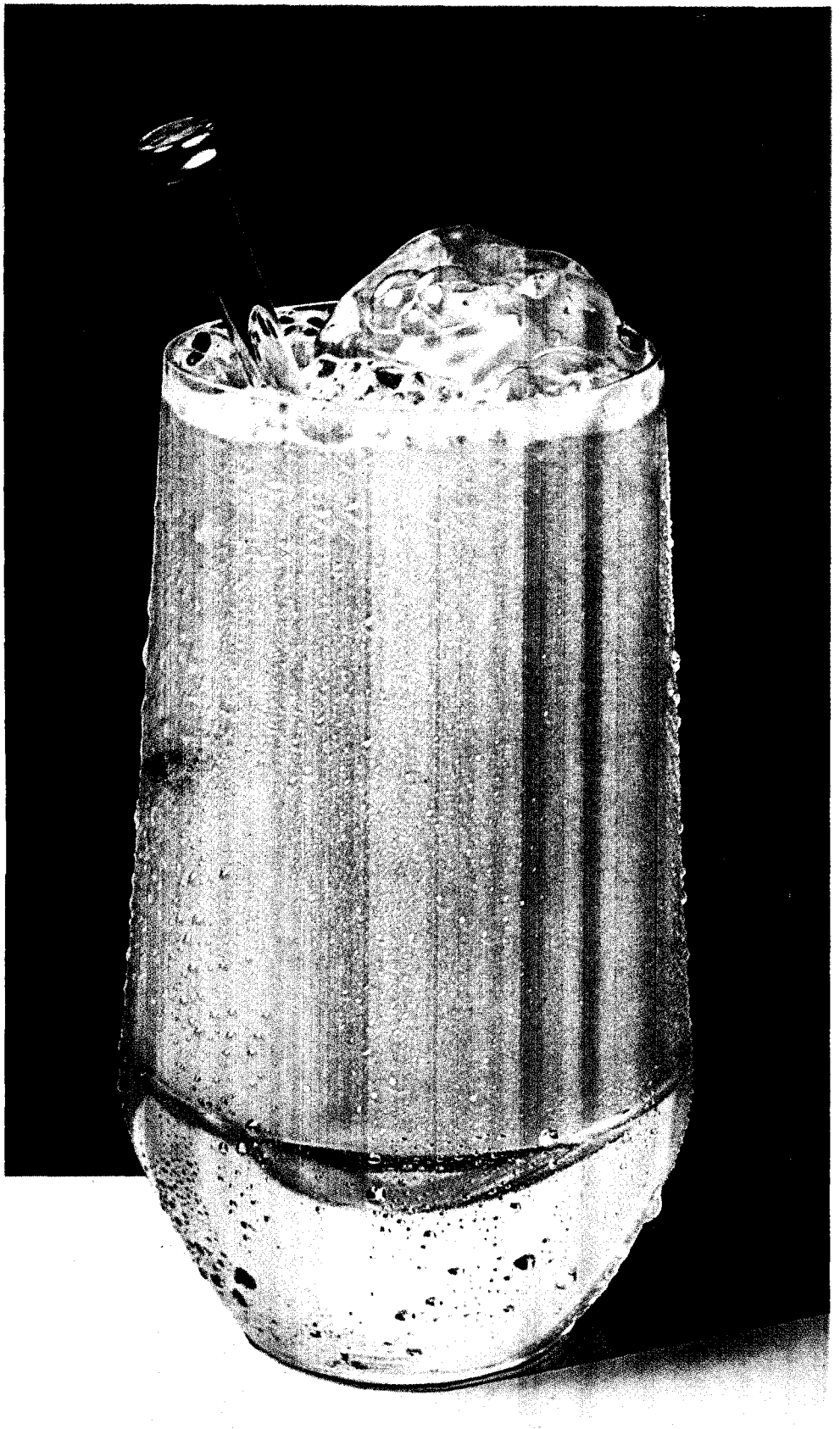

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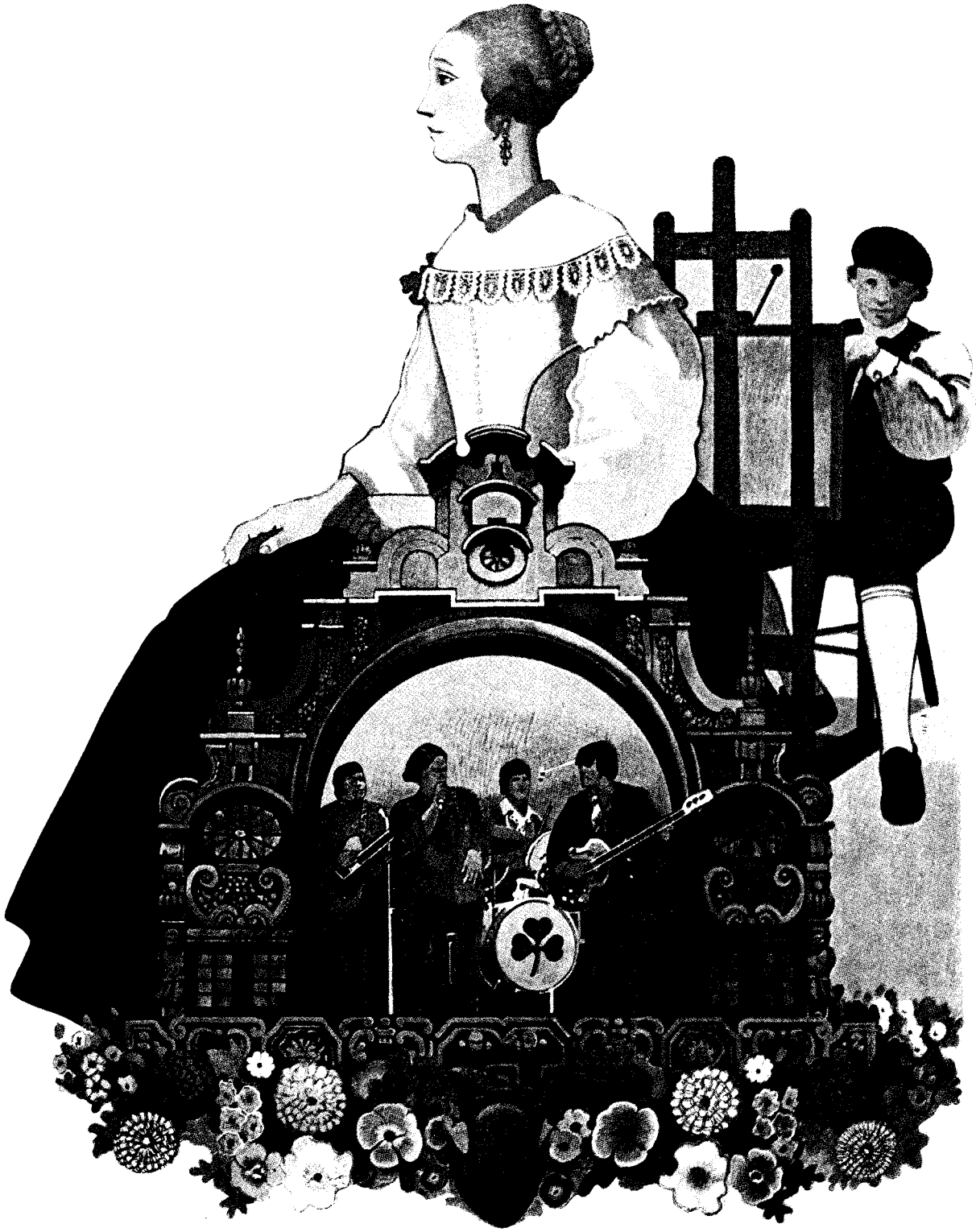

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er's turn at counter finally comes, tell him seat assignments for that flight have already gone down to the gate. If passenger requests that agent telephone to gate, tell him gate is too busy to answer. If passenger arrives with children and asks for four seats together and seating plan has *not* gone down to the gate, agent should tell him there are only single seats left and ask how was airline to know passenger was traveling with small children. If passenger reminds agent that children's ages were given at time tickets were purchased, agent should shrug. If passenger persists, have agent say, "That's the way they do things at the ticketing office."

If passenger asks whether plane is leaving on time, do not consult Operations. Do not try to call gate, they won't answer. Merely say firmly, "Your flight is boarding right now, sir (madam), you can hurry right along to gate 187." Gates should be placed within reasonable walking distance of the terminal. Anywhere from two to three miles will be considered a reasonable distance. Passengers will be sitting on plane for long periods and need exercise. Arrange for placement of book shops, tobacconists, drug stores, coffee shops near to ticketing counters, but do not place any stands convenient to gates. Merchandise should be priced twenty to thirty per cent higher than same items anywhere else outside terminal. Price gouging not an issue, since passenger rarely has time to shop unless arriving at terminal a day before flight.

At gate, construct a long metal barrier of the type used in cattle pens and herd passengers behind it as they arrive from main terminal. If plane holds 187 passengers, provide three seats in gate area. If plane holds 345 passengers, provide four seats. Post sign that reads, "For your convenience new expanded terminal facilities now under construction. Ready 1981. Thank you for your patience. Glockenspiel Airlines, Flight of the Soaring Eagle." Herd passengers in line behind barrier. Place agent at gate. Flash red and blue lights frequently. Gives impression airline on ball. Have agent make frequent phone calls indicating impending departure. In answer to querying passengers who ask if plane is leaving on time, agent should say, "It will be leaving in just a few minutes, sir (madam)." If passenger asks if there is time to walk two miles back to the terminal a) to get sandwich, b) or newspaper, c) or make important telephone call, have agent glance nervously at watch, shake head, and say, "I wouldn't try that if I were you, sir," or, alternatively, "You may make it, sir, if you run both ways."

If plane is more than half an hour late in departing, have agent open the door every now and then so passengers in front of line can see ground crews still removing freight from plane's previous flight. Have agent mutter under breath about lateness of arriving equipment.

When plane is ready, make sure that any members of the board of directors who happen to be on flight are preboarded. In case of inclement weather, the new type of covered loading ramps should not be in working order. If plane has two entrances, one should be occupied by catering service at precise moment passengers are being loaded.

If passenger asks why plane is more than an hour late, instruct hostess to affix radiant American Beauty Smile #4L (see manual) and say, "It takes a long time to load these big planes, you know." She should disappear up aisle immediately avoiding possible rejoinder from passenger.

In case flight was scheduled to depart at mealtime and is now an hour late, do not dispense with cocktail hour. Lunch at 4 o'clock is part of the exhilaration of flying. Do eagles eat by the clock? Drink cart should be rolled up aisle twice in case anybody wants seconds. Payment for drink must be collected from tourist class passengers at time of serving. In case there are hungry children on board, let 'em drink Coke. Begin food service as soon as drink service is over, but not before plane begins to pitch and yaw. Instruct captain to explain plane is flying through clear-air turbulence, but do not have him flip on seat belts sign until hot soup has been served.

Flight service departments can economize intelligently by purchasing magazines from dentists' offices. If passenger comments on age of magazines, have hostess flash Commiserating-Indulgent Smile #17G (see manual) and say, "Isn't that flight service department awful!" Passengers can be dissuaded from magazine rack by boarding business magazines on routes normally patronized by vacationers. Example: On New York-Nassau or New York-Barbados flights fill racks with two-month-old copies of *Forbes, Business Week,* and *Iron Smelting Monthly.* Similar techniques can be used in converse situations. Place three-month-old copy of *Jack and Jill* and torn copy of *Babar* in French (pages can be gummed together with any convenient day-old baby food) on Chicago-Detroit, Los Angeles-Houston, Pittsburgh-Milwaukee, etc.

In case flight was originally scheduled to arrive at busy airports (JFK, O'Hare, etc.) in advance of afternoon traffic jam, delayed departure from air-

(*Continued on page* 70)

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Science/The Endless Search

John Lear

Dating the Moon

MAN'S FIRST TWO LANDINGS on the moon were sheer technological stunts, done to prove it could be done. The landing places, dictated by that circumstance alone, could have been any reasonably level patches of moon soil within 5 degrees north or south of the lunar equator and up to 45 degrees east or west of the central meridian of the moon. Such were the limits imposed by available rocket power and communication facilities linking the moon and the Earth. By an accident that no one foresaw or even guessed at, the actual landing sites of *Apollo 11* and *Apollo 12* yielded samples of lunar rock that differ in age by a billion years.

Man's third moon landing, due on Wednesday of next week, will have an entirely new dimension because of the unexpected discoveries of the two earlier voyages. The site targeted for *Apollo 13*'s arrival has been chosen as part of a mathematical equation designed to reveal the age of the moon.

The equation rests, as all equations do, on certain assumptions. The first assumption is that craters dotting the moon were dug by meteorites. The second assumption is that the meteorites have hit the moon in a random pattern. From these two postulates arises the further assumption that those parts of the moon most numerously pocked with meteorite craters are the oldest parts of the moon. Moon photos clearly show that those parts are mountains.

Some time after the rock platforms on which the lunar mountains stand came into being, the vast lunar lowlands were plowed out by collision of meteors, comets, or smaller moons. These lowlands are the so-called *maria*, which appear as shaded discs on the full moon's face.

Lowland rocks picked up by *Apollo 11*'s crew have been radioisotopically dated at 4.5 to 4.7 billion years. *Apollo 12*'s lowland samples are dated at 3.5 billion years. From these two dates it seems plain that the *maria* took at least a billion years to fill after their basins were dug out. The filling is assumed to have been done by lava poured up from the lunar interior through volcano vents.

The question that *Apollo 13*'s crew will attempt to answer is how many more than a billion years were occupied by the filling process. The method will be to try to fix the age of the floor of a *mare* and then work out the scale of comparative ages for all *maria*.

But where is a *mare* floor to be found free of a lava cover? Nowhere. However, meteorite strikes are highly explosive events, and study of high explosives shows that whenever they dig a crater the bottommost rock thrown out of the crater falls on or close within the crater rim. So the *maria* rims are logical sites on which to hunt fragments from the *mare* floors.

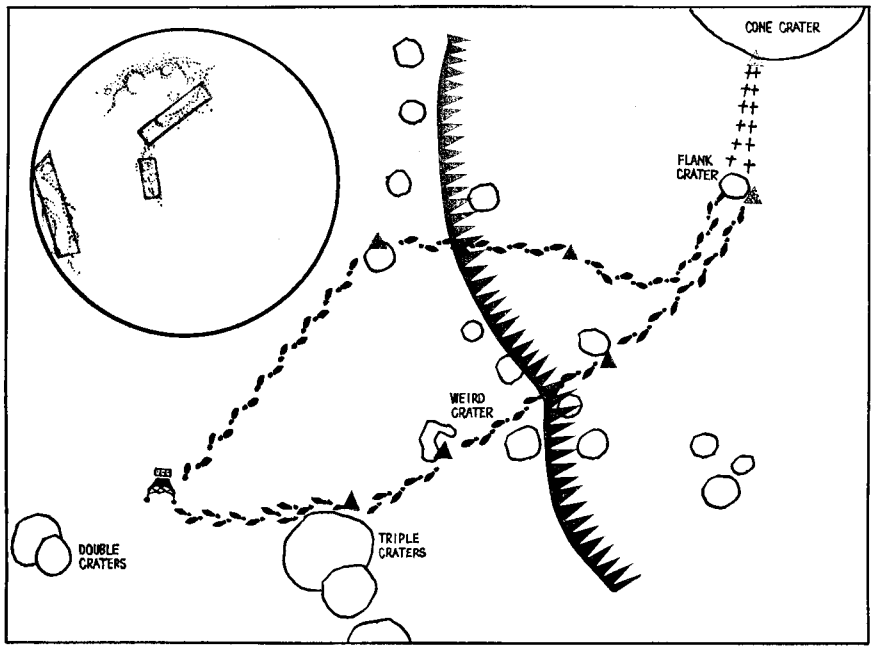
Dr. Harold Mazursky, chief of the United States Geological Survey's branch of astrogeologic studies, tells me that, if geologists could have their choice of *mare* rims to examine, the choice would be *Mare Orientale*. Standing prominently in profile on the southwestern rim of the moon's visible hemisphere, *Mare Orientale* seems to be quite young. Ninety-five per cent of its original rugged structure is still intact; therefore, it would be ideal for sampling purposes. But *Mare Orientale* is 90 degrees away from the midpoint of the moon's surface, twice the distance allowed by *Apollo* communications.

With their ideal target thus blacked out, the scientists compromised. They chose *Mare Imbrium*, the biggest of all the lunar *maria*. *Imbrium* is older than *Orientale* and far more eroded. The most promising place to look for relics of its floor would be the Caucasus and Apennine mountain chains forming its eastern rim. Since those mountains are out of reach of available rocket power, *Apollo 13* will be aimed at a spot in *Imbrium* that is within reach and that holds some promise: a radial ridge of ejected rock about thirty miles north of the crater Fra Mauro. The ridge is interpreted to be the rim of a smaller crater dug by a meteorite that struck the ejecta after the formation of *Mare Imbrium*.

That ridge is 300 to 400 feet high, and closeup photos taken by the two robot photographers, *Orbiter 4* and *Orbiter 5*, show it strewn with boulders as big as automobiles. Those huge blocks of stone are signs favorable to *Apollo 13*'s purpose. The finds can't be as rich as would be expected in the Caucasus or Apennine mountains, but in the mixture that is present geologists think there almost certainly will be geological treasures from 50 to 100 miles down in the moon's interior.

Because the ridge is *Apollo 13*'s real objective, astronauts James Lovell and Fred Haise will cross it on their way down to the moon's surface and land as close to it as they safely can. Then, while command-ship pilot Tom Mattingly orbits overhead, they will make their way to the ridge top.

If the guesses that are now being made are confirmed by laboratory analysis of the samples here on Earth, *Apollo 13* will push back the age of the lunar *maria* to at least five billion years. The lunar mountains, some geologists calculate, could be six billion years old.



Apollo 13's assignment is sketched above. Inset of moon shows "Mare Orientale" (left), Caucasus-Apennine mountains (top), and "Mare Imbrium" ejecta ridge (center), bounded in color. In larger drawing, sampling points on astronauts' expedition afoot from lunar ferry landing point to Apollo 13's objective are marked in color, as is the outline of the ejecta ridge over which the ferry will pass on its way to the moon.

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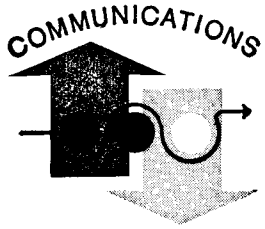

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RICHARD L. TOBIN

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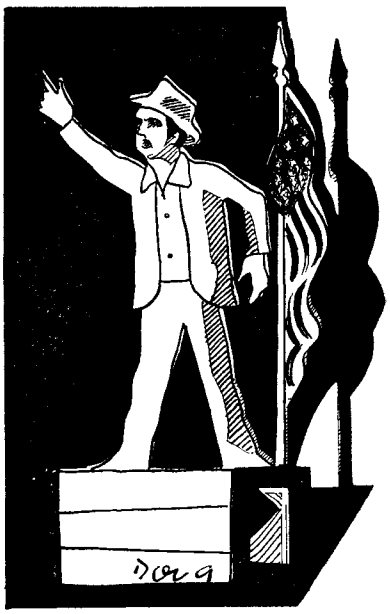

When Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel was recently booed and badgered by dissident students at Princeton, Robert F. Goheen, president of the university, told the harassers that not allowing a guest to be heard was in direct violation of university policy. About the same time, Hubert Humphrey was prevented from finishing a talk at Amherst College when continuous distracting noise from a handful of demonstrators overpowered the former Vice President's voice. Here again, the school felt it necessary to state publicly that to deny an individual his freedom of speech was a direct violation of Amherst policy. That such statements had to be made at all defines our time.

Three indelible rights in a democratic society are freedom of assembly, freedom of speech, and freedom of the press, which today includes, of course, TV and radio. The sides of this triangle were designed by our forefathers to insure unlimited exchange of ideas in a context of free expression. While freedom of assembly is essential in a democratic society, this right is not absolute, since it must be exercised with regard to other considerations such as the right of privacy, the physical welfare of others, interfering with the normal flow of traffic, creating a fire hazard, or similar infractions of public safety. Naturally, even in a democracy, there is no such thing as complete freedom everywhere at all times. Reasonable restrictions occasionally also limit the basic freedoms of speech and press as outlined in the hallowed Bill of Rights. Individuals and groups, for example, are protected by law from slander and libel. In time of war, there may be censorship of press reports to prevent giving aid and comfort to the enemy by exposing military secrets.

All the same, the basic privilege of speaking freely and allowing others to do likewise is entirely fit in a democratic society, and young radicals of a fascist mind would do well to read their U.S. Constitutional history. The inalienable right to opinion includes being able to express ideas without interference, and to exchange information even with those we disagree with. A White House survey of human rights in the United States in 1968 put it another way: "Free speech—including free press, freedom of information, expression, and opinion—has been accepted by the people of the United States as a right reinforced by a common law tradition of legal protection. These protections relate principally to laws regarding libel and slander, which are actionable at common law. . . . Furthermore, it is understood that the prohibition of the First Amendment does not prevent the legislative authority from enacting laws that are intended to protect other recognized interests of citizens and of the state." In other words, it is commonly understood that the right of free speech is not absolute at all times and under all circumstances: speech that is lewd and obscene, profane and libelous, speech which by its very utterance tends to injury or incites an immediate breach of peace lies within the exceptions to the rule of totally free expression.

There has always been contention in the matter of freedom of speech between public and private interests: for example, cases involving publication of obscene matter, or potentially defamatory statements about public officials, and the denigration of democracy itself. In the last half-century, as radio and TV have added geometrically to mass communication in this country, problems involving freedom of speech and the press have likewise grown, but the inalienable right of a free citizen

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to speak and to publish what he wishes within the laws of libel and peaceful assembly are so fundamental that the recent incidents at Princeton and Amherst are that much more shocking, and in need of exposure and explanation to those of the new generation who hold a simplistic view of life.

Freedom of speech and publication are relatively new ideas. Two hundred and thirty-five years ago, John Peter Zenger opposed the policies of William Cosby, colonial governor of New York, and the editor-printer was promptly arrested for seditious libel and thrown into jail. Following a trial by jury that gained world-wide attention, Zenger was acquitted, and from then on freedom of expression became an established principle in America.

When the Constitutional Convention met in 1787, it did not go into sufficient detail on the freedoms of speech, assembly, and press to assuage popular dissatisfaction; James Madison was promptly called upon to draft a dozen amendments to the United States Constitution, ten of which were adopted by the first Congress in 1791. It was not by chance that the First Amendment expressly prohibited Congress from making laws restricting religion, prohibiting free speech and press, or the right to assemble and petition for redress of grievances. These initial ten amendments came to be known as the Bill of Rights—an extension of Magna Carta and the British Bill of Rights—and represented the dawn of the concept of equality of all people in a democracy—not equality by birth, race, origin, income, or education, but in the fundamental political rights of every man, starting with free speech.

When Americans, young or old, educated or illiterate, prevent a legitimate assembly from hearing what an invited guest has to say, they rend the very cloth of democracy and move yet one step more toward the Stalin-Hitler mind, the eternal fascist who will do by brute force and coercion what must in a democratic society evolve only from the will and understanding of the majority. Similarly, if because of hoodlumism, no court can conduct a fair trial, or any trial at all, then free speech and due process are transformed into mockeries long familiar in dictatorships—by no means a technique new to the authoritarian. Live and let live is a philosophy basic to all the world's religions and to governments created by and for their constituents; it includes the right to speak and publish freely without being drowned out or dynamited by the unthinking, however righteous their cause or intense their mission. —R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Heretic Hohenberg?

How astounding to find someone possessed of the temerity to come right out and accuse the press of an overemphasis on sports, as did John Hohenberg in "The Free Press Is on Trial" [*SR*, Mar. 14]. Even now I'm sure the typewriters must be clattering in many a home indicting Mr. Hohenberg as an unmitigated heretic. The excuse for such newspaper procedure stems, I'm told, from statistical surveys indicating high readership demand for accounts of this competitive aspect of life. Space must therefore be allotted with an openhanded generosity that can only be envied by such Fourth Estaters as may have chosen as their specialty the latest developments and trends in literature and the arts. Parenthetically, one wonders if public interest is really that effective in determining policy while editorials, less well received according to surveys than readers' letters, nevertheless are accorded preference both as to positioning and in the amount of space bestowed.

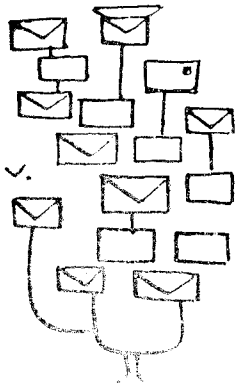
Articles on "the human condition and the quality of life on this unhappy planet," as Mr. Hohenberg points out, do indeed receive short shrift. Perhaps, though, the start of a change is looming on the horizon. Limited as so many of the problems included in the "Action Line" and "Mr. Fixit" departments one notes increasingly in out-of-town newspapers are, they could prove a step in the right direction. Not all of the queries submitted are directed at such mundane matters as seeking aid in the delivery of a long-awaited article of furniture, or the repair of a pothole in the pavement just beneath someone's bedroom window.

In a sense, such innovations might be deemed the American version of Scandinavia's "ombudsman." Their success, in the final analysis, will depend upon the scope of the concerns they allow to be printed and the quality of the efforts made to solve the problems readers pose.

Thomas G. Morgansen,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

A $700 TV Set—for What?

We thoroughly agree with Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Spots Before Our Eyes" [*SR*, Feb. 14]. What good does it do to buy a $700 TV set and then just see commercials? It has surely got to the point where the sponsors insult intelligent people. After hearing those ads dozens and dozens of times, I wouldn't use any of their products if they would give them to me.



I think there is a limit of how much time they take for those ads, but they just seem to get worse all the time. We are older people and enjoy the reruns of some of the good old shows, but we always feel that we really earn them with all those ads thrown in. We used to be able to see the news and weather with no sponsors, but now we dread to try to listen to either. It has just gotten to a ridiculous point, and I watch less and less on account of it.

Mrs. Glen Eddy,
Wessington Springs, S.D.

Sound Substitute

Sidney Covan's method for viewing football TV by turning down the sound is good as far as it goes [letters to the communications editor, Mar. 14]. But I find enjoyment of the game is enhanced by substituting a symphony (or other music to taste) on radio or hi-fi.

J. L. Bressler,
Greenvale, N.Y.

TViolence

I agree with Richard L. Tobin completely regarding TV violence in his editorial "Five Acts of Violence Per Hour" [*SR*, Mar. 14]. Just as war teaches a soldier to kill, so does TV teach that violence is an acceptable way of handling a situation. Keep fighting.

J. Humbet,
Fairborn, O.

Supporting Postal Reform

Richard L. Tobin's editorial "Patronage, Privilege, and Postal Service" [*SR*, Jan. 17] is a job well done. It is one of the best pieces I have seen on the case for postal reform. . . . We appreciate the support of *SR* in our efforts to improve the postal system.

Winton M. Blount,
Postmaster General,
Washington, D.C.

The valiant stand made by *SR* for postal reform and timely warnings of the disastrous results of a postal strike went unheeded in Washington, to the regret of all of us. Having neglected R.L.T.'s advice once, with dire consequences, we have only ourselves and our legislative representatives to blame if we don't push Congress now to follow up, not only with more money for useful and beleaguered public servants, but for a post office corporation run the way a business ought to be run—along the lines of *SR*'s several editorials of the past two years.

Edward J. O'Neill,
New York, N.Y.

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The "Celebrity" Commercials Industry

by STUART W. LITTLE

One Sunday in February Raquel Welch, after flying in from London, spent five hours in a Manhattan videotape studio making a one-minute television commercial in color for Motorola. About the same time, give or take a week or two, Orson Bean taped eighteen spots for Wallachs Clothes, Joan Crawford filmed a commercial for Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Red Barber contracted for a series of radio spots in Florida, Rod Serling, the writer, did a commercial on the West Coast, Don Clendenon and Bud Harrelson, of the Mets, each did brief station IDs (identifications) for Lavoris, and in almost every case the payments were as substantial as annual salaries in many other professions. And while these commercials were in work hundreds more film and stage stars and national sports figures were sitting back collecting comfortable residuals.

Names have become big business in the fast-moving field of television commercials. In the last four or five years the pairing of hero athletes and entertainment personalities with product promotion has snowballed. As fast as a popular hero is made today he is rushed by his agent into the "audition room" of an advertising agency, where the miniature SONY color videotape camera swiftly records his test pitch for the prospective client. Popular heroes become instant commercials. BBD&O recently congratulated itself on an unusual coup: signing an ex-astronaut, Scott Carpenter, for Standard Oil of California. For ten, twenty, thirty, or sixty seconds of film, the sums of money involved are staggering.

A new subindustry has grown up based on the demand for "names" by the sellers of consumer goods. Agents have come charging eagerly into the field, flourishing their lists of willing clients. Talent agencies such as Creative Management Associates, Ltd., International-Famous Agency, and William Morris have all set up commercials departments. The subindustry has spawned a new commercial creature, the athlete-businessman. Recently, a couple of Madison Avenue executives, during a crosstown cab ride with Rocky Graziano, were discussing a Graziano commercial over his head, as if he couldn't be expected to understand contract talk. Far from it. In the

middle of the discussion, Rocky broke in, quoting precise figures on the number of cities covered by the proposed commercial and the share of the market in each. To the amazement of the ad men, Graziano was fully able to negotiate his own commercial deal. Along with athletes, film and stage stars have come hurrying into the field. Since the film-making center for commercials is in New York, where the advertising agencies are clustered, old film stars have come east to be near this new revenue source.

Almost as lucrative as on-camera appearances are "voice-overs." Here, the performer supplies the narration, is not identified by name, and doesn't appear. Many actors have opted for this form of commercial work to avoid overexposure or any but the most disembodied connection with a commercial product, or because their trained voices are just ideally suited to the work. Many big names are busy doing voice-overs in spare hours—Orson Welles, Van Johnson, Martin Balsam, Jose Ferrer, Herschel Bernardi, Betsy Palmer, Dick Cavett, and Rosemary Murphy. Actor Michael Wager got started four years ago as a result of a flight from Washington to New York with his agent, Lester Lewis, who was busy interesting a pretty stewardess in doing television commercial work. "Why not me?" Wager demanded. Lewis pursued the idea the next day. In his first year doing voice-overs Wager made $18,000. The next year he doubled that sum, and the following year he doubled it again. Last year, Wager's earnings exceeded $100,000 from voice-overs alone—two or three recording sessions a day or five or six a week, each lasting no more than an hour or two. His voice has been compared to that of Alexander Scourby, who possesses possibly the highest paid commercial voice in the business.

Lewis has seventy-five clients exclusively in the commercials field. A number of them make more than $75,000 a year in what is, essentially, a moonlighting occupation. They make such sums off residuals or in outright guarantees against residuals, such as the $25,000 Orson Bean cleared in three days of intensive shooting for the Wallachs spots. The Screen Actors Guild 1969 rate scale specifies a payment of $136 for one camera session not to exceed eight hours. The sum covers the first use of the commercial on a Class A program shown in twenty cities. Thereafter the performer is paid for each use of the commercial on a descending scale ($83 for the second use, $63 for the third through thirteenth uses, $25 for the fourteenth through twenty-sixth uses, $22 for the twenty-seventh and all further uses) for a thirteen-week period. (Voice-overs start at $102 and are scaled down to $16.) At the end of the thirteen weeks the performer goes back to the top of the scale and repeats the process.

Agents such as Lester Lewis have whole accounting departments just to keep track of their clients' residuals. For top stars, of course, deals are overscale. In negotiating for talent on behalf of a client, Nancy Marquand, casting director for BBD&O, will start at scale and move up—to scale-and-a-half, double scale, or triple scale depending on the personality, the product, competitiveness of the product, frequency of use, and size of market. Most individual deals are overscale, and most are one-year buys. Lena Horne did her commercial for Schaefer for one year, renewed in 1969, much overscale.

An agent with top clients can afford to be a tough bargainer. "I could throw some prices at you but they wouldn't mean a damn thing," Agent X will say when the services of a choice client are being sought. "The thing for you to do is set a budget and let me know what you want to pay."

That puts it squarely up to the buyer, and the buyer feebly tries to wiggle free. Whereupon the agent comes down hard. "I know, I know! There's a budget for time, there's a budget for production. There's no budget for talent. Now, you let us know how many

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commercials you want, how many sessions will be needed, and where they will be used. You figure out what you want to pay, and then I can tell you if it's reasonable for us."

Today, the agent who controls talent availability has the upper hand. The man on the other end of the above telephone conversation called back in half an hour, and a deal was made.

In the case of sports figures there is a correlation between the popularity of the sport on television and the price the player can command for doing commercial work. Joe Namath has shaved off his beard a couple of times (making about $10,000 each time) to oblige razor blade makers, and that is one by-product of football's Sunday popularity on the home screen and Namath's popularity on the field. Golfers are reported to be the highest paid people in sports. Arnold Palmer, in addition to numerous other interlocking commercial activities, has a long-term contract with United Airlines. Jack Nicklaus has a long-term contract with Eastern. (Both players are represented by International Management, Inc., of Cleveland, Ohio, a ten-year-old firm that has helped bring about the present state of affairs in which top stars such as Palmer and Nicklaus derive most of their incomes from commercial activity.)

Until the Mets won the World Series last fall, baseball, in the commercials sense, had been in decline. The day after the Mets won, an ad appeared in *The New York Times* announcing the availability of pitcher Tom Seaver and his wife, Nancy, for product promotion. A New York Jets player, Bake Turner, who is a guitarist and rock composer of professional competence, put together a quartet with teammates Jim Turner, Don Maynard, and Matt Snell for a Score commercial.

On the basketball court the Knicks have set up shots for Vitalis. Jean-Claude Killy skis for United Airlines. O. J. Simpson has posed in full football regalia beside the Chevrolet Nova. Not a word does Simpson utter throughout the commercial. In sonorous tones the narrator checks off the similarities of car and player as the camera superimposes shots of one on the other. Wry humor runs through the athlete commercial. In the Personna razor blade spot a fierce-looking Joe Frazier boasts, "My beard is tougher than your beard." For the Wall Street brokerage firm of Edwards & Hanly, Joe Louis, notorious for letting the money slip through his fingers in his big-earning days, laments, "Where were you when I needed you?"

Specialized management firms for sports stars have multiplied. "Five or six years ago, there were only one or two people you could talk to in this town," says Nancy Marquand. "Now empires have been set up on nothing but sports figures."

An ex-actress, Miss Marquand had to learn sports from the ground up. Frank Scott, a business manager for athletes, whose office is in Manhattan's Biltmore Hotel, pays her the highest tribute. "I can't throw a name in sports she doesn't recognize. She's probably one of the most capable individuals I've ever dealt with." Scott, once traveling secretary for the Yankees, was one of the first in the management business in 1950. His clients have included Casey Stengel, Vince Lombardi, Willie Mays, Hank Aaron, Johnny Unitas. Scott says, "For the fellow who stays on top in any sport—an Arnold Palmer, a Johnny Unitas, a Joe Frazier—television can mean an additional $25,000 to $125,000 a year. For the 'quick cash-in' star—any World Series hero—it can mean anywhere from $5,000 to $25,000."

Since the earliest days of advertising, stars have endorsed products. Actresses have always delivered the Lux toilet soap testimonial. But today actors are being used in new ways. "They don't hold up the can anymore," says Wallace A. Ross, an objective observer of the output of television commercials. As head of the American TV-Radio Commercials Festival, Ross runs an annual award contest. The festival's eleventh ceremony will be held May 19 at Philharmonic Hall.

"The trend in advertising today is to give a performance, not a pitch," says Ross. "We're getting away from the purely pretty kids and using mostly character players. Many of the commercials today consist of little vignettes in which the actors—Bert Lahr for Frito-Lay, for example, or Jack Guilford for Cracker Jack—are not identified by name and make no direct product pitch. Actors are less reluctant than they used to be to make commercials. Many older actors are getting into the work toward the end of their careers and discovering a new identity and fame.

Today, the commercials often compete with the shows for entertainment value. The actress Jan Miner has been so successful playing Madge, the manicurist, in the Palmolive Liquid commercial that some television executives are talking of building a series of full-length programs around the character.

As stars go into television commercials and emerge with their stardom enhanced and magnified, as Lahr did, so unknowns go into commercials and emerge as stars. In 1949 Betty Furness was earning $150 a week demonstrating Westinghouse products on television. Within a few years she became the highest priced saleslady on TV, and other big consumer companies began to hunt for spokesmen. Pam Austin achieved fame as the Dodge girl and Sonny Griffin for Clairol, and both now find careers in entertainment opening up.

When Raquel Welch was flown in from London for Motorola she had never done a commercial. At least not on tape or film, although she had had her "live" days on television as the weather girl on the Sun-Up program for a San Diego station. But she was to do a special for Motorola in April, and the commercial was needed in advance of the show and for the show itself—a simple one-minute, one-set commercial in which Miss Welch would show off a color TV set, and herself, as an inducement to watch the forthcoming special.

It was to be done in tape partly for reasons of speed. Technologically, tape has certain advantages over film in commercials production, according to Thomas Fraser, a director with Tele-Tape Productions, who is experienced

(*Continued on page 69*)

List of credits for Raquel Welch's one-minute Motorola commercial for television, including representatives of the advertising agency, the client, and the staff of the production company, all of whom were on the set when the commercial was taped.

For Tele-Tape

Producer • Rick Potter
Director • Al De Caprio
Scenic Designer • George Corrin
Lighting Director • Charles Reinhard
Technical Director • Bob Brooks
First Cameraman • Arnie Giordano
Second Cameraman • Jerry Sarcone
Audio • Mike Shoskes
Video • Rolf Wahl
First Videotape Operator • Barry Waldman
Second Videotape Operator • Conrad Carrano
Utility • Sut Kuroda
Associate Director • Marty Rosenblatt
Stage Manager • Jack Felice
Makeup • Vincent Callaghan
Hair Stylist • Roberto Vega
Hair Dresser • Lee Victor
Wardrobe • Bea Sherman
Costume Designer • Leah Berns

"Raquel"
Clinton E. Frank

For the Client
Bob Farris

For the Agency

Producer
Don Wallace

Account Executive
Bob Fell

Account Supervisor
Chuck Allen

For Motorola

Regional Service Manager
Ken Jones

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Don't Call Him Doctor!

by WALTER B. KERR

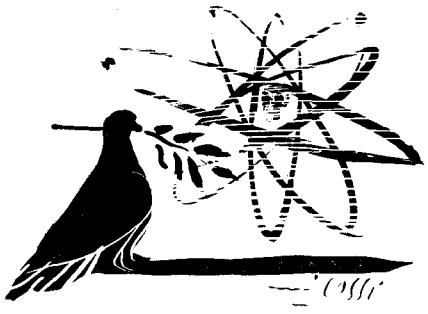
LOS ALAMOS, N.M.

There has got to be something special about communications in a town that has one of the best-educated populations in the United States—and there is. The town is Los Alamos, birthplace of the atomic bomb and home of the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, whose primary responsibility is research and development work on nuclear weapons. Los Alamos has only 16,000 inhabitants, but it also has—or had at last count—615 Ph.D.s (so many that daily use of the title "Doctor" is frowned upon), 368 men and women with the degree of Master of Science, and another 695 with Bachelor of Science degrees. To scientists and engineers such as these, communications can mean anything from little more than classified documents and top-secret discussion (during World War II) to just about everything that concerned, inquisitive people have time to read, listen to, see, and talk about (in recent years down to the present).

Let's take a look. Back in 1943, 1944, and 1945, when Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, Norris E. Bradbury, Enrico Fermi, Niels Bohr, John von Neumann, Edward Teller, Stanislaw Ulam, Hans Bethe, I. I. Rabi, John Manley, Harold Agnew, Louis Rosen, Carson Mark, and many others were developing the first atomic weapons, communications in the popular sense of the word was almost nonexistent at Los Alamos. Project Y was the most highly classified project in the country. Personal contact with relatives was not permitted. Travel more than 100 miles from the area was forbidden. Scientists went about under assumed names: Enrico Fermi was known as "Henry Farmer" and Niels Bohr as "Nicholas Baker." The word "physicist" was banned; everyone was an "engineer." No outsider knew what was going on up on "the Hill" in the Jemez Mountains. Some people said they were building a spaceship; and one rumor, which was not disbelieved by everyone, held they were making windshield wipers for submarines. All insiders, in the town that was being built as swiftly and as secretly as possible, used the same mailing address, "P.O. Box 1663, Sante Fe, New Mexico," and children born here in the war years had "P.O. Box 1663" typed on their birth certificates as "place of residence."

Then, in January 1945, six months before the first fission device was tested near Alamogordo, someone thought this new community, which in a short time had grown from a few hundred inhabitants to about 5,700, should have a radio station of its own. A soldier-civilian team put one up. It was a 1,000-kilocycle station that operated—from a garage—without the permission of the Federal Communications Commission and without call letters. The words Los Alamos could not be broadcast for security reasons, and an effort was made to prevent the signal from going beyond the area. The station wasn't much, but it was communications. Two GIs, Robert Y. Porton, who now heads the laboratory's community relations office, and George T. Fike, of Phoenix, Arizona, used to go on the air in the evening and for an hour at lunchtime; when they wanted to broadcast classical music, they had to borrow record albums from Dr. Oppenheimer and Edward Teller. Once Teller went to the station and, without being introduced or otherwise identified, read Hans Christian Andersen fairy tales to the children.

Things went along like this until August 6, 1945, when the first A-bomb was dropped. That afternoon the Santa Fe *New Mexican* ran two banner headlines: LOS ALAMOS SECRET DISCLOSED BY TRUMAN and ATOMIC BOMBS DROP ON JAPAN. (There was only one.) At the bottom of page 1 was a five-column story by William McNulty (brother of New York newspaperman John McNulty): NOW THEY CAN BE TOLD ALOUD, THOSE STORIES OF "THE HILL." The secret was out, and the security wraps began to come off. The radio station assigned to itself the call letters KRS (for community radio station), and within five months the town's first newspaper, the weekly Los Alamos *Times*, was launched.



In October 1945, with the war over, Dr. Oppenheimer left the laboratory, and the peacetime years began under his collaborator and successor, Dr. Bradbury, who is still at Los Alamos. (As director of the laboratory, which is operated by the University of California for the United States Atomic Energy Commission, Norris Bradbury is referred to as Dr. Bradbury, as Oppenheimer before him was called Dr. Oppenheimer. But he is just about the sole exception to the unwritten rule of the community that a Ph.D. at Los Alamos is a Mr., not Dr.)

Under Dr. Bradbury, everything changed. A new town and new facilities were built. The laboratory, without forgetting that its primary mission was in the field of nuclear weapons, turned to many pursuits such as research, development, and design in the fields of nuclear rocket propulsion, the peaceful uses of thermonuclear energy, reactor development, weapons safety, the behavior of matter under extremes of temperature and pressure, high-energy particle acceleration, computer programing, health research, space physics, and meson physics. As it did so, the community became more and more involved with communications, although there were growing pains as private enterprise moved in on what had been a government preserve. In July 1948, the Los Alamos *Times* was closed down. (Some say it had accepted advertising from a political opponent of the late Senator Dennis Chavez, of New Mexico, and that the Senator had blown the whistle.) In 1949, KRS signed off and was succeeded by a commercial station with an FCC license, KRSN. Still, it was hard going. There was no private industry in Los Alamos, and there were not many stores (advertisers) competing for public favor. One after another, four privately owned weeklies were started and folded. One after another, three owners sought to make a go of the radio station.

Then, in October 1956, Darrel K. Burns, who had been in broadcast sales and programing in Eugene, Oregon, bought KRSN. He still owns it, an AM-FM full-service station that operates at 1,490 kilocycles and 98.5 megacycles. And on March 3, 1963, a young newspaperman from Texas, H. Markeley McMahon, and his wife, June, started a weekly paper, the Los Alamos *Monitor*. They run it now as a semiweekly.

But there is far more than this to communications in Los Alamos. The Santa Fe *New Mexican* sells more than 2,000 papers a day in the town. The Albuquerque *Journal* and the Albuquerque *Tribune* come in with another

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1,500 papers or so. The Denver *Post* distributes more than 200 morning papers, as does *The New York Times*. This means one outside paper per day per household, and McMahon's *Monitor* sells another 3,900 papers twice a week. In addition, there is a public library that circulates more books than any public library in the state outside of Albuquerque. Technical and popular magazines come in from all over the world, and there are newsstands with a wider choice of periodicals than are found in most cities.

I asked a friend, a Los Alamos engineer, what other means of communication are available, besides what has been noted above and not counting four TV channels broadcasting from Albuquerque and a number of radio stations in Albuquerque and other areas.

"One comes to mind," he said. "In Los Alamos, we have a highly developed grapevine. Except for matters that are classified, everyone here knows everything within three days—or ought to. No, it's not the Ph.D.s; it's the supermarkets. Everyone here shops at Safeway, Foodway, Speedway, and Mesa Market, and all four are mines of hearsay information. Only the other day my wife picked up some info from a friend at the meat counter, and that evening a friend who had been at the dairy counter two aisles away called to check. She wasn't sure she had it straight."

But half-joking aside, here is a sophisticated community that takes its news seriously.

"In Los Alamos," says Darrel Burns of KRSN, "there is a tremendous interest in news and public affairs. A station has to be something to all people, but we run solid news, and the town responds. This is a town-meeting kind of community. People here care about everything."

Well, what does interest a town with 615 Ph.D.s?

"As I said," Mr. Burns explains, "everything. They are so interested in the pollution problem that they are questioning the wisdom of putting thirty tons of salt on our streets during the winter, because they realize that eventually all the salt will be washed down to the Rio Grande and pollute the river. [The Rio Grande runs its north-south course below the Los Alamos mesas.] And if they are not knowledgeable about a subject at the start, they become so."

Burns was right. The next evening I heard one of the Hill's top scientists, who had given a lot of thought to pollution, warn friends that the day could come when the entire Earth would be surrounded with an envelope of polluted air. He suggested that before we allow the problem to reach that point it would be better to ship our refuse and trash to the moon, which, he maintained, is entirely feasible.

To satisfy the interests of its listeners, KRSN devotes 32 per cent of its air time to news programs, including solid news from 7 a.m. to 8 a.m., from 12 noon until 1 p.m., and from 4:55 p.m. until 6:10 p.m. It also concentrates on community affairs and devotes twenty-one hours a week to classical music. The meetings of the Los Alamos County Commission are carried live.

McMahon's *Monitor* publishes news of a purely local character in a community that is strong on local theater, music, civic affairs, education, politics, and sports.

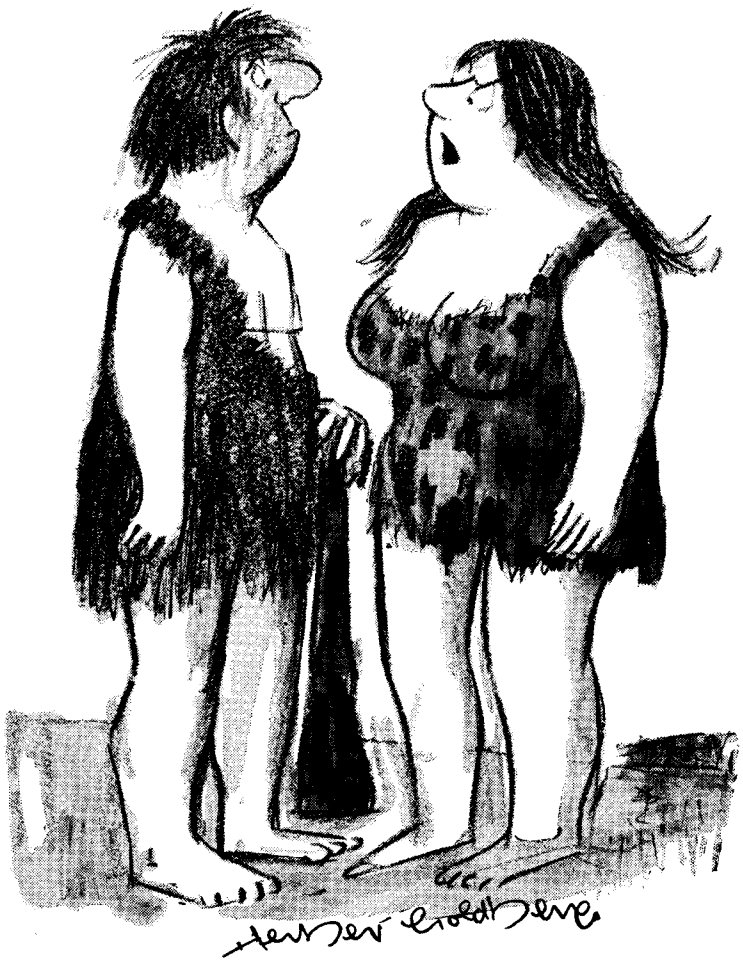
"We started this paper," he says, "with a lot of nerve, little sense, and a lot of youth. With some help from two geologists in Midland, Texas, we had $5,500 to start with. We printed in Albuquerque in the beginning and set up our two IBM executive typewriters, our Varityper headline machine and paste-up table in space we rented above a jewelry store."

In March 1965, after they had been in business for two years, the McMahons rented space in a one-story building and bought a press of their own. And in February 1968, they put in IBM recorders, a photocomposing unit, and a strike-on machine. By then, their original circulation of 1,500 home-delivered subscriptions had increased to more than 3,500 and was still climbing.

Darrel Burns at KRSN also started out in rented space, but by 1966, under pressure to move, he put up his own building on the outskirts of town and erected a new tower, having given away the old one to New Mexico State University in Las Cruces.

"The contractor was astonished," he says. "We began broadcasting before the windows and the doors were in. In this business, you have to. You work all the time."

And that is the way things are in a sophisticated community like Los Alamos. The 615 Ph.D.s and their friends, families, and associates want to know what's going on, and they do. But don't call them Dr. Up here on the Hill, it's Mr.



"Now that we've learned to talk, try to speak the same language."

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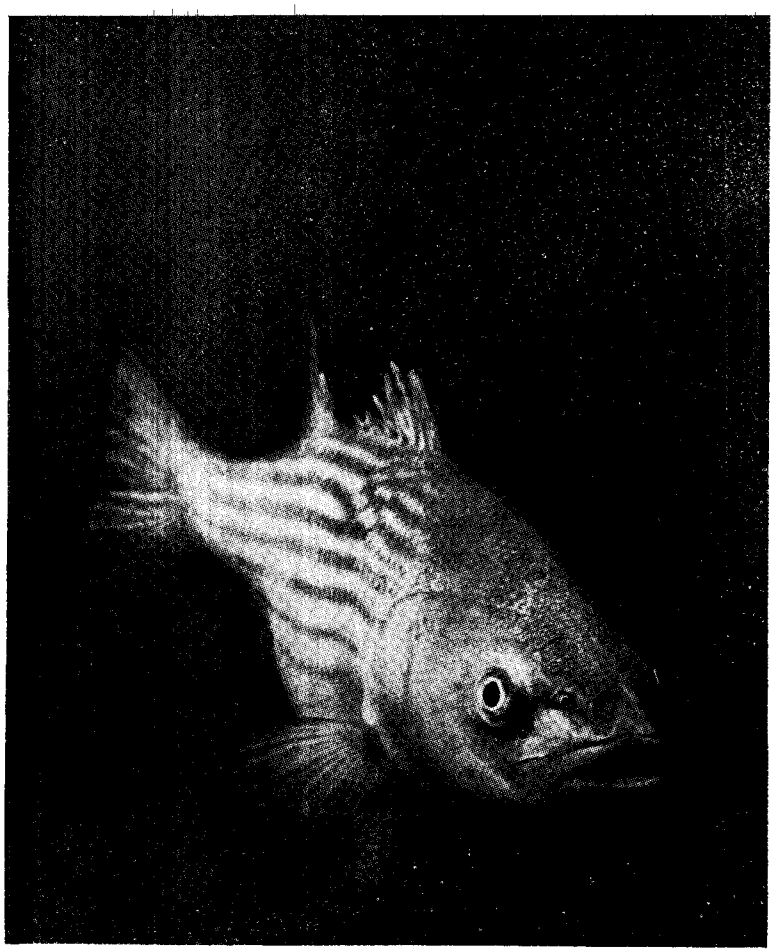

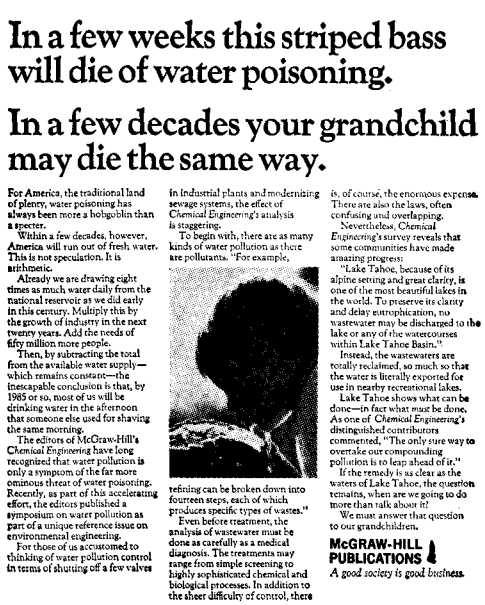
In a few weeks this striped bass will die of water poisoning.
In a few decades your grandchild may die the same way.
For America, the traditional land of plenty, water poisoning has always been more a hobgoblin than a specter.
Within a few decades, however, America will run out of fresh water. This is not speculation. It is arithmetic.
Already we are drawing eight times as much water daily from the national reservoir as we did early in this century. Multiply this by the growth of industry in the next twenty years. Add the needs of fifty million more people.
Then, by subtracting the total from the available water supply—which remains constant—the inescapable conclusion is that, by 1985 or so, most of us will be drinking water in the afternoon that someone else used for shaving the same morning.
The editors of McGraw-Hill's Chemical Engineering have long recognized that water pollution is only a symptom of the far more ominous threat of water poisoning. Recently, as part of this accelerating effort, the editors published a symposium on water pollution as part of a unique reference issue on environmental engineering.
For those of us accustomed to thinking of water pollution control in terms of shutting off a few valves in industrial plants and modernizing sewage systems, the effect of Chemical Engineering's analysis is staggering.
To begin with, there are as many kinds of water pollution as there are pollutants. "For example,
refining can be broken down into fourteen steps, each of which produces specific types of wastes."
Even before treatment, the analysis of wastewater must be done as carefully as a medical diagnosis. The treatments may range from simple screening to highly sophisticated chemical and biological processes. In addition to the sheer difficulty of control, there is, of course, the enormous expense. There are also the laws, often confusing and overlapping.
Nevertheless, Chemical Engineering's survey reveals that some communities have made amazing progress:
"Lake Tahoe, because of its alpine setting and great clarity, is one of the most beautiful lakes in the world. To preserve its clarity and delay eutrophication, no wastewater may be discharged to the lake or any of the watercourses within Lake Tahoe Basin."
Instead, the wastewaters are totally reclaimed, so much so that the water is literally exported for use in nearby recreational lakes.
Lake Tahoe shows what can be done—in fact what must be done. As one of Chemical Engineering's distinguished contributors commented, "The only sure way to overtake our compounding pollution is to leap ahead of it."
If the remedy is as clear as the waters of Lake Tahoe, the question remains, when are we going to do more than talk about it?
We must answer that question to our grandchildren.
McGRAW-HILL PUBLICATIONS
A good society is good business.

Top Ad of the Year: McGraw-Hill's outstanding entry appeared originally in color. Voting was virtually unanimous.

SR's EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL ADVERTISING AWARDS

A Second Wind for Institutional Advertising

The goals of corporate advertising in the public interest were succinctly outlined not long ago by the Magazine Publishers Association in an industry-wide brochure entitled "Communicating the Total Corporate Personality." Said the MPA: "Corporate advertising, like all advertising, has something to sell. It sells a company's total character and capabilities to consumers, distributors, present and prospective employees, stockholders, suppliers, leaders in business and finance, government officials, the press, and all other 'publics' essential to public growth. Although corporate advertising does not have as its primary objective the direct sale of specific products to the consumer, it certainly does create and maintain a favorable selling climate among customers and prospects. It skillfully cultivates the image of quality products at a fair price."

SR's eighteenth annual competition

1970 Awards Committee

S. R. Bernstein, *Publisher, Advertising Age*
David Botsford, Jr., *Chairman, Botsford Ketchum Inc.*
Fairfax M. Cone, *Director, Foote, Cone & Belding*
Tom Dillon, *President, Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Arthur Duram, *President, Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc.*
Earl English, *Dean, School of Journalism, University of Missouri*
John R. Everett, *President, New School for Social Research*
C. A. Foster, Jr., *Vice President, Shell Oil Company*
Kermit O. Hanson, *Dean, Graduate School of Business Administration, University of Washington*
Louis Harris, *President, Louis Harris & Associates, Inc.*
James L. Isham, *President, Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Robert P. Keim, *President, The Advertising Council, Inc.*
Leo-Arthur Kelmenson, *President, Kenyon & Eckhardt Advertising, Inc.*
O. W. Riegel, *Professor and Director Emeritus, Lee Memorial Journalism Foundation, Washington and Lee University*
Elmo Roper, *Senior Consultant, Roper Research Associates Incorporated*
Alfred L. Seelye, *formerly Dean of Michigan State University*
Alvin von Auw, *Vice President, American Telephone and Telegraph Company*
Walter Weir, *Madison Avenue columnist for SR*
Willis J. Winn, *Dean, Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania*

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for distinguished advertising in the public interest drew hundreds of excellent entries fulfilling the very letter of this definition of corporate advertising. Insofar as a corporation communicates a feeling of company responsibility, good neighborliness, and an awareness of public service, the sort of campaigns submitted in *SR*'s 1970 competition must pay off not only in community relationships where the company operates but among its citizen-customers. Although corporate advertising was not born until the early years of the twentieth century (AT&T was the trail blazer), its place in the American merchandising picture is by now every bit as much a part of the publishing environment as the product advertising or editorial contents of a publication. No one perusing the vast entry list this year will fail to realize this.

Fairfax M. Cone, advertising's most respected scold, writes in his new book *With All Its Faults*: "One may hope, and I do, that institutional advertising is just now getting its second wind, after the hiatus that followed the return to product selling in the aftermath of World War II. Except for their contribution to the Advertising Council, most advertisers took a hard-nosed look at anything not directly connected with product selling. When the *Saturday Review* began to make its award in 1953, there was barely enough such advertising to fit a single category. Now that institutional advertising is established as good public relations, I expect it to be used increasingly as an extension of private relations—which, after all, is where public relations began. The only danger that I foresee is overenthusiasm. This is something that my successors should watch out for."

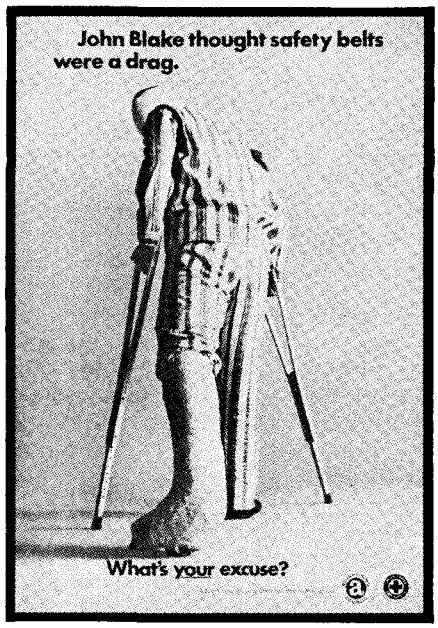
Public service-public relations advertising performs another service: By promoting the general welfare in the public interest, it helps support and preserve the American capitalistic system by turning over some of its income to the solving of problems out-

Eighteenth Annual SR Awards: Following in alphabetical order are the names of the forty campaigns that won *Saturday Review*'s Eighteenth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning advertisements.

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*The Griswold Eshleman Company*
Allstate Insurance Companies	*Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
American Institute of Architects	*Doremus & Company*
American Telephone and Telegraph Company	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
The Anaconda Company	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Bethlehem Steel Corporation	*Van Brunt & Company, Inc.*
Carson/Roberts/Inc.	*Carson/Roberts/Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Company	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
The Chase Manhattan Bank	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
The Continental Insurance Companies	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
Eaton Yale & Towne, Inc.	*Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc.*
The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States	*Foote, Cone & Belding*
FMC Corporation	*Botsford Ketchum Inc.*
General Electric	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Hammermill Paper Company	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
IBM	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Institute of Life Insurance	*J. Walter Thompson Company*
Insurance Company of North America	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
Georg Jensen, Inc.	*Gilbert Advertising Agency, Inc.*
Eli Lilly	*Geer DuBois & Co., Inc.*
MacManus, John & Adams Inc.	*MacManus, John & Adams Inc.*
McGraw-Hill Publications	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Company	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Olin Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Polaroid Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Puget Sound Power & Light Company	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
Republic Steel Corporation	*Meldrum & Fewsmith, Inc.*
Reynolds Aluminum	*Clinton E. Frank, Inc.*
St. Regis Paper Company	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Seagram Distillers Company	*Warwick & Legler, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)	*LaRoche, McCaffrey & McCall, Inc.*
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Trans Union Corporation	*Earle Ludgin & Company*

Special Mention

The Advertising Council	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
Blue Shield	*Earle Ludgin & Company*



These were the top ads in the Special Mention category, products of Advertising Council and Blue Shield.

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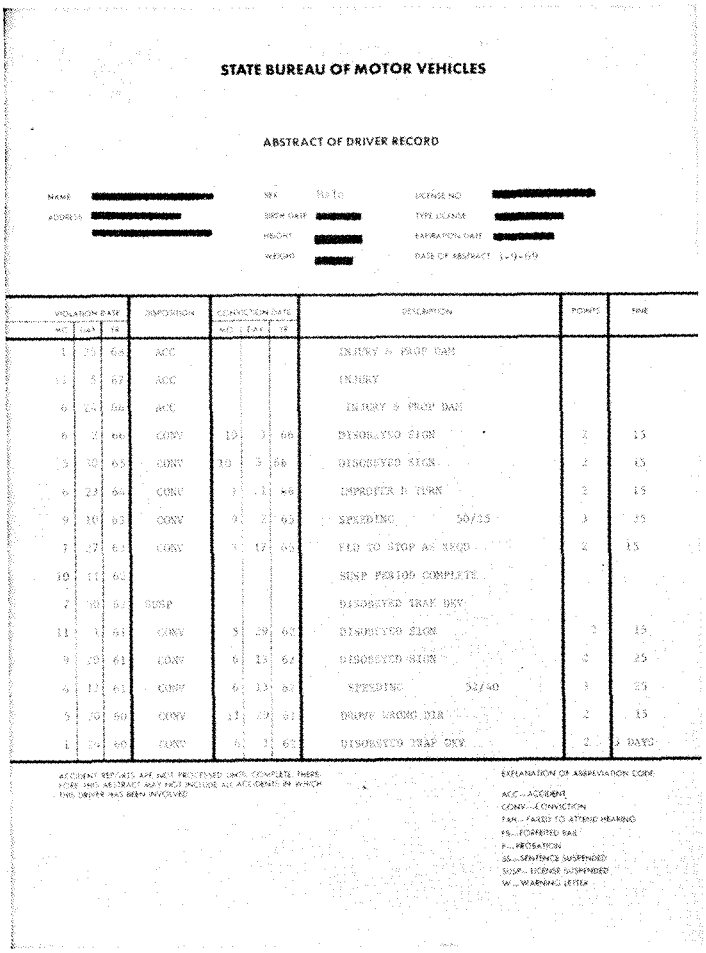


STATE BUREAU OF MOTOR VEHICLES

ABSTRACT OF DRIVER RECORD

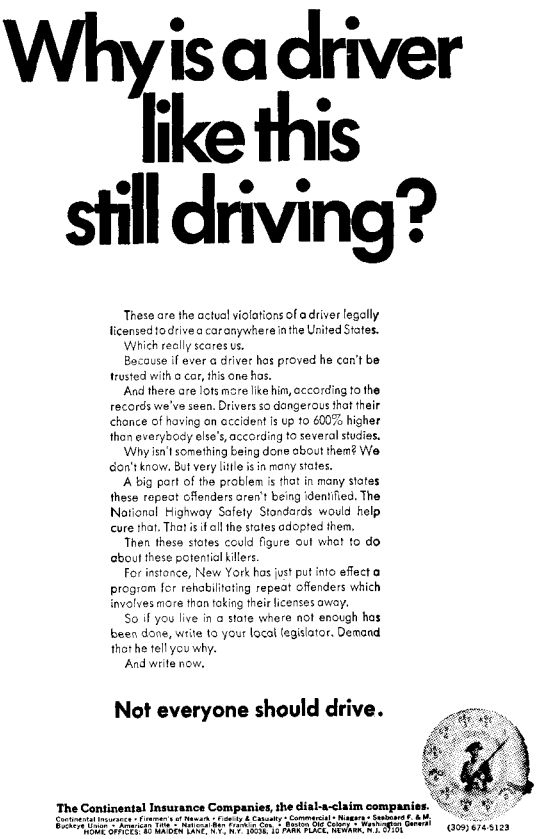
NAME [redacted] SEX [redacted] LICENSE NO [redacted]
ADDRESS [redacted] BIRTH DATE [redacted] TYPE LICENSE [redacted]
HEIGHT [redacted] EXPIRATION DATE [redacted]
WEIGHT [redacted] DATE OF ABSTRACT 3-9-69

VIOLATION DATE MO	DAY	YR	DISPOSITION	CONVICTION DATE MO	DAY	YR	DESCRIPTION	POINTS	FINE
1	20	66	ACC				INJURY & PROP DAM		
11	5	67	ACC				INJURY		
6	24	66	ACC				INJURY & PROP DAM		
6	7	66	CONV	10	3	66	DISOBEYED SIGN	2	15
5	30	65	CONV	10	5	66	DISOBEYED SIGN	2	15
6	23	66	CONV	7	11	66	IMPROPER U TURN	2	15
9	30	63	CONV	9	2	63	SPEEDING 50/35	3	25
7	27	63	CONV	9	12	63	FAIL TO STOP AS REQD	2	15
10	11	62					SUSP POINTS COMPLETE		
2	10	61	SUSP				DISOBEYED TRAF DEV		
11	1	61	CONV	5	29	62	DISOBEYED SIGN	2	15
9	20	61	CONV	6	15	62	DISOBEYED SIGN	2	25
6	12	61	CONV	6	15	62	SPEEDING 52/40	3	25
5	10	60	CONV	11	22	61	DRIVE WRONG DIR	2	15
1	24	60	CONV	6	1	61	DISOBEYED TRAF DEV	2	5 DAYS

ACCIDENT REPORTS ARE NOT PROCESSED UNTIL COMPLETE. THERE MAY, THEN, BE ABSTRACT ITEMS NOT INCLUDE ALL ACCIDENTS IN WHICH THIS DRIVER HAS BEEN INVOLVED

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATION CODE

ACC—ACCIDENT
CONV—CONVICTION
FAH—FAILED TO ATTEND HEARING
FB—FORFEITED BAIL
P—PROBATION
SS—SENTENCE SUSPENDED
SUSP—LICENSE SUSPENDED
W—WARNING LETTER



Why is a driver like this still driving?

These are the actual violations of a driver legally licensed to drive a car anywhere in the United States.

Which really scares us.

Because if ever a driver has proved he can't be trusted with a car, this one has.

And there are lots more like him, according to the records we've seen. Drivers so dangerous that their chance of having an accident is up to 600% higher than everybody else's, according to several studies.

Why isn't something being done about them? We don't know. But very little is in many states.

A big part of the problem is that in many states these repeat offenders aren't being identified. The National Highway Safety Standards would help cure that. That is if all the states adopted them.

Then these states could figure out what to do about these potential killers.

For instance, New York has just put into effect a program for rehabilitating repeat offenders which involves more than taking their licenses away.

So if you live in a state where not enough has been done, write to your local legislator. Demand that he tell you why.

And write now.

Not everyone should drive.

The Continental Insurance Companies, the dial-a-claim companies.

Continental Insurance • Firemen's of Newark • Fidelity & Casualty • Commercial • Niagara • Seaboard F. & M. Buckeye Union • American Title • National Ben Franklin Ins. • Boston Old Colony • Washington General HOME OFFICES: 80 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y., N.Y. 10038; 10 PARK PLACE, NEWARK, N.J. 07101

(309) 674-5123

One of the highest votes ever accorded an entry won the Public Service award this year. Continental Insurance Companies make their point well.

side its corporate sphere. However, not all advertising or industrial people go as far along this line of thinking as does Edward J. Gelsthorpe, president of Hunt-Wesson Foods, who told the Public Relations Society of America in Washington earlier this year that in a capitalistic society profits have to be diverted to aid that society, or the system is in real trouble: "All of us are proud of our past achievements. But we must reappraise what we are doing in order to decide how we are to behave in the future. . . . Much is to be said for letting private industry, with its marketing skills, initiate [public service] projects. But this can only be done if industry is willing to divert some of its profits to some of these services. Unless some of the profits are put to better use, the system itself will be in jeopardy."

By an almost unanimous vote of the judges, the best ad in this year's competition for distinguished advertising in the public interest goes to McGraw-Hill Publications, whose agency, Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, went for its copy to the environmental area so much in the news and consciousness of the American public these days. The ad essentially promoted the interest of McGraw-Hill's industrial magazine *Chemical Engineering*; its appearance in *Business Week*, as well as in the trade press, gave it tremendous circulation among publication and advertising people. There's a beautiful striped bass on the left-hand page; the headlines on the right-hand page hook the reader: "In a few weeks this striped bass will die of water poisoning. In a few decades your grandchild may die the same way." Incidentally, this ad received high marks from judges in both the Public Relations and Public Service categories as well as Corporate. Its overall popularity outdistanced en-

Public Service Campaigns: In the balloting for the overall awards for public interest advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the public service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, Public Relations and Corporate.

Company	Agency
Addressograph Multigraph Corporation	*The Griswold Eshleman Company*
Allstate Insurance Companies	*Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
American Institute of Architects	*Doremus & Company*
Carson/Roberts/Inc.	*Carson/Roberts/Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Company	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
The Continental Insurance Companies	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Hammermill Paper Company	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
MacManus, John & Adams Inc.	*MacManus, John & Adams Inc.*
McGraw-Hill Publications	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Co.	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*

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Corporate Campaigns: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
The Anaconda Company	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc.	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States	*Foote, Cone & Belding*
General Electric	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
IBM	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
International Paper Company	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
Eli Lilly	*Geer DuBois & Co., Inc.*
Polaroid Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Trans Union Corporation	*Earle Ludgin & Company*

tries from such strong competitors as IBM, Olin, Polaroid, Continental Insurance, Allstate Insurance, and General Electric.

In the Public Service category, the Continental Insurance Companies' ad defeated the keenest competition. The ad's headline reads: "Why is a driver like this still driving?" On the left-hand page is a state bureau of motor vehicles' abstract of one driver's record in which there are fifteen items that apparently did nothing to keep a constant violator and accident-prone potential killer off the highways. At the bottom of the right-hand page, Continental makes its point well: "Not everyone should drive."

IBM, as always, came up with a powerful entry in the Corporate category; its two-page color explanation of a new typewriter for the blind tells how IBM solved the tremendous engineering problems involved in adapting Braille keys to an IBM electric typewriter (see black and white illustration).

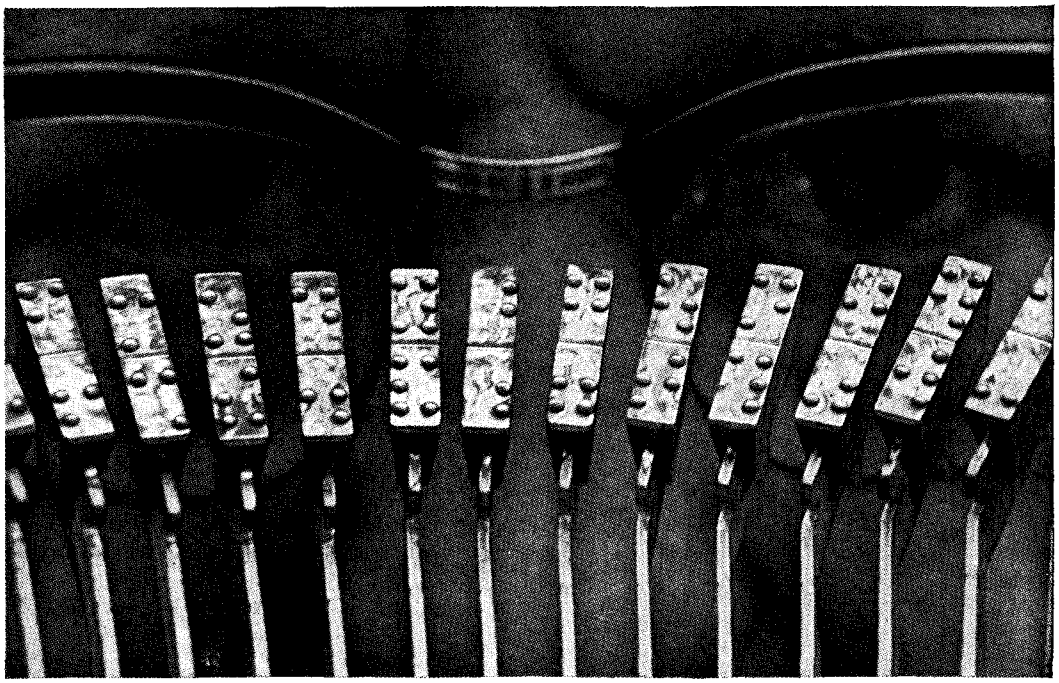
For public relations per se, Olin came through with a distinguished winner, as it has so many times before, in *SR*'s advertising competition. On the left-hand page of a simple doubletruck ad in black and white is the massive head of Karl Marx. The headline on the right-hand page reads: "If Africa, Asia, and South America go communist, don't blame him." Olin's ad concludes with this undeniable truth: "The deeds of industry may well be as important as the gospel of democracy."

Special mention awards went, as before, to the Advertising Council and to a thought-provoking new campaign by Blue Shield about drug abuse. The former's campaign involved car safety belts, each ad ending with "What's *your* excuse?" One of the effective Blue Shield series showed a sinister character behind a tree, over the statement: "If you don't talk to your kid about drugs, this man will."

SR's advertising awards have always drawn exceptional entries, and this year's were the equal of any. Many of the ads submitted in the 1970 competition made it crystal-clear that advertisers and copyreaders alike are persuaded that corporate advertising can be effective not only for the sale of products and the good name of the company but as a means of gaining favorable attention from public officials and lawmakers at all levels of government—local, state, and national. Corporate advertising can significantly influence legislation affecting such issues as taxes, depletion and depreciation allowances, and anti-trust considerations, in addition to communicating

Corporate Winner: The original IBM ad was in color, dramatizing Braille typewriter slugs that will open a new world for the blind.

Marsden Emig's inventiveness widened communication between the seeing and the blind.



Close-up of the Braille keys adapted to an IBM electric typewriter.

Keys that open a new world between the seeing and the blind.

How could people who don't know Braille write to the blind? The problem baffled engineer Marsden Emig for three years. His story tells how people often benefit when IBM meets a challenge.

"It didn't make sense to me," says Marsden Emig, an IBM engineer, "that a person had to know Braille in order to write to a blind person.

"The answer, I felt, was to adapt a standard electric typewriter so that anyone who could type, could type Braille. In this way, the advantages of Braille would be available to many more people.

"To print Braille, the type has to strike the back of the paper, and raise dots on the front. This is almost completely 'backwards' for a typewriter. But the idea fascinated me.

"In 1964, I decided to do something about it. I worked at home, in my spare time. After three years of plugging away at the problem, I finally developed the right Braille typewriter slugs and the necessary typewriter modifications.

"In 1967, I was able to type a letter to Fred Gissoni, a blind friend who was a consultant. The day after I wrote to Fred, I took the prototype to the office and proposed that my company manufacture the machine. Less than a year later, the first commercial IBM Braille typewriters were in use.

"Why put so much spare time into a Braille typewriter? Because a real need existed. An important need. And I was pretty certain that if I could figure out a practical way to do the job, IBM would work out a way to turn it into a reality. Today, the Braille typewriter exists."

IBM

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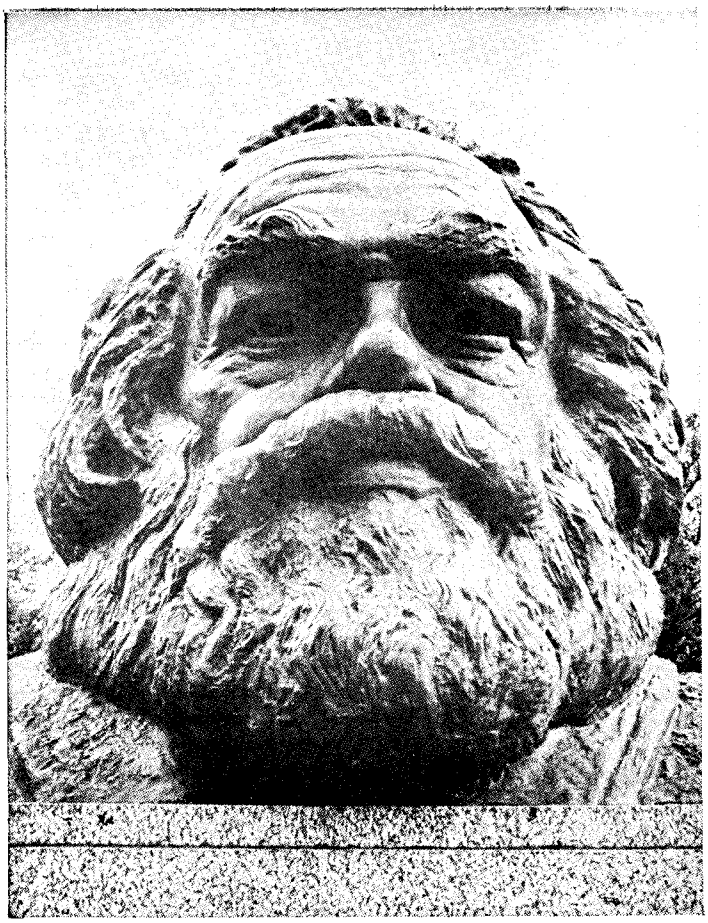

If Africa, Asia and South America go communist, don't blame him.

Karl Marx is not responsible for famines in Asia or epidemics in Africa. It's not his fault that the average South American earns 75c a day.

All he did was predict the consequences.

That a population living in misery will turn to communism as a way out. Unless something is done to alleviate these conditions.

But the countries themselves don't have the economic resources to make these changes. The U. N. doesn't. Even the United States doesn't.

They need the help of world industry. Particularly U.S. industry.

Industry is in an ideal position to do this. It can deal directly with the people of a country. It can change their lives in a way no government can.

A small case in point: in 1958, Olinkraft, a subsidiary of Olin, bought a paper mill in Igaras, a small town in the remote interior of Brazil.

Igaras was the kind of town on which communism thrives—a declining mill, no doctors, shoeless children, men working an 84-hour week, etc.

It wasn't hard to increase the production of the mill eightfold, to lower hours and raise wages, to reforest the woodlands—but that wasn't enough.

We hired a doctor, nurses, teachers; expanded the school; built a dispensary, a clubhouse; provided free medical and dental care (and medicines at cost to non-employees); financed housing loans and helped set up a cooperative store.

And then the people joined in. They rebuilt their own homes, paid for their own teachers, built and operated their own store and, in effect, revitalized the whole town.

But the people weren't the only ones to benefit. Olinkraft did well enough from the mill to start an extensive expansion program.

Igaras, of course, is only one town. But Olin is only one company. Imagine this kind of success multiplied by tens of thousands of companies and towns all over Africa, Asia and South America.

The deeds of industry may well be as important as the gospel of democracy. **Olin**

Olin's ad, winner in the Public Relations category, features, of all people, Karl Marx, shown above.

a sense of corporate responsibility to the whole community.

Not all advertising men, however, are as convinced of these premises as were those represented in this year's *SR* advertising award competition. There is still far too much downgrading of the other fellow's product and precious little leadership among numerous copywriters, agencies, and clients. Fairfax Cone is quite pessimistic when he turns to product advertising, but he still hopes that this side of Madison Avenue will learn important lessons from the ever increasing flood of corporate advertising in the public interest. Says Mr. Cone: "Advertising always follows, it never leads. Nevertheless, it should be used in the best traditions of our society and not the very questionable postures that evolve from time to time. One of the worst offenses of advertising in this area of bad manners is the denigration of competitive products through the use of odious comparisons, sometimes joking, sometimes deadly serious. I am perfectly aware that deprecation is the basis of both nightclub humor and many a salesperson's ploy. But this doesn't alter my view that advertising should never stoop to conquer. To see that it doesn't is a charge I would make to my successors."

—RICHARD L. TOBIN.

Public Relations: An alphabetical list of the winners:

Company	Agency
Carson/Roberts/Inc.	*Carson/Roberts/Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Company	*N. W. Ayer and Son, Inc.*
The Chase Manhattan Bank	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
McGraw-Hill Publications	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Olin Corporation	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
Seagram Distillers Company	*Warwick & Legler, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)	*LaRoche, McCaffrey & McCall, Inc.*

EIGHTEEN-YEAR HONOR ROLL

Top award-winning campaigns during the past eighteen years:

YEAR	COMPANY	AGENCY
1953	**John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.**	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
1954	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1955	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1956	**Caterpillar Tractor Co.**	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
1957	**Weyerhaeuser Co.**	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1958	**E. R. Squibb & Sons**	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
1959	**Weyerhaeuser Co.**	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1960	**Container Corporation of America**	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
1961	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
1962	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	Weyerhaeuser Co.	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
1963	**New York Life Insurance Co.**	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
1964	**Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.**	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
1965	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
1966	**International Paper Co.**	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
	Shell Oil Co. (Public Service)	*Ogilvy & Mather, Inc.*
1967	**Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.**	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
1968	**ITT**	*Needham, Harper & Steers, Inc.*
	Mobil Oil Corp.	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
	Olin Mathieson Chemical Corp.	*Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc.*
1969	**Shell Oil Co.**	*Kenyon & Eckhardt,*
1970	**McGraw-Hill Publications**	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*

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A Good Season for the Literate

Any observant reader who reflects upon the first independent *SR* Television Awards/1970 (see next page) will notice that *The Battle of East St. Louis*, one of the three citations in the Single Program category, is the only fully authentic network house-produced program on the list of eleven winners. It was produced by staff members of CBS News. The only other network citations—*Arthur Rubinstein*, an NBC winner in the Single Program category, and *J. T.*, one of three citations in the Children's Program category—are marked by certain features that distinguish them from programs from conventional network sources.

The Rubinstein show, a memorable autobiographical film portrait of the eighty-three-year-old pianist, was derived from an original French television film shown at the Cannes Film Festival. An NBC producer shortened the film, modified its structure, and added new material. *J. T.*, the Christmas season program that premiered CBS's new "Children's Hour," was virtually a happy accident—the collaboration of a young lady who writes children's stories (she had never written for television before) and a free-lance film director with a vivid documentary style.

All eight remaining citations for excellence are awarded to non-network program sources. National Educational Television (NET) presented five of these programs, representing a healthy diversity of domestic and foreign origination. *The Forsyte Saga* (only winner in the Regular Series category) was produced by BBC Television. *Sesame Street*, in the Children's category, is produced by the Children's Television Workshop. *Misterogers' Neighborhood* comes from a special unit at WQED-TV, the Pittsburgh public TV.

Trial—The City and County of Denver vs. Lauren R. Watson was produced by a team of independent filmmakers, Sanders/Fresco. *Hospital* is the work of the controversial documentarian Frederick Wiseman. In the Local Programs category, *The Negro in Indianapolis* is the work of the WFBM Stations (Time-Life Broadcast Group); *The Other Americans* is a film of Krainin/Sage Productions, Inc., produced for the Group W, Westinghouse Broadcasting Company, stations by WJZ-TV in Baltimore. *The David Frost Show*, winner of a special citation, is also a Group W product. In sum, the major networks, which customarily run away with the cream of the honors in the annual ritual of television awards, are here presented with a very poor showing.

Do the results merely reflect the prejudices of the judges—an "Eastern liberal Establishment" group—or do the choices indicate the realities of essentially noninnovative commercial network programing as opposed to the increasing competitiveness displayed by some groups, independents, and public broadcasting program suppliers? It's a question of some delicacy, and our readers are entitled to know the facts. It is true that the judges were all Easterners: Lawrence Laurent, TV-radio editor, *The Washington Post;* Richard K. Doan, of the New York bureau of *TV Guide;* John F. White, president, The Cooper Union Institute, New York; Richard L. Tobin, *SR*'s associate publisher and communications editor; and myself. The geography of the group, however, was a matter of convenience. This was no mail poll or telephone count; the group met face to face for a full day's discussion at Reeves Sound Studios in New York.

Richard Christian, our host, provided a comfortable viewing room, technicians, and film and videotape screening facilities. Balancing the cosmopolitan character of the judges were several leavening features. Larry Laurent has written long and expertly about TV-radio, from his Washington, D.C., perch, for the general public. Dick Doan's publication, *TV Guide*, has the largest heterogeneous circulation of all TV magazines; he is close to the popular taste, and he formerly was TV-radio editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Jack White, an educator, was for the last ten years president of NET. Dick Tobin was once a newspaper man as well as a network newscaster and executive.

Whatever their biases may be, these are knowledgeable men whose business it is to watch television sharply and critically, to know not only what is on the small screen but also the forces behind it. It was not always thus in former *SR*/TV-radio awards, and that is why this year's winners are captioned "The first independent SR/TV awards." Formerly, the broadcast awards were appended to *SR*'s Advertising Awards, and they were judged by the same group that made the citations for excellence in print ads. This was a general group of judges; many were not as familiar with television as they were with print. Nominations were offered by producers, screened by *SR*, and the best submitted to the judges, who voted by mail. They were often handicapped in that they had not seen all the programs that had been nominated.

This year our judges had already seen most of the network programs submitted. They viewed many samples of unfamiliar programing (local and network) and shared their opinions openly. Dick Tobin and I screened out, in advance, many entries that we considered lacking in qualifications for final judgment. Sins of omission are exclusively ours. On the other hand, all the judges suggested programs for consideration that had not been nominated. *The Trial* (NET) had not been publicly screened, but Laurent had seen two of the four shows; I had read the scripts of two; and, fortunately, the Reeves people were working on the first three shows and had them on hand.

The six categories were the only guidelines given the judges. The 1969-70 season was the time span judged, and even that requirement was treated loosely—qualifying *The Other Americans*, though it had been shown before September 1969.

The judges were asked to range as widely and informally as they wished. Balancing of prizes—to give everyone a piece of the awards—was ruled out; quality was the only consideration. Consensus was reached quickly in all cases but one, *The Other Americans*, in which a majority felt that the esthetic and socially useful qualities outweighed one judge's feeling that the program was disorganized and often incoherent.

Radio awards were dropped this year since too few outstanding entries were received. Neither did any crime show or series (there were many entries) stand out above the rest. As the judges saw it, 1969-70 was a good season for children's programs, for literate entertainment, for education in the worlds of courts and hospitals, for valuable insights in race relations, for musical autobiography, and the art of the popular interview. See you next season.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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SR Television Awards / 1970

REGULAR SERIES

BBC Television

The Forsyte Saga **NET**

For bringing back to the small screen a sizable proportion of literate refugees from television with urbane, high-quality dramatizations of the Galsworthy classic. Not since the BBC's *Age of Kings* have American viewers been charmed by so sustained a level of excellence in production and performance, demonstrating that the lowly art of the soap opera can be elevated to new heights in international communications.

LIMITED SERIES

Trial—The City and County of Denver vs. Lauren R. Watson **NET**

For contributing valuable evidence to the important controversy involving the issue of free press vs. fair trial. Do television cameras in a courtroom, during a criminal trial, violate a defendant's constitutional rights to due process? This four-program series (ninety minutes each), presented on four consecutive nights by NET, marks the first attempt to record faithfully, in its entirety, the American trial process. A Fresco/Sanders production, produced with the complete collaboration of the courts in Colorado (one of only two states that permit cameras in court), this absorbing series tests the controversial question in the trial of a Black Panther leader in Denver, who was charged with resisting arrest, on the morning after the 1968 election of President Richard M. Nixon. This was not quite a "notorious" case comparable to the Billy Sol Estes trial in Texas (1963), which was televised, yet it wasn't exactly a "run-of-the-mill" trial. The producers resisted the temptation to melodrama where the potential existed and demonstrated commendable restraint in a search for truth.

SINGLE PROGRAMS

Arthur Rubinstein **NBC**

For a revealing, rewarding, and touching self-portrait of the world-renowned pianist in his memory-stocked eighty-third year. This ninety-minute special, beautifully filmed in color, sponsored by Borg-Warner Corporation, not only exposed multitudes for the first time to the artist at his instrument, rehearsing, in concert and at home, in many world capitals, but also privileged them to share, via his personal narration, intimate and professional reminiscences and evaluations of composers, colleagues, and family. Using footage originally filmed by French producer Bernard Chevry and cinematographer François Reichenbach, NBC producer George A. Vicas fashioned an American version that retained a high degree of the artist's talent, wit, and great humanity.

Hospital **NET**

For a grim but necessary look at the institution of the big-city hospital. This ninety-minute film, produced, directed, and edited by Frederick Wiseman and photographed by William Brayne, is another in the series of remarkably uncomprising, penetrating critiques of modern institutions by the man who created *Titicut Follies*, *Law and Order*, and *High School*. Without any narration, but with an eloquent viewpoint, Wiseman documents the struggles of the staff of a Manhattan hospital near Harlem to deal medically with the social failures of the community around it. Strong stuff—no doubt too strong for many delicate television palates. The professionals and the patients are captured in compelling vignettes, marked by the integrity and compassion of the film-maker.

The Battle of East St. Louis **CBS NEWS**

For a highly effective and socially useful application of the T-group, sensitivity training, encounter group principle to an explosive racial situation in East St. Louis, Illinois. A production team headed by Perry Wolff, writer-producer Peter Davis, and CBS correspondent Hughes Rudd persuaded black and white antagonists (eighteen angry citizens, including white policemen and black militants) to participate in a three-day face-down involving group therapy, town-meeting and parlor-game techniques. Blanketing the interpersonal dynamics with before-and-after evidence, the documentary exhibited a superior degree of public affairs professionalism, illustrated the proposition that even somber documentaries can have moments of relevant and revealing humor, and highlighted the appealing earthy, candid style of Hughes Rudd, reminding one of the inimitable Elmer Davis.

LOCAL PROGRAMS

WBFM Stations,

The Negro in Indianapolis **Indianapolis, Indiana**

For a four-part series presented in prime evening time, based upon three-hour in-depth interviews with 1,000 Indianapolis Negroes on every level of the socio-economic scale and at all levels of militancy. Departing from the conventional techniques of intuitive impressionism and event-reporting, these Time-Life (NBC) affiliates chose the more careful and expensive method of gathering empirical data for their study of the blacks in Indianapolis. A Cedar Rapids research firm did the survey, and the WBFM producers presented the results, with visuals and film, in four subject areas—General Profile, Schools, Neighborhood, and Jobs. Though the programs were modest in production values, the information was revealing and often surprising, contradicting widely held negative stereotypes.

WJZ-TV,
Westinghouse Broadcasting Company,

The Other Americans **Baltimore, Maryland**

For providing an excellent example of the esthetic approach to the making of a social documentary. This fifty-two-minute film (black and white and color), a work of Krainin/Sage Productions, Inc., New York, made an impressive statement about the medical implications of poverty in the United States. Pregnant mothers in poverty areas often produce premature children whose environment leads to long-range mental defects—this was the film's central message, set in a context of affective and expressive photography in American Indian settlements, coal-mining towns, rural areas, and city ghettos. Encompassing autobiographical testimony by Eartha Kitt and Gordon Parks and forthright treatment of the nation's historical encounters with depressed minorities (whites included), this extraordinarily evocative film chose the road of visual beauty to the destination of social indictment.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

J.T. (Children's Hour) **CBS**

For breaking the mindless barrier in children's programing. This brilliantly directed film of Robert Young turned a better than adverage children's tale by Jane Wagner, new to television, into a swiftly paced, socially relevant, unusually moving Christmas entertainment that appealed not only to children but to adults. Possibly the most widely popular single program of the 1969-70 season, *J. T.* suggested that network television could, if it wished, encourage and sustain the production of children's programs that reflect intelligence, taste, and social sensitivity instead of Saturday morning cartoon eruptions of Freudian pandemonium.

Children's Television Workshop

Sesame Street **NET**

For the successful illustration of the principle that a major allocation of financial resources, educational research, and

(*Continued on page* 69)

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The Stories the Newspapers Do Cover

by JOHN TEBBEL

Last month I attempted to cast some light on the real, as opposed to imaginary, failures of the press to cover the news within the context of differing opinions prevailing today as to what news is. With that in mind, it may be instructive to take a look at some specific newspapers and see what it is they are printing these days, since there are almost as many conflicting opinions on this subject as there are on the nature of news.

Critics of the press are usually just as wrong in their complaints about what the papers *do* print as they are about what they feel *ought* to be offered. They are masters of the sweeping statement, declaring that "the papers are full of" this, that, or the other, or that the press "never" prints something else (which, of course, is something the critic wants to read), or that only the "bad" news is published, or that the pages are full of crime and violence. The litany is familiar.

Critics in high places, particularly, make generalized assertions of no validity whatsoever as though they were fact. Thus, in a recent speech, Vice President Agnew declared blandly that the press wrote much about American "advisers" in Laos, but never mentioned the 64,000 North Vietnamese troops there—a patent absurdity, since there was scarcely a major story about the fighting in Laos that did *not* include this significant news fact. Conversely, the Vice President did not observe that the American people would still be in the dark about what was going on in Laos if reporters had not managed to circumvent the determined efforts of the American military command to prevent them from finding out, a policy that obviously originated in Washington.

A survey of representative major dailies across the country reveals that most of the critics are similarly wrong about what papers are printing, although at the same time it indicates that the press is deficient in other respects not apparent, perhaps, to the unprofessional eye.

New York and Washington papers were deliberately excluded from this survey so that the not so silent voice of the Silent Majority might be heard, uncluttered by the voices of Eastern liberalism. The sampling was a random one, intended simply as geographically inclusive, and not as examples of the best or worst. It included the Providence *Journal*; the Boston *Globe*; the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*; the Detroit *News*; the Chicago *Daily News*; the Louisville *Courier-Journal*; the Kansas City *Star*; the Los Angeles *Times*; the San Francisco *Chronicle*; and the Atlanta *Constitution*.

While this sampling may not be in accord with accepted methodology, it is certainly a fair representation of the nation's press, and the issues surveyed were chosen, again at random, from editions published within the same week in March, balancing thin Saturday editions with thick Thursday or Friday ones.

To answer the most common complaint first, that the front pages of the nation's papers are filled with crime and violence, the survey shows that a total of eighty-three stories were carried on the combined front pages of the ten surveyed papers, and of these only thirteen concerned violence or crime, including war reportage. While no statistical count of the inside pages was made, it was obvious that the proportion ran no higher and may have been less when the stories of violence were balanced against pages devoted to women's interests (women's lib notwithstanding), sports, business, columns, and editorial comment of various kinds.

If the front pages are not filled with violence, as charged, what *do* they carry? Here the general complaint is that newspapers are devoted mostly to local news, but of the eighty-three stories on these ten front pages, thirty-three local stories were topped by thirty-eight in the domestic category, predominantly with Washington datelines. In addition there were twelve foreign stories, in a week when news from abroad was not as heavy as usual.

Is it true that newspapers don't print good news, or that they are filled with trivialities and don't give their readers serious information about the world around them? Not so in the ten papers surveyed. Here is a sampling of what their readers found on single days during that March week:

The Detroit *News* had a front-page news analysis of what was being done in the local fight against narcotics. Inside was a staff-written story about controlling the weather, filed from a research center in Boulder, Colorado. An in-depth report told why the United States called off the rescue of an ammunition ship seized by mutineers in Cambodian waters; the article was written by the paper's military analyst in Washington. On an inside page was a variety of a feature that appears to be spreading among American newspapers: an ombudsman department devoted to not only answering readers' questions, which is not a new function, but actively helping them with their problems where possible. The *News* has a ten-man task force assigned to this job.

The Atlanta *Constitution* also has an ombudsman department, called ACTION LINE; the *Courier-Journal*, in Louisville, has gone even further by organizing what amounts to a local press council, modeled after the British practice of giving readers access to the paper and a place to air complaints.

It is often said that newspapers offer only the publishers' opinions, but, in fact, it is now a commonplace among these and other newspapers to present a broad spectrum of opinion in the editorial section, which is now spread across two facing pages in many newspapers. Syndication avails a wide audience of the conservative views of such writers as William F. Buckley, Jr., and James Kilpatrick while offering balance from other columnists such as Michael Harrington and Carl Rowan. Moreover, the growth of *The New York Times* news and feature services has made the insights of its noted political columnists, including James Reston, available across the country, along with other coverage of a kind less affluent newspapers cannot afford.

Is it really true that newspapers print only "bad" news and never constructive stories? On the contrary, the papers run many nonviolent stories about nonviolent people involved in worthwhile activities. In a single edition of the Detroit *News*, for example, one reads of a crusade by grade-school students to save their school from ex-

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tinction; of a fight against pollution organized by elementary-school children; of how shoppers can make their money go further (a weekly feature, called CONSUMER TALK); and an article (one of a series) on the women's liberation movement.

In the same vein, the *Courier-Journal* has a piece about how admissions officials operate in a major university (*New York Times* Service), a roundup (Associated Press) of information concerning what measures are being taken across the country to educate children about drug abuse, and an article (*Times* Service) telling of the struggle to control sickle-cell anemia. The *Courier-Journal* also has an excellent farm page.

A similar pattern runs through the other papers. The Providence *Journal* tells how breast cancer victims are helped to return to normal living, and how the local Blue Cross is exploring less costly methods of paying hospital bills. The San Francisco *Chronicle* has a survey of Indian schools and what goes on in them—the paper calls it "a native American tragedy." The Chicago *Daily News* has an investigative piece disclosing that President Nixon's housing bill has been notably unsuccessful in Chicago, and that no new homes are available for the poor. The paper also has a profile of the deputy police chief who directs the war against crime from dusk to dawn; for once the Chicago police are shown in something more than black-and-white terms. The Boston *Globe*, keeping up with the times, tells no doubt bewildered Bostonians what the women's liberation movement is all about, and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* shows how news of commerce, business, and industry can be made interesting to the general reader by illuminating a business page with telling pictures and sound writing.

One of the most remarkable papers in the survey was the Los Angeles *Times*, whose rise in both quantity and quality of news coverage during the past decade has been spectacular. It demonstrates, for example, how to condense a quantity of items without tucking them off into a corner under a standing head like AS THE WORLD WHIRLS. The *Times* has an entire page labeled NEWS OF THE DAY, divided into world, nation, metropolitan, Southland, state, business, and sports sections, plus an inset column called Newsmakers. These short summaries are made palatable and informative through attractive layout and pictures coupled with knowledgeable writing. One of the few American papers that still has foreign correspondents, the *Times* offered in a single day a profile of Willi Stoph, the East German premier, and an examination of life in the Gaza Strip. The same edition saw an analysis of the crisis in the Philippines by a noted professor at Occidental College, a specialist on Southeast Asia.

The *Times* also deals exhaustively with local problems. Its edition carried a story about the creation of a county pollution board, and a discussion of the overpopulation problem in Southern California. Editorial opinion on two pages was extensive and varied, where once only conservative views cound be found. The opinion page has a Negro woman columnist, who concentrates on problems of the black community.

Perhaps this is the place to stop speaking of virtue and answer what is no doubt a rising chorus of "yes, but"s. Yes, it is true that most major dailies are not guilty as charged, but two other facts are also true. One is that quality begins to deteriorate on the lower levels, and there are many papers in smaller communities that are little more than bulletin boards, or dealers in trivia used as a framework for advertising. The other fact is that, with all the virtues, serious professional faults remain.

One is the outmoded makeup that afflicts so many papers. Typographically, the nation's press, with a few notable exceptions, tends to look cluttered and junky, so that readers get an overall impression of triviality that may not be justified by actual contents. This situation is aggravated by heavy advertising that reduces some fat papers to the appearance of a shopper's guide.

There are also glaring deficiencies in coverage. Cultural news, particularly about current books, is poorly handled, if at all. Some publishers apparently think that books are not news unless accompanied by advertising from publishers — a myopic view that shortchanges particularly those readers who rarely read new books, and that must include a substantial part of any circulation. Too much of what is considered culture and entertainment news is directly tied to advertising.

Then there are such long-standing scandals as real estate news, hardly distinguishable from advertising in most cases, and the dull, unimaginative coverage of business news in so many papers. And it must be added that even the best papers need to dig more into local situations, particularly government and the environment, and stop competing with television and radio. *The Wall Street Journal* has shown how to do it.

These reforms, however, should and must come from newspaper managements, not from the outside. It isn't that the press thinks it is above criticism, as its more virulent critics charge, but that most of the criticism directed against it has little to do with the real ills of the press, and that its virtues are lost in the emotional, subjective, and political hostility directed against it by a public far more biased than the press itself could possibly be.

"We both get a tour of Japan—you get a tour of the polluted waters; I see Expo and go to the baths."

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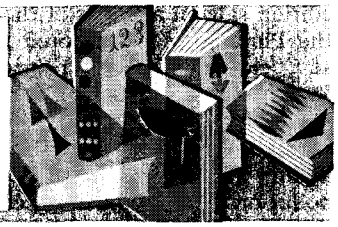
Books in Communications



The Beleaguered Press

Books that are critical of the press today (in the broad sense inclusive of television) are good at uncovering the institutional weaknesses but sometimes ignore all the outside pressures that make good press performance more difficult than ever. Such books dwell at length on the shortcomings of the news-gathering apparatus, the monopoly trends of the industry, the show-biz taint of television. Editors complain of governmental hindrance, public officials of the bias of reporters in the Eastern intellectual Establishment. Seldom do such critics take into full account the corrosive influences of society—the giant corruptions of the Vietnam War and the racial struggle at home that have made of the press an open battleground.

Taking some large and smaller events of recent history as concrete examples, Dale Minor in *The Information War* (Hawthorn, $6.95) analyzes the internal and external forces that distort news and impede the flow of information. But he, too, is very hard on the press, particularly in the last third of the book when he tends to forget a lesson planted earlier: "The press is becoming a victim of the increasing political polarization that strains the fabric of our society today."

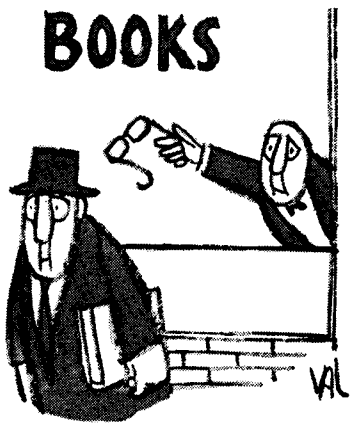
But this is a forthright, vigorously written book, with shrewdly observed detail gathered from direct experience in the field, and full of ominous warning. For example, Mr. Minor believes that, whatever the "absolute gains" over the years, the press has lost ground to the technological complexities of a changing society. And he sees the forces ranged against press performance as "a profound danger to American society."

The evidence he presents is persuasive. The book uses liberal examples drawn from the Vietnam War, particularly the intentionally confusing official reports of such battles as Apbac and Khesanh in 1963 and 1968, respectively. Minor shows how government deliberately blurs a picture, some of its more obvious tools being the falsely favorable body counts and kill ratios aimed for home consumption, with the official lies passed along at every level. Or the totally false information emanating from the very highest source in the 1965 U.S. escapade in Santo Domingo.

The book probes public confusion over the role of the press at Chicago and examines how the press unwittingly contributed to the polarization of racial attitudes in the New York City teachers strike. At times Minor finds the values of business and show biz more corrosive to the free press than the strains of society, and one could quarrel with some interpretations. But Minor is convincing most of the way through in this disturbing study.

Exercise in Hostile Biography: *Annenberg, A Biography of Power* by Gaeton Fonzi (Weybright and Talley, $7.95) is probably one of the most candidly hostile biographies of a major publishing figure ever written—a clumsy and willful publisher, a petty political enemy, an inept ambassador. Mr. Fonzi may have a vulnerable target in Walter H. Annenberg, former publisher of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, principal owner of Triangle Publications, Inc.—which publishes the New York *Morning Telegraph*, the *Daily Racing Form*, *Screen Guide*, *Radio Guide*, the fifteen-million-circulation *TV Guide*, and *Seventeen*—owner of television and radio outlets in six cities, largest stockholder in Penn Central, benefactor of the University of Pennsylvania, and present Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. But the bias and animus of his approach undercut the argument. The charge is always stated before the evidence is given; the book reads like an indictment; and Fonzi almost succeeds in creating sympathy for his subject. But not quite.

Reshaping the Corporate Image: At the highest executive levels of some of the better American corporations a strong esthetic sense is at work. Historically, it may have started in Italy with Olivetti. In this country it shows up dramatically in Xerox, the total design unity of CBS, the new corporate identifications devised for Eastern Airlines, Mobil, and RCA. Good graphics make good business. In fact, the strength of a company today is almost always a factor of its projected visual image. Or as designer Ben Rosen puts it, "The company that intends to move forward aggressively and responsibly frequently signals its intent with a strong visual identity program." All of this is beautifully illustrated in a magnificently conceived and executed book, *The Corporate Search for Visual Identity* by Ben Rosen (Van Nostrand Reinhold, $20). Rosen's book is more than a collection of the top fifteen corporate trademarks and logotypes, including those for all the companies mentioned above. It is a study of how a unified design stemming from the logo can be used to distinguish all the company's visual materials, including the sides of delivery trucks, stationery, packaging, and advertising, and of how good management also means superior industrial architecture. One of the book's most dramatic examples is Eastern Airlines, a company transformed managerially and visually at the same time. Rosen analyzes each company's visual problem and gives the solution, which in many cases included the design of a new corporate alphabet. But he has produced more than a designer's casebook or an executive manual. Examining the ideological sources of visual concepts, Rosen has uncovered new insights into modern corporate philosophy and management of immense value to anyone in corporate communications work.



The City Pictured: No wonder so few San Franciscans seem to leave their city and migrate east. The beauty, orderliness, and variety of landscape and seascape of the Golden Gate city come off in startling clarity in a splendid set of aerial photographs taken by Robert Cameron in *Above San Francisco* (Cameron and Company, $25). Cameron's photographs brilliantly convey the San Francisco Alistair Cooke so aptly describes in his introduction as "a fortuitous mating of marine grandeur and terrestrial snugness." In some views Cameron sits high above the blue bay with a woolly bank of fog rolling in; in others he sets his camera in and among the tall buildings for a high-window view of the hilly streets. Throughout there is a uniformity of color contrast that makes this a cohesive portrait of a city that surely has never been shown so grandly.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

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"Celebrity" Commercials

Continued from page 56

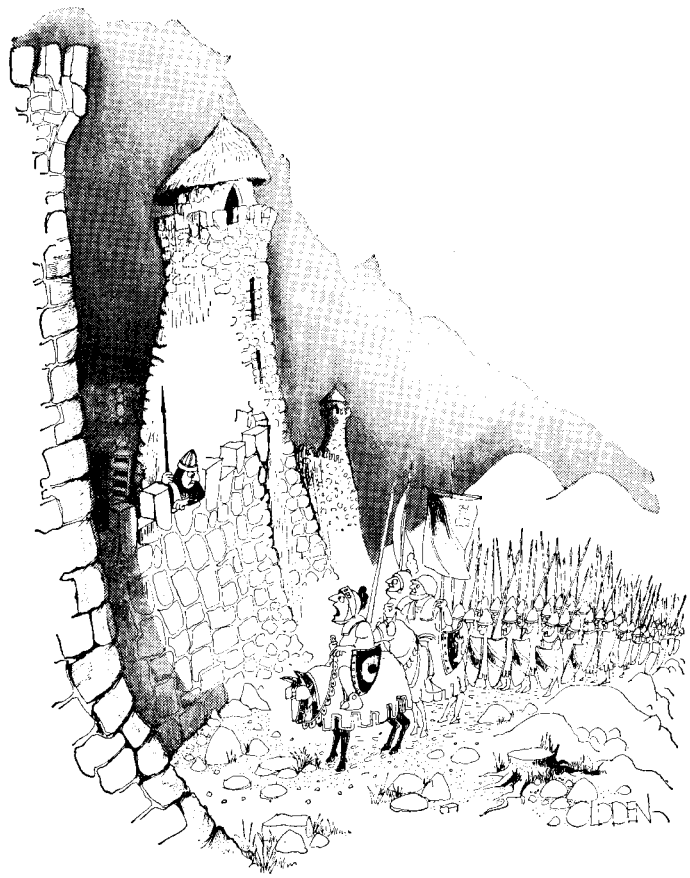
in both media. New electronic editing machines give tape the flexibility of film, and tape comes out instantly. In the playback everyone can see exactly what they've got, whereas film has to go into the lab. "You shoot and hold your breath," says Fraser, and the film isn't out for a couple of weeks. Tape can be finished, duplicated, and shipped within a day of shooting. The Motorola people needed that kind of speed.

The decision to go ahead with the commercial was made on a Tuesday, and the assignment was given to Tele-Tape, one of New York's principal videotape producers. The Tele-Tape producer, Frederick "Rick" Potter, Jr., was, coincidentally, a graduate of the same San Diego station that featured Miss Welch in the early morning. On Wednesday Tele-Tape sent Potter and several associates to Chicago to consult with Motorola's advertising agency, Clinton E. Frank. On Friday Miss Welch arrived and began shopping along Fifth Avenue for a dress to use in the commercial. She shopped Saturday also with the show's costume designer, but she was to end up wearing one of her own dresses from London.

Sunday, a production staff of some twenty assembled in the Tele-Tape studios. Raquel walked into the set in a red evening dress. One camera took a close-up of her face that was projected on the screen of the prop Quasar II Motorola color TV set she would demonstrate. Another camera took a full shot of Raquel Welch. It was a basic sixty-second commercial with several alternate lines of dialogue. In five hours they got it all down on tape.

When it was over, the production costs, as estimated by James R. Hartzer, Tele-Tape vice president for agency sales, added up to $27,000, exclusive of the talent. For introducing herself, for wearing the red dress, for walking up to the Motorola model, and for speaking her two lines of dialogue, Miss Welch was paid between $30,000 and $40,000. The appeal of the commercial is brief, vivid, and visual—and you can tell it is Raquel Welch.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 39: eastern, earnest, nearest.



"Well, we didn't come all the way up here just to break bread."

SR's TV Awards/1970

Continued from page 65

creative talent can produce a widely viewed and popular series of regular programs for preschool children with an immediate pay-off in cognitive learning. Inspired by the needs of the Head Start program and the goals of black leaders, the creators emulated commercial tele-

vision techniques (repetition, fun, and familiarity) and caught the fancy of white, middle-class viewers as well as the target audience of black preschoolers. The citation includes recognition of the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford Foundation, and the U.S. Office of Education, the chief angels that provided the historically unprecedented sum of $8-million for crash innovation and promotion.

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For Fred Rogers, father, teacher, and unique apostle of the gospel of individuality in the child's world, who retains, amid the frenetic behavior of the electronic media, a serene, uncompromising respect for the integrated growth and unhurried development of the growing child. This low-key, understated series, supported loyally by the Sears, Roebuck Foundation, and recently given a new extension by the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, has established an extraordinary rapport with great numbers of preschool children, sensitizing and opening them to the essential mutuality of the civilized human condition on its affective, emotional, and cognitive levels.

SPECIAL CITATION

David Frost
Group W Stations

For several particular programs in his regular series of interviews, in which he deliberately and courageously pierced the amiable blanket of cordial amenities, trivialities, and chit-chat that mark the conventional talk show, forcing guests to face the consequences of their remarks and insisting on fairness and truth in public discourse. This phenomenon is as rare in television as is the acceptance, by an American audience, of a host with a British accent, a compulsion for fascinating welcomes, and an odd repertoire of thoughtful questions indiscriminately peppered with Sunday supplement provocations.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. *Is*olde. 2. *Fi*delio. 3. *Mio*. 4. *Un*finished. 5. *Sa*lome. 6. *Ig*or. 7. *Cav*alleria. 8. *Bee*cham. 9. *Es*paña. 10. *Te*lephone. 11. *Hoa*gy. 12. *Eg*ypt. 13. *Flo*tow. 14. *Or*nithology. *Quotation*: "If music be the food of love, play on."

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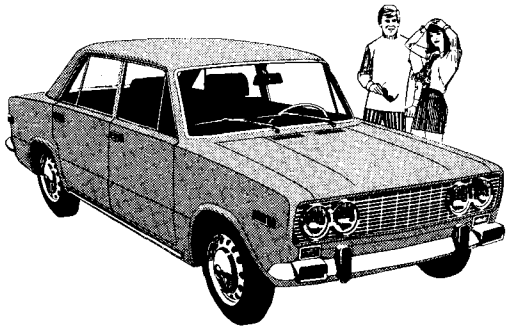

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Travel

Continued from page 51

port of origin will usually ensure that plane gets caught in stacked approach pattern. In case of such delay, have captain make no announcement from cockpit estimating time of landing. In case of on-time arrival, a convenient secondary delaying tactic can usually be employed by citing inability to find an available parking ramp for airplane.

Should distance between landing area and baggage claim area be too short, airline will run risk of having passenger arrive at claiming area before baggage. If this be the case, same effect can be realized by building ultra-modern carrousels that spill baggage on aluminum turntables, making sure that diameter of carrousel is too small. In this manner, passengers will have to stand four-deep around perimeter of carrousel making it impossible for all except front row to spot their bags. If passenger attempts to give baggage stubs to passing porter, have porter ask, "You got all your bags? No, eh? Well, when you got all your bags bring them to me and I will take care of you." "Taking care" shall be taken to mean that the porter will wheel bags through portals and deposit them on curb. Porters are not to aid individual passengers one at a time, but will wait until baggage trucks are filled with luggage of at least four passengers before wheeling cart to curb. Wheeling charge can be anywhere from $1 to $5 per person depending upon number of bags wheeled through portal.

Airport policeman should be instructed to clear out all empty taxicabs, waiting limousines, private cars filled with relatives or anybody seeming to be waiting for passengers from area in front of terminal. Signs and taped announcements should advise operators of waiting vehicles that they may remain in loading zone only five minutes. This makes for a lively game to see whether porter will arrive with baggage at the curbside before cop sends driver and waiting car on circular tour of airport, a distance of 47.8 miles.

If airline experiences many delays, have advertising agency create beautiful ad telling of last year's marvelous on-time record. Ad should explain how much was spent on new computers, and knock on-time record of other airlines. Similar messages can be introduced over radio and television. Video should incorporate message with inspirational scenes of scudding clouds. Audio will be voiced message over Soaring Eagle music. Instruct sound mixer to bring it up for a bravissimo finish.

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Scotch Whisky

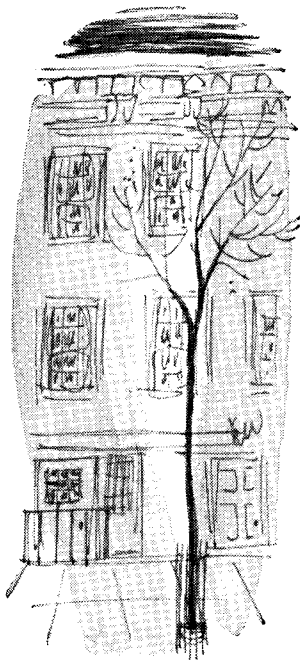
Continued from page 24

ky bitters" still common in the nineteenth century). The medicinal properties of whisky were debated in the House of Commons during the Second World War, and it was agreed that if it did not cure colds it undoubtedly helped the sufferer to endure one in greater comfort. It is certainly good for certain cardiac conditions and helps to prevent coronary thrombosis. But the part of Ellen Terry's comment to which I want to draw attention is her parenthetical "we keep all the whisky to ourselves." This was presumably advice given by Lady Macbeth to her husband for sinister power purposes. But it is precisely the fact that the Scots have not kept all the whisky to themselves that has determined its history since Ellen Terry's day.

The economic history of Scotch whisky began two years after Columbus discovered America, when the Scottish Exchequer records an obscure friar buying malt to distill. Again, Daiches's narrative defies condensation:

> The production of Scotch whisky early attracted the attention of tax-hungry governments, and one could write a whole history of Scotch in terms of the taxes on it, their causes and consequences. . . . Governments have continued to regard potable spirits as an obvious target for taxation on the grounds that by taxing them one can simultaneously raise revenue and lessen drunkenness. There is also the sour view that products that add conspicuously to human joy ought to be strictly controlled. "The best things in life are free," says the song, but governments are suspicious of this view and would probably tax sex if they could. As it is, sex remains on the whole a private and untaxed pleasure, whereas Scotch whisky, from being a widely dispersed domestic industry produced in or near farms and cottages and if not actually free at least very cheap, has under centuries of government pressure become the concern of large commercial enterprises and very expensive to the consumer.

If Americans had a broader sense of history, they would see that the contemporary encroachments of the Mafia had their origins in the open invitation to organized crime the government issued after World War I when it launched the "noble experiment" known as Prohibition. They would also see that the running guerrilla war between the tax collector and the private brewers of mountain hooch, triggered by Prohibition, was far from a novel, indigenous American phenomenon. It reproduced the original drama, in which the business of distilling



Scotch whisky, at first a sideline for farmers dispersed over a thinly populated countryside, was turned into a big business regulated by big government. At the height of the Prohibition problem in Scotland during the 1820s the authorities detected no less than 14,000 illicit stills. By the time the social arrangement had been effected, the government had not only legalized the moonshiners but organized them into a major source of revenue for its undertakings.

I will refrain from spoiling the suspense of the plot Professor Daiches unfolds as he reconstructs the family feud between the unblended malts and the blends. In the beginning, Scotch whisky was unblended malt whisky, and distillers were dependent upon the proprietary qualities of native water and peat, which give the unblended malts their distinctive flavor. The pattern of economic development duplicated that of the steel industry. In the Ruhr valley in Germany and in the Ohio valley in America the first steelmakers set up their stacks on top of their sources of raw material. The development of the oxygen furnace freed them to relocate at points more advantageous for competitive marketing. Similarly, the invention of the blending still freed the Scotch distillers to absorb other grains and liquids in their production.

Drinking man's writing man that he is, Daiches comes down four-square on the side of the classic malts. I write myself as a partisan committed to one of the noblest of them.

His complaints about the blends are overdue for airing. The popular blenders do not disclose the proportions of malt and grain whisky in their formulae, although Daiches believes that the standard blend is 60 per cent grain and 40 per cent malt. Moreover, the blenders have hopelessly confused the public with artificial coloring and by suggesting double meanings for the tag of "lighter." Also, much of the advertising of blends creates the impression that they go back to dates long before blends existed and before the process of producing them had been invented. I feel prompted to add that the popular blenders are wasting altogether too much money on sugar. Habitual blend-drinkers, however, can console themselves with the thought that most of the best malt production is poured into blends; so that, as Daiches explains, "a blend labeled 'eight years old' is liable to contain some malts considerably older," an accounting which explains why the best blends are as good as they are.

On a lighter note, Daiches comments: "It has been suggested to me by a well-known figure in the Scotch whisky trade that 'Vat 69' sells well on the Continent because it is regarded as a sex symbol. I will not enlarge on the implications of '69' which allegedly account for this. My latest information is that 'Black and White' is now running neck and neck with 'Vat 69' in Germany." More seriously, he cites "a famous minute of Mr. Churchill's in April 1945: 'On no account reduce the barley for whisky. This takes years to mature, and is an invaluable export and dollar producer. Having regard to all our other difficulties about exports, it would be most improvident not to preserve this characteristic British element of ascendancy.'" We will all do well to recall, with Professor Daiches, Bobby Burns's great hail to the barley: "Freedom an' whisky gang thegither."

No review of this book would be complete without extending the designation of magnificent to its British printers, as well as to Professor Daiches's photographer son.

Eliot Janeway

"Excellent before . . . better now."
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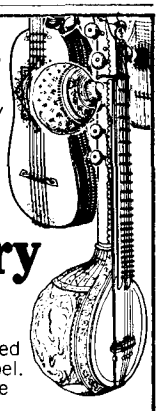

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PERSONALS

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OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

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REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE, China, Glass, Silver. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

FLORIDA'S FINEST CITRUS. Shipping 47 states, Canada, Europe. Free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

THE ARTS CENTER at Goddard College, in its 18th season, June 28th to August 23rd, 1970, is an opportunity for serious minded people to play chamber music, work in the visual arts, theatre and dance . . . *a place to meet old friends and make new ones in the* Vermont hills. For information, write Phil Homes, Director, Box S, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont 05667.

POSTERS (over 200, many antiwar), buttons (over 200), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

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RETIRE TO an inexpensive life of chess, music, the cultural arts and intellectual endeavors. For details: American Chess Society, 240 West 73rd Street, New York, New York 10023.

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 73)

ART HELP AND CONSULTATION far-in, far-out. Professionals hang, frame, repair, restore paintings; organize art auctions, shows. Classes: adults/children. Museum, gallery tours. Art criticism your studio. Find art for home, office. ART IS ALL, call 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. 212-MU 4-3136, write Box T-959.

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PARENT-ADOLESCENT RELATIONSHIPS Workshop—begin late April, Rhode Island. 401-739-4505.

SOUTHWEST—Tour Arizona, June 15th-July 31st. Seeking 2 share driving, expenses. Box T-969.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowances, paid overtime. Write: Global Employment, Box 706P2, Orinda, California 94563.

ELUSIVE GUIDES: Unorthodox associations, Hungarian slang, correspondence colleges, factfinding. Details free! L'Aurea, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

WRETCHED MESS Greeting Cards enable you to wish loved ones Get Well, Get Lost, Thank You, Pay Up—dozens more endearing wishes by simply marking X in appropriate square. If you know how to mark an X send $2.75 for bargain dozen, no two alike. Wretched Mess News, Dept. M, West Yellowstone, Montana 59758.

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AT WAR'S END a number of highly educated Biafrans with professional skills were stranded in this country and are now lookng for employment. Among those available are the following: 1) B.A. in clinical psychology from University of Nigeria intends to work for Ph.D. in September—seeks temporary work in hospital or academic institution. 2) Confidential secretary trained in England, of superior ability and efficiency, has worked in government positions. 3) Secretary with typing, shorthand seeks temporary position until fall. 4) Accountant with ACIS and ACCS degrees from England is interested in position with insurance company or accounting firm. 5) Accountant with commercial accounting knowledge seeks position with insurance company or industrial firm. 6) Doctorate of Law (Yale University) and former lecturer in Law at University of Biafra seeks academic position in law. 7) Accountant has worked with embassies in U.S.S.R., Nigeria, New York. Trained in England and Ghana. Box T-928. Please indicate number of applicant in address.

SUMMER JOB at ocean resort, East coast, wanted by seventeen year old boy. Excellent swimmer, can bus tables, etc. Box T-903.

AFRICA BOUND—Visiting twenty cities. Young woman, bilingual, extremely capable, will consider short lucrative legal assignments. Write, wire Box T-967.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

COUNSELORS top Maine boys' camp. Crafts, swimming (WSI), General (younger boys), Archery, Sailing, Canoeing, Dramatics, Judo, Nature, Tripping, Baseball, Tennis, Golf, Basketball, Group Leaders. Beautiful surroundings. Interesting, challenging experience. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC 10025.

INTERNATIONAL TEACHING—For a listing of 1,000 international schools employing American teachers abroad, send $10 to G.E. Speed, 436 East 5th Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

WORK IN ENGLAND, Ireland, Australia or New Zealand this summer. Get to know one of these countries from the inside. CIEE will provide employment information and working papers if you qualify for the International Student Employment service. Write: Council on International Educational Exchange, Dept. W-4, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10017.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

CAMP COUNSELORS: men for long-established Maine boys' camp. Inquiries invited from upper college level, graduate students, and teachers interested for this summer. Campers are 8 to 16. Openings for swimming instructors, canoeing, sailing, tennis, archery, music, crafts, radio and electronics, pioneering and tripping, puppetry. Write Camp Takajo, 63 Arleigh Road, Great Neck, L.I., N.Y. 11021.

EXPERIENCED STENOS, TYPISTS! When you travel, work temporarily for Manpower Inc. Assignments available now in New York, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston and other major cities throughout the country. High hourly rates. See telephone directory in your city.

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MONTESSORI TEACHER—for September, 1970, established school, campus-style environment, fully equipped, Springfield, Massachusetts. Send qualifications. SR Box T-347.

JOBS ABROAD. Year round and summer for young people. Over 15 countries, 9 paying job categories offered. Complete student programs available. For 34 page JOBS ABROAD magazine with applications send $1.00 to: ISTC, 866 U.N. Plaza, NYC, N.Y. 10017.

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40,000 SUMMER JOBS—Resort Employment Directory furnishes descriptions, addresses, contacts, salaries. $2.00 postpaid ($2.25 First Class). Corion Publishers, P.O. Box 15676, Tulsa, Oklahoma 74115.

TEACHERS AND ADMINISTRATORS: For over 50 years The Abbott Teachers Agency has specialized in educational placement: Private and Public Schools; Junior-Senior Colleges. Brochure on request. 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02116.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA wants you—Application forms and new 1970 Australian Handbook describing government assisted passage, family and housing allowances, jobs, business, ranching, teaching, hunting, fishing, etc. $1.00. Buckeye, Box 1032DB, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

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FREE-LANCE EDITORS. West Coast residents preferred. Social studies, humanities, and science multimedia programs. Grade range 3-12. Include references or samples with letter. Box T-916.

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MONTESSORI DIRECTRESS, A.M.I. certified. Excellent opportunity Aurora, Illinois. Send qualifications. SR Box T-966.

SOCIAL-ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT. Nationwide directories of positions in all relevant fields. Accurate. Current. Inexpensive. Information write: Sociocom, Box 317, Harvard Square P.O., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TAKE YEAR OFF from school to be part of exciting family living one hour from NYC. Father innovator in preschool education. Mother usually at home, part time computer programmer. Three lovely children, fourth expected this fall. Starting salary $80 week. Bonus after year. Full board, private room, share bath and work with Finnish student. 5½ day week, some evenings off. Help with children and simple housework. Driving license and swimming ability desirable. State age, goals, interests, background, and experience with children and housework. Box T-964.

PAUL BUNYAN NEEDED farm-tree plantation summer. Mrs. Bunyan or Cinderella may help Grandmother who lives in shoe New York state. Alternative Bunyans all year. Write/telegraph Box T-970.

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For Sale

ARCHITECT-DESIGNED VACATION HOME, Warren, Vermont, 1½ baths, 3¼ acres, pond. Sleeps 10+. 1932 Yale Station, New Haven, Connecticut 06520.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? For a refreshing experience in modern suburban living, The Shaker Communities offer: A nationally recognized school system; superior municipal services; year-round recreation programs; nearness to Greater Cleveland's cultural-education center and to downtown; fine shopping centers; mature, integrated neighborhoods. Contact The Shaker Communities, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-751-2155.

For Rent—Furnished

NEAR PAWLING, N.Y.—18th century Colonial home. 4 bedrooms, 4 baths; wine cellar, swimming pool. On 40 acres—brooks, hills, valleys. 1½ miles from village, 63 miles NYC. Ideal permanent living or country house. $4,800 annually. 212-974-6741.

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VILLAS, APARTMENTS or cottage rentals in Nassau or Out Islands. Also Aruba, Barbados, Grenada and others. Call 914-245-4479.

ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS: Secluded cottage 100 feet above its own private beach. Snorkeling and fishing superb. Climate pleasant all year. Fully equipped for housekeeping; 2 double bedrooms. $400 fortnight; $700 month. SR Box T-958.

For Summer Rental

VERMONT COTTAGES, LAKE BOMOSEEN. Furnished. lakefront: swimming, boating, playground included. $90-$100 weekly. Monthly, seasonal discounts. Box 167, Killington, Vermont 05751.

WATERVILLE VALLEY GATEWAY. New Hampshire. Privately owned country homes. Weekly rates. Flexible accommodations, completely furnished, fully equipped. Swimming pool, tennis courts, recreation field, stable and riding ring, and miles of trails. Golf and restaurants nearby. Activity for everyone in the clear air and unspoiled beauty of White Mountain National Forest of New Hampshire. For full information, call or write owners' exclusive agent, Albert S. Moulton, Box 248, Waterville Valley, N.H. 03223. 603-726-8900.

HARBORSIDE COTTAGES—Ancient Pemaquid. May-November. New Harbor, Maine 04554.

N.H.—Hilltop farmhouse near lake, University. $250 month. Box T-963.

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NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4285.

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SPECIAL CAMPS

BRONCO JUNCTION for bronchial asthma. Unique 8 week camp. Coed 7-16. Narrow-gauge railroad, sports, swimming, campcraft, projects. Complete medical-allergy care. Nonprofit. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation, Inc., 805 Atlas Building, Charleston, West Virginia 25301. Tel. 304-343-5472. Member A.C.A.

CAMPS

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding if desired ($65 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, creative arts, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

DAY CHO LAH—Younger boys only. Established 1912. On Wisconsin's beautiful Green Lake. 7 to 13 years. Extensive waterfront program. Horseback riding. All sports. Tutoring. Dedicated leadership. Also Camp Sandstone for Girls. Brochure. Mr. Chris G. Vee, 1430 Granville, Park Ridge, Illinois 60068.

CHRISTMAS TREE INN, Warren, Vermont 05674, remedial reading camp, boys, ages 7 to 10. Individual attention, limited enrollment. Helen Gow, Director.

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CAMPS

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UNDER SEA ACADEMY—Join a marine archeological expedition. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: 1060 Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. Phone 412-335-8844.

WANTED: BOYS 12-15, who can respond to challenge of rugged living, hard work, adventure in tropical wilderness of Long Bay, Virgin Gorda, British Virgin Islands. Learn construction, agriculture, in exotic setting. Swim, snorkel, scuba dive, sail, hike, explore uninhabited islands, shipwrucks. Cut trails through forest reserve on Gorda Peak. Sample another culture at CAMP SEAFORTH. For information, costs, write: Farm and Wilderness Camps, Box S, Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

LORIEN WILDERNESS CAMP, Temagami, Ontario. Canoe trips. Girls 13-17. 15 girls adventure through a vast network of sparkling Canadian lakes. Base camp and Crown forest preserves with hundreds of campsites. Skilled and devoted leaders. Transportation provided. RD No. 1, Wescosville, Pennsylvania 18090. Telephone 215-395-0046.

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CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-PE 6-1660.

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. Tel. 802-893-7849.

CAMP WEDIKO, Hillsboro, New Hampshire, specializing in the rehabilitation of emotionally disturbed boys, is now accepting applications for its 21st season. Referrals are made through guidance centers, schools and therapists in private practice. Address inquiries to: Edward R. Boyd, Director, Guidance Camps, Inc., 412 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02115.

THE PUTNEY SCHOOL Work Camp is reopening this summer and will provide a daily life that is balanced between physical, cultural, and intellectual activities, and an atmosphere in which a young person can deepen his insight into himself and extend his outlook on the world. Coed. 13-17. Robert Williams, Director, 802-387-5566 or 5541. The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

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VACATIONS

SUMMER WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE? Try two weeks at small ecumenical mountain retreat center. 1970 themes include: creativity, image environment. Write: Ring Lake Ranch, Dubois, Wyoming 82513.

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PUERTO RICO beachfront apartment. Ultramodern condominium Luquillo. 30 minutes airport. Fully equipped. Accommodates 6. Cinemascopic view. Monthly, weekly. Summer rates effective May 1st. 212-724-1738 or Mr. Sori, 809-764-4040, Puerto Rico.

ON A CLEAR BLUE LAKE, pine bordered. Enjoy this family, nonhousekeeping cottage colony. Fireplaces. Chalet rooms. Delicious meals. Water skiing, canoe trips, tennis, lobster bakes, sauna, entertainment. Pets allowed. AAA recommended. Color folder. Chute Homestead, Box S, Naples, Maine 04055.

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PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. $13-$19 M.A.P. June-September. The Golden Gull, Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

NANTUCKET, Island of Enchantment, 30 miles at sea, less than one hour by air from New York or Boston. Sandy beaches, warm water swimming, surfing, golf, your favorite sports, varied evening entertainment. Well-equipped boat basin. Modern accommodations. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

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ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theatre, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For information write Information Bureau, Dept. 15, Ogunquit, Maine 03907.

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 75)

AT OUR HOTEL everyone has a private guest house with its own private pool. Unique hotel with absolute privacy. At Sapphire Bay, U.S. Virgin Islands, where the weather is perfect year 'round. Each individual guest house has its own private swimming pool secluded in a walled garden. Living room, bedroom, dressing room, kitchen and luxurious bath. Air-conditioned. Maid service. Sensible daily rates. Idyllic for two—spacious enough for four or five. Quiet bar. Send for information about the most private hotel on the liveliest island in the Caribbean. For brochure or reservations by the day or longer contact Dept. S, Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, 212-JU 6-4500. Or your travel agent. The Pavilions & Pools, Box 2208, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

TAKE A YOGA VACATION in the beautiful Poconos. Write for brochure: Yoga, RD3, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania 18360.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY FARM—Beautiful, secluded, quiet, comfortable. Dixons, McGaheysville, Virginia 22840.

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GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.

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LUXURY SCANDINAVIAN VILLAS—St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. Near finest beaches. Daniel D. Miller, Inc., 420 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10017. 212-LE 2-7700.

VACATIONS

DAVID'S FOLLY. Country living on Maine Coast. Seafood, garden vegetables, blueberry pies, coffeepot always on stove. Minerva Cutler, Brooksville, Maine.

PARADOR MARTORELL, inn by world famous Luquillo Beach. Box O, Luquillo, P.R.

VACATION IN NEBRASKA? Yes, in its beautiful northwest, land of towering buttes, cool, deep canyons and wide, windswept prairies, still free of commercial development. A few guests—boarding, housekeeping or combination. Not a dude ranch. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone 308-665-1346.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1879

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Back-slappers might give one this. (2 wds. after *the:*)	6 10 16 45 52 84 141 166
B. Story of WW I by Henri Barbusse (2 wds.)	178 192 198 201 210 19 59 69 73
C. The battle of Passchendale in WW I was also known as the third battle of——	13 29 37 40 100
D. Divisional unit of airplanes	104 109 98 168 172 181 189 20 32 36
E. Capital of Loire-Maritime dept., W France	65 87 144 149 153 177
F. French painter (1748-1825; "Blind Belisarius Asking Alms")	206 207 35 66 86
G. A.W.O.L. (3 wds.)	93 103 108 121 124 152 157 170 184 33 44
H. Elegant, precious, sought out with care	96 113 199 213 7 27 72 91 126
I. Necklace having several rows of chains, beads or jewels	171 182 139 50 53 61 97 156 174
J. Small South American monkey of the genus *Callicebus*	183 80 90 118
K. Agatha Christie's brilliant detective (full name)	15 160 173 22 211 58 82 179 193 134 200 42 78
L. Mound or dike raised to hold back water, carry a railway, etc.	99 123 127 140 161 191 8 47 77 105
M. Commonplace, humdrum	194 28 43 133 145 176 196 74

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Summered	128 138 154 164 54 102 110 180 12
O. Rice cooked in broth and flavored with cheese, etc.	158 167 1 48 112 185 70
P. Outskirts, surroundings	205 5 146 155 129 136 188 190
Q. Lanolin (2 wds.)	41 116 122 75 163 4 14
R. Cushioned footstool	187 204 209 18 71 106 24
S. Detested	83 76 148 2 26 51 63
T. Vile, underhanded	68 143 88 151 39 21
U. Play by Giraudoux	34 85 95 147 165 57
V. Carrier, crew cut	120 114 9 25 38 79 46
W. One of Natty Bumppo's *noms de guerre*	49 23 17 101 137 64 197 202 92 135
X. Moliere's "Misanthrope"	11 89 81 60 130 67 55
Y. Birthplace of Erasmus	132 162 119 169 62 3 142 31 159
Z. Surely, certainly	186 195 117 175 94 107 203 56 115 30
Z¹ Assuage	208 111 150 212 125 131

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

					1 O	2 S	3 Y	4 Q	5 P	6 A	7 H		8 L	9 V	10 A	11 X	12 N	
13 C		14 Q	15 K	16 A	17 W		18 R	19 B		20 D	21 T	22 K	23 W	24 R	25 V	26 S	27 H	
28 M	29 C	30 Z		31 Y	32 D	33 G		34 U	35 F	36 D	37 C		38 V	39 T	40 C		41 Q	
42 K	43 M	44 G	45 A		46 V	47 L	48 O	49 W	50 I	51 S		52 A	53 I	54 N	55 X		56 Z	
57 U	58 K	59 B	60 X	61 I	62 Y	63 S		64 W	65 E		66 F	67 X		68 T	69 B	70 O	71 R	
	72 H	73 B	74 M	75 Q	76 S	77 L		78 K	79 V		80 J	81 X	82 K	83 S	84 A	85 U	86 F	
	87 E	88 T	89 X		90 J	91 H	92 W		93 G	94 Z	95 U		96 H	97 I	98 D	99 L	100 C	
	101 W	102 N	103 G	104 D		105 L	106 R	107 Z	108 G	109 D		110 N	111 Z¹		112 O	113 H	114 V	
115 Z		116 Q	117 Z		118 J	119 Y		120 V	121 G	122 Q	123 L		124 G	125 Z¹	126 H		127 L	
128 N	129 P	130 X	131 Z¹	132 Y	133 M	134 K	135 W		136 P	137 W		138 N	139 I	140 L	141 A	142 Y	143 T	
144 E	145 M	146 P	147 U	148 S		149 E	150 Z¹		151 T	152 G	153 E		154 N	155 P	156 I	157 G	158 O	
—	159 Y	160 K	161 L		162 Y	163 Q		164 N	165 U	166 A	167 O	168 D		169 Y	170 G	171 I		
172 D	173 K	174 I	175 Z	176 M		177 E	178 B	179 K	180 N	181 D	182 I	183 J	184 G	185 O	186 Z	187 R	188 P	
	189 D	190 P		191 L	192 B	193 K	194 M	195 Z		196 M	197 W	198 B		199 H	200 K	201 B	202 W	
203 Z	204 R	205 P	206 F		207 F	208 Z¹		209 R	210 B	211 K	212 Z¹	213 H						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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